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THE SECESSION OF PANAMA.

Although it is extremely doubtful if "stout Cortez," with or without all his men, ever did stand "silent, upon a peak in Darien," one can be tolerably certain that Simon Bolivar would not have been "silent" had he been there on November 3rd, 1903. For on that day a limb was torn from the constitutional tree which the great Liberator planted on the soil of the old Spanish kingdom of New Granada. That kingdom had lasted for over a hundred years, under Spanish rule, before Bolivar emancipated the country and founded the Republic of Colombia, which was a confederation of the States of New Granada and of the Provinces of Venezuela. This confederation was in 1819, and Simon Bolivar, as President, established himself at Bogotá, a city which has the disadvantage of being hundreds of miles from all the ports and commercial centres of the country whose capital it is. Between Bogotá and Panama there is no method of communication by land, but from Bogotá to the coast by land, and thence to Panama by sea, the journey may now be made in about a fortnight. In Bolivar's time the communication must have been much slower, but Bol-

var regarded Panama as the jewel of the new organization, and in 1828 he issued a commission for the formation of a roadway across the Isthmus between the two oceans. He believed that in that narrow strip of land Colombia held that which would make her a great and wealthy nation. And on November 3rd last she lost it, not by conquest, but by secession, and by a secession approved and confirmed, if not aided and abetted, by the greatest Republic in the world, which waged one of the greatest and bloodiest wars on record in order to disprove the right of confederated States to separate from the majority.

It may be freely admitted that by the establishment of the independence of Panama, the world may be benefited more than by its retention in the Republic whose government is mismanaged at Bogotá, but not the less is the occurrence one that jars on the moral sense of the political world.

There is an enduring historical interest in Colombia because of its association with the struggle of Latin-America to free itself from the domination of Spain. The revolt began before the end of the eighteenth century, although

the great War of Independence did not break out until 1810. Previous to that war Colombia was the Spanish Viceroyalty of Nuevo Reino de Granada. After that war it formed the Republic of Colombia along with Ecuador and Venezuela. These latter States separated in 1828 and formed distinct Republics. Colombia then became the United States of Colombia, with nine confederated States. In 1886 these States were made Departments in a reconstituted Republic of Colombia. One of these States, or Departments, is (or was) Panama, with an area of only 30,000 of the 500,000 square miles comprised in the area formerly known as New Granada. In the days of the Conquistadores, the city of Panama was the centre of Spanish influence in the South Pacific, and the Isthmus itself has always been regarded by Colombians as "the navel of the world."

The history of the Panama Canal project may be briefly noted. In 1879 M. de Lesseps began to organize the Panama Canal Company, which was floated in December, 1880. Some 600,000 shares of £20 each were sold, yielding £12,000,000, but the actual cost of the enterprise was estimated by its originator at £26,320,000, and the time required at eight years. The original intention was to build the Canal at sea level, without locks, like the Suez Canal. The depth was to be 29½ feet, and the width at bottom 72 feet. On the Atlantic side, Colon was fixed as the terminal port, and Panama was selected on the Pacific side, the total length of the route between the two points to be followed by the Canal being 47 miles. To carry out the sea-level plan it was necessary to make a cutting 328 feet deep at Culebra. The original scheme was adhered to until 1887, when it was abandoned, and one with a system of locks was adopted. But two years later followed the collapse of the company, and all work on the

Canal was stopped. A Commission of Inquiry, in May, 1890, reported that the Canal could be completed in eight years, at a cost of £23,200,000, which should be increased to £36,000,000 for the purposes of administration and financing. Eventually the concern was revived in 1894 under the title of the New Panama Canal Company. The new company's share capital consists of 650,000 £4 shares, of which the Republic of Colombia owns one-seventh. Since 1895 a good deal of work has been added to that accomplished by the old company, and the Canal is now about half completed. The locks will number five, each nearly 800 feet long. Then after America took up the Nicaragua project, and from it was diverted to Panama, negotiations were opened between the United States and Colombia. These have been slow. The United States offered Colombia, originally, an annual rental for the Canal strip of \$100,000, while Colombia asked for \$650,000. Ultimately the United States agreed to pay \$10,000,000 down, and an annuity of \$250,000. This would have put Colombia in possession of an ample fund, for, in addition to the £2,000,000, which Colombia was to obtain from the United States, she would have received a share of the amount payable to the New Panama Canal Company, a seventh part of the share capital of the latter being owned in the name of the Republic.

The manner in which the Panama route was originally chosen for the Canal has recently been told by Señor Cristano Medina, the Guatemala Minister at Paris. He was a member of the Commission which sailed by the *Lafayette* for Colon in 1876 to inspect the several routes for the International Congress. The intention then was to visit Nicaragua as well as Panama, and Señor Medina was the prime advocate of the advantages of the Nicaragua line. But Lieutenant Bonaparte

Wyse came to terms with the Colombian Government, and returned to Europe with a contract for the construction of the Canal at Panama. De Lesseps was, or said he was, quite indifferent as to which route the International Congress would select, but no representative from Nicaragua attended that Congress, and eighty of its members were the nominees of "Le Grand Français." All the foreign delegates were in favor of Nicaragua, as Señor Medina says De Lesseps acknowledged to him, but De Lesseps backed the Wyse scheme because he professed to be afraid that Nicaragua would put on the screw if the Congress voted in favor of that route without any previous understanding as to terms. And as all the French engineers backed De Lesseps, and the foreign delegates, seeing how the wind was blowing, abstained from voting, the Panama design was carried by 78 votes to eight. It is probable that the route was selected as rashly as the scheme was prosecuted recklessly by the French company, but the consensus of engineering opinion is to-day decidedly in favor of Panama over Nicaragua.

It is worth while now to consider the Colombian view of the concession to the present French company and the legal standing of that company.

After the collapse of the Lesseps company, its liquidators asked the Colombian Government to prolong the period for the reorganization of a new company and the continuation of the works at the Canal. The Congress enacted the Law of December 6th, 1892, under which a contract was signed on April 4th, 1893, between the Colombian Government and the new company, by which the period for the reorganization of the new company was extended to October 31st, 1894, and the term for the completion of the Canal to October 31st, 1904. In 1899 the new company, finding that it

could not finish the work within the period granted, asked for a new prorogation of six years. The Colombian Congress of that year did not agree, but the Government decided to send to Europe a Commissioner to study the question. They appointed Señor Nicolas Esguerra, who, after visiting Panama and New York, went to Paris, and there opened negotiations. His diplomatic efforts were in vain, as the Colombian Government was at the same time negotiating with the company's agent at Bogotá, and on April 23rd, 1900, granted the prorogation for a sum of £200,000, which was paid at Paris. The question recently raised was whether or not this decree was constitutional. According to the Constitution the Government is empowered to make contracts, but they have to be submitted to the approval of Congress. It is affirmed that there was no existing law authorizing the President of Colombia to grant the extension. And it was contended that the Congress was not bound to sanction the blunders and transgressions of the Government. Congress might, of course, have approved the prorogation as granted by the Government decree: and the company was indeed informed by the Colombian Commissioner at Paris that any contract for the prorogation must be submitted to Congress to have any legal value. But surely to the plain man it is evident that if Colombia, through its representative Government, accepted the honorarium for renewing the concession, the Congress and the country were alike bound by the transaction.

For half a century, as Mr. Frederick Penfield (formerly U.S. Consul-General in Egypt) has observed, the Nicaraguan was the only Isthmian Canal believed to be available to the United States. As Frenchmen controlled the Panama route, generations of Americans were reared under the influence of the Nicaraguan preference, prior to General

Grant and onwards. It is scarcely necessary to recall that the Walker Commission reported in favor of this route to Congress, and only sent a supplementary report recommending Panama when the French company climbed down in its terms. Soon after that supplementary report was presented Consul Penfield publicly advocated the acquisition of the Panama Isthmus by the United States. His argument was that the State of Panama was of comparatively little value to the Republic of Colombia, though of inestimable value to a powerful nation constructing the Canal; that the people of Panama have no affection for Colombia, and have even shunned the name of Colombians; that it is at least twelve days' journey from Panama to Bogotá, the seat of Colombian Government; that three-fourths of the capital invested in the State of Panama for mining and other purposes is American; and that the United States is pledged by treaty to preserve order on the Isthmus, and has repeatedly had to send armed forces there. What Mr. Penfield advocated was an out-and-out purchase on equitable terms of the State of Panama from the Republic of Colombia, so that the Stars and Stripes may float over the Isthmus, as he predicts it is destined to do over half the West Indian islands. But Panama prefers to be an independent State.

In the United States the opinion seemed to prevail that the Colombians could have no sane motive for hesitating to ratify the Canal Treaty. Señor Raúl Pérez set forth in *The North American Review* for July, 1903, these reasons:—"First, neither the Colombian Executive, nor an ordinary Congress can constitutionally ratify a treaty that involves the cession of territory to a foreign Power; second, the Canal will not be of as much benefit to Colombia as those who are unfamiliar with the situation assume; third, Colombians

firmly believe that there are other solutions to the problem, which, besides being fair and legal, would permanently satisfy both the United States and Colombia." It is true that in the Salgar-Wyse contract of 1878, on which the operations of De Lesseps Company were founded, a clause runs to the effect that "the *cessionnaires*, or those who in the future may succeed them in their rights, may transfer those rights to any other capitalists or financial corporations; but they are expressly forbidden to transfer them or mortgage them, under any consideration, to any foreign nation or Government." But it was surely as competent for Colombia to modify as to grant this concession. And as to the transfer of the territory, there is nothing more sacrosanct in territorial than in other national possessions. A nation does not lose its honor by alienating a strip of its territory for good and sufficient cause. Did not Russia sell Alaska and France sell Louisiana to the United States? Great Britain has not felt any compunctions about alienating and transferring territory over which she had full sovereign rights when the occasion demanded it, and Britons are not less tenacious of their national honor than Colombians have any right to be. The construction of a waterway across Central America is a matter not only of international commercial importance, but also one which promised to be of permanent advantage to Colombia. Of course, if the inhabitants of the Isthmus of Panama objected to any foreign Power having even a leasehold tenure in their territory, the rejection of the contract would have been justifiable. But the people of Panama did not object. On the contrary, they desired the arrangement most ardently.

What, then, was the real cause of the rejection of the Hay-Herran Canal Treaty by the Congress of Colombia? Patriotism was only the blind, for im-

mediately after the rejection of the treaty, a new one was drafted at Bogotá providing for more liberal payments by the United States, and since the secession of Panama Colombia has practically offered to accept a repetition of the treaty if America would compel Panama to return to the Colombian fold. The real cause is to be found in the rivalries of the two bitterly opposing factions into which the country is divided, and in the desire for power and wealth that governs one of these factions. Colombia, with all its bountiful natural resources, its wondrous latent wealth, and its remarkable variety of climates, is simply torn by the contentions of the Clericals, who would keep the people in ignorance and in blind submission to the Church, and the Progressives, who want universal education and freedom from the thrall of the priesthood. The money that the United States was to pay Colombia for the right to build the Canal was not considered enough by the Clericals to distribute among the religious orders to strengthen the hold of the Church upon the people. They wanted more money in order to enable them to perpetuate their mediæval autocracy. And in striving for more they have lost all.

The inhabitants of the Isthmus have been called short-sighted for being such enthusiastic supporters of the Canal. Señor Raúl Pérez says that they are simply longing to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, inasmuch as the Canal will not bring trade to them but will take it past them. This is rather an odd view to present of the great scheme. Panama may not be a desirable place of residence, but the Canal will necessitate the maintenance of two large harbors, and the provisioning and coaling of thousands of vessels per annum. Panama has hitherto mainly subsisted on its transit trade. That transit trade will be developed enormously by the

waterway, without in any way impeding but in every way assisting the development of the mineral and other resources of the country. The mere work of construction will bring wealth to the New Republic, even without the extravagant expenditure and reckless waste of the Lesseps régime. It is not easy to agree with Señor R. Pérez that the narrow strip of land along the Pacific Coast is the only portion of the territory that can derive advantage from the Canal. One may reasonably presume that the inhabitants of the Isthmus know more about commerce and the resource of their own land than do the politicians and philosophers in that wonderful city in cloudland—Bogotá, the capital of Colombia.

Señor Aldana, the Consul of Colombia at Cardiff, recently issued a statement setting forth certain reasons for the rejection of the Hay-Herran Treaty, each of which he considered to have sufficiently justified the action of the Colombian Congress.

"(1) The Treaty transferred to a foreign country the sovereign rights of Colombia on the ports and bays of Colon and Panama, six miles of land on each side of the whole length of the canal (64 miles), and coaling stations. It has been established that the sovereign rights of a State, being the essential conditions of its existence as a moral entity, are inalienable, and that, therefore, neither the President nor the Congress, nor even the nation itself (the sovereign for the time being) is absolute, but simply paramount, owner of the national territory, and so neither of them has any title or right to transfer any portion of it.

"(2) The construction of the Canal by a foreign Government virtually destroys its international character and its neutrality as a free road for all nations in peace and war. This was the original aim of the concession granted to the French company, and it is one of the main conditions of that concession. It is considered a duty to maintain this original aim of the Canal, which should

be a universal benefit, without any hindrance or restriction.

"(3) The concession of the French company will lapse on October 31, 1904, when Colombia will become, *ipso facto*, the sole owner of the works and appurtenances of the Canal; and so she will be in a far better position to grant a new concession maintaining the sovereign rights of the State and the absolute neutrality of the Canal as a free, international road.

"(4) The great majority of the Colombian people abhor the idea of the dismemberment of their Fatherland. This feeling has been sneered at as sentimentalism by that baneful commercialism whose highest aim is the accumulation of wealth, but it is sentiment that binds a nation together. It is the transgression of fundamental principles and greediness of gain that break up national union and concord. A country swayed by the ideal of the integrity of its territory shows, at least, that it is untainted by mercenary motives, and it deserves the full sympathy of the whole world."

It is not worth while to examine the justice and logic of these reasons in present circumstances, but it is desirable to place them on record as unfolding the views of a high-minded Colombian.

If the new Republic of Panama was born out of a spasm it came into the world with all the grandiloquence natural to Latin-America. This is how it announced itself to the President of the United States, through its duly-accredited Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. After the presentation was made by Mr. Secretary Hay, and the customary salutations, Señor Buran-Varilla, thus addressed President Roosevelt:—"Sir,—In according to me, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Panama, the honor of presenting my letters of credence, you admit into the family of nations the weakest and last born of the Republics of the New World, which owes its existence to an outburst of in-

dignant grief which stirred the hearts of the citizens of the Isthmus on beholding the despotic action which sought to forbid their country from fulfilling the destinies vouchsafed to her by Providence. From this time forth the fate of the Canal depends upon two elements which, standing alone, are wholly unlike—authority and power. These, however, are wholly equal to the common and ardent desire to see at last the accomplishment of the heroic enterprise of piercing the mountain barrier of the Andes." President Roosevelt was equal to the occasion. "It is fitting," he said, "that the United States should be the first to stretch out the hand of fellowship. I am expressing the wish of my countrymen in assuring you and the people of Panama of the earnest hope and desire that stability and prosperity shall attend the new State, and, *in harmony with us*, may it be a providential instrument of untold benefit to the civilized world through opening a highway to universal commerce across an exceptionally favored territory." The "indignant grief" of Panama was good; but the "*in harmony with us*" of President Roosevelt is more practical because more significant.

Secretary Hay's manifesto on the Panama question, after the revolt, is a remarkable document. The action of the President was declared to be not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, but also in line with all the best precedents. The Treaty of 1846, between the United States and New Granada, was claimed as the basis of all. That Treaty gave America a right of way in return for a guarantee of neutrality and of free transit from sea to sea, the United States guaranteeing the rights of sovereignty and property possessed by New Granada. President Polk, in his message transmitting this Treaty to the Senate, said: "The Treaty does

not propose to guarantee territory to a foreign nation in which the United States will not have a common interest with that nation. On the contrary, we are more deeply and directly interested in the subject of the guarantee than is New Granada herself, or any other country." The considerations there regarded as decisive have, according to Mr. Hay, become more important every year. Control of the Isthmus "in the interest of the commerce and traffic of the whole civilized world has become of transcendent importance to the United States." In 1853, Mr. Everett, then Secretary of State, assured Peru that America would maintain the neutrality of the Isthmus in the event of war between Peru and Colombia. In 1864, Colombia notified the United States that she should expect America to fulfil her guarantee if war occurred between Peru and Spain. In 1866, when Italy threatened Colombia, Mr. Bayard warned the European Power that America would view a resort to force with serious concern. In 1871 Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, asserted that attacks on the Colombian sovereignty over the Isthmus had repeatedly been averted by the American Government. Mr. Hay, on his part, says:—

The United States has not only constantly protected Colombia from foreign invasion on the strength of the rights and duties created by the treaty of 1846, but has time and again intervened to preserve freedom of traffic from disturbance in the course of domestic dissensions. In these cases we have intervened, sometimes at the suggestion of Colombia, sometimes on our own impression of the necessities of the case, but always to the profit of Colombia, as well as of universal commerce.

Mr. Hay also cited the assurance by Mr. Seward, when Secretary of State, that the United States have taken and

will take no part in internal revolution in Panama or any other Colombian State, but will ever protect the transit trade against disturbance, whether foreign or domestic. By that pledge, he says, America steadfastly abides. But the Treaty of 1846 "is not dependent on the *personnel* of those who signed it, or the name of the territory it affects. It is a covenant which runs with the land." To New Granada, whose territory was divided, succeeded Colombia. To Colombia succeeded Panama. But the Isthmus endures, and "the great geographical fact" keeps alive the compact of 1846. First a railway and then a canal were the objects desired in common. The Hay-Herran Treaty for the construction of the Panama Canal was for carrying out a plan long cherished by both countries. Mr. Hay thinks that the provisions of that Treaty were extraordinarily liberal to Colombia, but it was "rejected unanimously and without consideration by Colombia." Then (to summarize the manifesto), the people of Panama thereupon became convinced that there was no reasonable prospect of the Canal on which their hopes and desires had been set for many years. They had other causes of discontent. They therefore revolted, proclaimed, and in a single day accomplished, their independence, organized a Government of leading citizens, the Colombian forces either joined them or fled, and there is to-day no organized opposition to the new Republic. The President of the United States, when the revolution was made known to him, ordered traffic across the Isthmus to be kept open, and charged American officers to prevent attack by either party, or other action calculated to cause disturbance of traffic. When it was reported to him that a Government had been formed capable of maintaining order, he directed the American representatives at Panama to enter into official relations with it. Colombia was

duly informed of his act. He gave notice also to the world that "both Treaty obligations and the imperative interests of civilization required him to put a stop to the incessant civil contests which have been the curse of Panama, to preserve free transit over the Isthmus, and to bring permanent peace to its people." No plainer duty, says Mr. Hay, was ever imposed on any chief of a State.

There was more of the spread-eagle than of the statesman in the later references to the matter by Secretary Shaw, at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner.

I am jealous of every hour before we begin shovelling earth for the Panama Canal. Digging the Canal is equal to our voting a subsidy for the commerce of all countries in Europe, but we believe it will benefit our commerce still more. You shipping men know that if two vessels started from Liverpool for San Francisco, one by the Suez Canal, and the other by the Cape of Good Hope, both would beat the vessel sailing from New York round Cape Horn. That is one of the reasons why we must have the Canal. We must have the ships to carry the trade. We could dig a Panama Canal every day without hurting anybody's pocket, hence, if it is necessary to spend money to keep the merchant marine it will not be hard. I am not contending for ship subsidies, if any more feasible course can be devised, but if subsidies will ensure us a merchant marine, then I am for subsidies.

The protest by the Colombian Government is not less noteworthy. It declared that the main responsibility for the secession of Panama lies on the United States Government, by, in the first place, fomenting a separatist spirit; by too hastily acknowledging the independence of the revolted province; and by preventing the Colombian Government from using the proper means to repress the rebellion. Señor Marroquín, the President of Colombia,

contends that the Treaty of 1846 has been infringed, because that covenant implies the duty on the part of the United States Government to help Colombia in maintaining her rights of sovereignty and property over the said territory. The present Republic of Colombia, and the Republic of New Granada with whom the Treaty of 1846 was made are one and the same thing. The name was changed in honor of Christopher Columbus, who discovered the Isthmus of Panama, but not the boundaries of the country. When the federal system of government was adopted, the Isthmus of Panama became one of the nine States with a subordinate and limited sovereignty. When it was found by experience that federation was unsuited to the country, with the assent and concurrence of all the nine States, a reversion was made to the old system. Since 1886 the political status of the Republic has been identical with that which existed in 1846. The Treaty of 1846 was not made by the United States with a mere section of the country, or for the sole benefit of that section; it was signed at Bogotá with the Central Government as representative of the whole nation.

The Treaty between the United States and New Granada, so often referred to, was dated December 12th, 1846, and ratified June 10th, 1848. By this Treaty the United States secured the right of transit by the Isthmus, and guaranteed "positively and efficaciously" to New Granada, perfect neutrality of the territory. Article XXXV. of this Treaty, on which Secretary Hay depends, it is desirable to quote here in full:—

The United States of America, and the Republic of New Granada desiring to make as durable as possible the relations which are to be established between the two parties by virtue of this treaty have declared solemnly, and do agree to the following points:—

1st. For the better understanding of the preceding articles it is and has been stipulated between the high contracting parties that citizens, vessels, and merchandise, of the United States shall enjoy in the ports of New Granada, including those of the part of the Granadian territory generally denominated the Isthmus of Panama, from its southernmost extremity until the boundary of Costa Rica, all the exemptions, privileges, and immunities concerning commerce and navigation, which are now or may hereafter be enjoyed by Granadian citizens, their vessels, and merchandise; and that this equality of favors shall be made to extend to the passengers, correspondence, and merchandise of the United States in their transit across the said territory from one sea to the other. The Government of New Granada guarantees to the Government of the United States that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States, and for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufactures, or merchandise, of lawful commerce belonging to the citizens of the United States; that no other tolls or charges shall be levied or collected upon the citizens of the United States, or their said merchandise, thus passing over any road or canal that may be made by the Government of New Granada, or by the authority of the same than is, under like circumstances, levied upon and collected from the Granadian citizens; that any lawful produce, manufactures, or merchandise, belonging to citizens of the United States thus passing from one sea to the other, in either direction, for the purpose of exportation to any other foreign country, shall not be liable to any import duties whatever; or, having paid such duties, they shall be entitled to drawback upon their exportation; nor shall the citizens of the United States be liable to any duties, tolls, or charges of any kind to which native citizens are not subjected, for thus passing the said Isthmus. And in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these

advantages, and as an especial compensation for the said advantages, and for the favors they have acquired by the fourth, fifth, and sixth Articles of this treaty, the United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Granada by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

In virtue of this Treaty the U.S. Government have been called upon at least half-a-dozen times to interfere on the Isthmus, in the cause of order. It is worth recalling that in 1865 Colombia asked intervention for putting down a revolution in Panama, and the Government of the United States refused because the transit had not been impeded, and declared that the guarantee did not apply to internal troubles. That guarantee, it will be observed, is to New Granada, and of the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada had over the Isthmus. Now the Republic of New Granada, as it was constituted in 1830, comprised all the central provinces of the former Spanish kingdom of New Granada, including Panama. In 1858, these same provinces renamed themselves the Granadian Confederation; again, in 1863, the United States of Colombia; and, once more, in 1886, the Republic of Colombia. The name changed, but not the territory. Secretary Hay argues that as the Treaty of 1846 was valid with the Republic of Colombia, it is no less valid with Panama. But the Treaty was with the Central Government of the Republic, not with the land or the occupiers of the Isthmus, and we are unable to follow Mr. Hay's reasoning. The rights of sovereignty which New Granada possessed over the territory were, one must conclude, the

rights of the whole confederation of States, not of any one of them.

President Marroquin made a strong appeal to the Latin-American Republics to support him in a war to retake Panama. He declared that the retention of sovereignty is, or should be, a common cause among the Latin-American Republics, and committees were formed to raise funds, but beyond a "warlike and patriotic feeling," quiet prevails in Latin-America. Of course, there is always a "warlike and patriotic feeling" in Latin-America, and if there has not been something more it has simply been because Teutonic-America commands the situation. For which relief humanity owes much thanks.

The Treaty between the Republic of Panama and the United States consists of 26 articles, and as to sovereignty over the Canal zone, much depends on the construction of Article III., which is as follows:—

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned and described in Article II. of this agreement, and within the limits of all the auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in the said Article II., which the United States would possess and exercise if it were sovereign of the territory within which the said lands and waters are located, to the entire exclusion of, and exercise by, the Republic of Panama, of any such sovereign rights, power, and authority.

Here is suggested a distinction between political sovereignty and rights of property, police control and other matters. By Article I., "The United States guarantees and agrees to maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama." By Article II. Panama grants in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of the Canal zone and other auxiliary lands, over and under

water, and the four islands in Panama Harbor. By Article IV. Panama grants water rights over the rivers, streams, and lakes necessary or convenient for the construction of the Canal. Article V. creates a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and working of either a Canal or a railway. Article XVI. declares that the Canal and the entrances thereto shall be neutral for ever. Articles IX. and X. declare free for all time the ports at either entrance to the Canal, and prohibit tolls or dues on vessels passing through the Canal, except tolls by the United States for the use of the Canal. The other Articles deal mostly with administrative and incidental matters. Article VI. declares that "The grants herein contained shall in no manner invalidate the titles or rights of private landholders or owners of private property in the said zone." Finally, by Article VIII., Panama authorizes the New Panama Canal Company "to sell its rights to the United States, as well as the Panama Railroad."

In the matter of sovereignty, American publicists declare that the Treaty includes not a political, but a commercial, cession. The United States are not acquiring political territory or annexing new lands to their domain, but are getting a concession of land for a specified purpose, just as Americans have got concessions of land in Mexico, China, Japan, and elsewhere. This concession is perpetual, because the magnitude of the enterprise requires permanence, and because it is necessary for the right exercise of trusteeship for the commercial world. The neutral rights under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901 must be protected, and can only be protected by the United States.

It is called a "moral trusteeship." But then, how long will the trusteeship last? If Panama gets to hostilities, after the Latin-American fashion, with

its neighbors, or becomes otherwise troublesome, the theory of trusteeship will easily work into the fact of proprietorship.

The question of the external debt of Colombia has been ignored by the political agents of the revolution, but it is an important one to the unfortunate holder of Colombian bonds, which are mostly held in this country, only a comparatively small proportion of the bonds being held in Holland. In 1873, the then United States of Colombia owed the sum of £6,673,000, for borrowed money and accumulated arrears of interest, including debt inherited from the Republic of New Granada. Under a scheme of conversion these New Granada bonds and arrears were transformed into £2,000,000 of Colombian stock, bearing $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest to begin with, to rise to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and 5 per cent., between 1873 and 1878. These bonds were redeemable by quarterly drawings, but no interest was paid after 1879. In 1886 the country got a new Constitution, and became the Republic of Colombia, but it did not get a new Treasury, and in 1896 the amount of overdue interest on the bonds was as much as £1,590,597. The amount of outstanding bonds and unpaid interest in 1896 was about £3,500,000, mostly owing to long-suffering Britons. By another "conversion" Colombia gave in payment of that debt new bonds for £2,700,000 at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, to be increased by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum every three years up to 3 per cent. The Government were on their part to form a sinking fund for the redemption of the debt, and the interest on the new bonds was made payable in gold in London on 1st January and 1st June of each year. No sinking fund has, however, been formed, and no interest has been paid since 1900. The Republic of Colombia was to have got £2,000,000 in cash from the United States of America

on the exchange of ratifications of the Hay-Herran Canal Treaty, and would have received for its shares in the French New Panama Company, one-seventh of whatever was left to divide out of the £8,000,000 which the United States had to pay the French company. These payments would have sufficed to enable Colombia to meet the whole of its commuted external debt and arrears of interest, had it desired to do so. But the revolution and the constitution of the new Republic of Panama out of the ashes of the Hay-Herran Treaty, and the recognition of that new Republic by the American Government, change the whole scheme of finance. The bondholders are, perhaps, no worse off by the recognition of the independence of Panama by America than they would have been had Panama been restored to Colombia. But what is the financial position with regard to Panama since the secession? Not only was Panama a partner of the original borrower, but it was also a member of the Confederation which in 1873 converted the New Granada bonds into Colombian stock, and which in 1897 converted the unredeemed stock and unpaid interest into Colombian gold bonds. The Isthmus of Panama is the most productive though not the richest portion of the country which borrowed the money. If Panama is to receive, on exchange of ratifications of the new Treaty, the whole of the £2,000,000 which, under the rejected Treaty with Colombia, was to have been paid over at Bogotá, Panama has morally and politically no right to all the money. It has been stated that the Panama Commissioners who negotiated the new Treaty at Washington denied that the Isthmus was liable for any part of the Colombian debt, on the ground that when the money was first borrowed Colombia did not include Panama, which still belonged to Spain. But Panama was undoubtedly part of

the kingdom of New Granada, out of which was constituted the Republic of Colombia, then the Republic of New Granada, and again the Republic of Colombia. When Venezuela and Ecuador seceded from the Confederation, they took over liability for a portion of the debt incurred for the War of Independence. What is the equitable share of Panama in the gross external debt of Colombia remains to be ascertained, but it is no inconsiderable one. And as Mr. Hay promised to use the "moral force" of his Government to induce the new Republic to accept and acknowledge its liability, he might exercise that force so far as to defer payment until Panama's share in the debt is defined and provided for, in trust for the bondholders.

The rapidity with which the United States acknowledged the new Republic is certainly suggestive of the seamy side of international politics. On November 3rd, 1903, the revolution occurred at the Isthmus. On the 6th, the United States Consul at Panama was instructed to enter into relations with the new responsible Government, as soon as it became *de facto*. At the same time the State Department at Washington cabled to the United States Minister at Bogotá that the United States had recognized the independence of Panama. Yet, in point of fact, Panama was thus practically applauded for doing what the whole of the Northern States rose in arms forty years ago to prevent the Southern States of the Federal Union from doing. There is something very significant, if not even sinister, in this official recognition of "secesh" by an American Administration of the Republican party. It was not a mere abstract recognition, for American armed forces were at hand to prevent the Panamaites from being interfered with. The American Government can hardly be surprised if hard things are said about

the whole proceedings, and yet harder things have been said of them in America than in this country. That the revolution at Panama was expected at Washington is acknowledged by the fact that American warships were at, and on their way to, both sides of the Isthmus, as soon as it was known that Colombia had rejected the Treaty. The rejection of the Treaty was the preconcerted signal for revolt. The easy inference, of course, is that the whole thing was stage-managed from the United States, and that the *sequelæ* of the signal were all planned out at Washington before Bogotá gave its final decision. This we are not prepared to believe, although President Roosevelt's reference to the matter in his Message to Congress last month leaves room for a good deal of unpleasant suggestion:—

The name of New Granada has passed away, and its territory has been divided. Its successor, the Government of Colombia, has ceased to own any property in the Isthmus. A new Republic, that of Panama, has now succeeded to the rights which first one and then the other formerly exercised over the Isthmus. But as long as the Isthmus endures, the mere geographical fact of its existence and the peculiar interest therein which is required by our position perpetuate the solemn contract which binds the holders of the territory to respect our right of freedom of transit across it, and binds us in return to safeguard for the Isthmus and the world the exercise of that inestimable privilege. The Government of Colombia not only repudiated our recent treaty with it, but repudiated it in such a manner as to make it evident that not the scantiest hope remained of ever getting a satisfactory treaty from them. The people of Panama have long been discontented with the Republic of Colombia, and have been kept quiet only by the prospect of the conclusion of the treaty. When it became evident that the treaty was hopelessly lost, the people of Panama rose literally as one man. Not a shot

was fired by a single man on the Isthmus in the interest of the Colombian Government. The duty of the United States in the premises was clear. In strict accordance with the principles laid down by Secretaries Cass and Seward, the United States gave notice that it would permit the landing of no expeditionary force, the arrival of which would mean chaos and destruction along the line of railroad, and of the proposed Canal, and an interruption of transit as an inevitable consequence. The *de facto* Government of Panama was then recognized.

Why should the Government of Colombia be said to own no property in a State which was a member of the Confederation? If that Government had no right of property in the Isthmus, how can it be maintained that the new Republic has succeeded to the rights of both the Republic of New Granada, and the Republic of Colombia? How can it be proved that there is no hope of negotiating a satisfactory Treaty with Colombia when it was known that a Congressional Committee had been appointed to draft and negotiate a new Convention the moment the Hay-Herran Treaty was rejected? President Roosevelt has not disarmed his detractors by this Message. There is not much mystery about the situation. The present Republican Administration desires to have the Isthmian Canal actually begun before the next Presidential election. Most Americans—except those concerned in the transcontinental rail-

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way interests—wish to see it completed as a Federal enterprise. Thus the exigencies of the political situation, the aspirations of expansionism, and the demands of commerce, combined to impel the Administration to do what in their party should have been abomination. Regardless of party principle and of international opinion, they recognized a seceding State as a new entrant into the brotherhood of nations, but under the shelter of the Stars and Stripes. For, after all, the advertised "independence" of Panama is only a phrase. The Isthmus is now as nearly American as Cuba is, and will soon be as thoroughly American as Hawaii is.

We do not regret the transition. The world needs the Canal, and Panama is the route for it. Panama needs law and order and good government, and that it would never have under a Confederation constantly plunged in revolution, and frequently in a state of anarchy. The Isthmus, as the channel of commerce between the two worlds, needs a stable head and a masterly controlling hand, and that, we fear, it will never get under a constitution of the Latin-American type. It is better for civilization and commerce, and the common interests of the whole world, that the United States should rule at Panama than Colombia, but it would be better still if America ruled there by open purchase and not by devious finesse.

Benjamin Taylor.

HERBERT SPENCER: A PORTRAIT.

He was a noticeable man. Few would have mistaken the tall figure, with the look now of reflection and now of authority, for that of an undistinguished person. The expression was

still more striking in repose. The bald head was large and well proportioned; the forehead was spacious, though more remarkable for breadth than height; the eyes were light-colored, not

prominent or brilliant; the nose was strong and well-arched and seemed to grow more aquiline with years; the upper lip (a trait inherited from his mother) was long; the chin strangely weak for such a man; the long black hair and the beard (we are describing him as he was in the 'Seventies) as yet only streaked with gray. It might well be the head of a philosophic thinker of the first rank. In earlier years (if the sun was a true artist) there was an expression of aggressive energy on the face, and even a touch of cruelty on the nostrils and upper lip, which afterwards all but completely disappeared. Late in the 'Seventies the growing consciousness of fame imparted a look of pardonable self-satisfaction, and old friends who had known him only in his prime failed to recognize him in the portraits of later years.

To all appearance he was in perfect health. The easy, good-natured swing as he walked, the vigorous stride and the tinge of color on the cheek-bones, spoke of freedom from ailment. On inquiry, a very different story was learnt. He had "broken down" (his own habitual phrase) so long before as 1855. The disaster, for such it proved, was due not to over-work but to pre-occupation. He was then engaged on the most continuously reasoned of his books—the "Principles of Psychology"; and as he was at the time residing in lodgings and leading a more or less solitary life, his ideas remained with him, accompanied him in his walks and disturbed his sleep. The result of the constant preoccupation was a grave lesion of the higher cerebral centres. There was not then, nor was there till nearly thirty years afterwards, any impairment of his constitutional vigor. Only those portions of the brain connected with the act of reflection were affected. It was the beginning of a long curriculum of nervous illnesses and diminished strength,

which seriously reduced his power of production and chequered his whole subsequent life. On the first occasion he remained disabled for eighteen months, when he resumed work, and found his strength insensibly return to him. In after-years, when a relapse took place, he hurried away to Derby, where he could distract himself among the friends of his boyhood, or ran down to Brighton or Tunbridge Wells. He returned in a few weeks recruited, and without an effort took up the thread of his meditation where he had dropped it. Many a man breaks down who has got into a wrong groove or is working on hopelessly false lines, and then he never seems to get over it. But Spencer's relapses were always curable. His health even improved as he advanced in life, and it is a testimony to his mental rectitude that he was stronger when he was midway in the development of his system than when he began it. Few undertakings can have seemed less hopeful than the prospectus of that system which he issued about 1860. Yet he persevered with it, not only through ill health but through discouragement and long apparent failure, and it was only as he approached his seventieth year and his originally fine constitution gave way, that the writing of certain of the proposed volumes was (as it proved, only temporarily) abandoned. Make the necessary deductions, add a number of *parerga*, and you have a sum-total of achievement that would be remarkable in one who had all his life enjoyed vigorous health. Nor can the quality be pronounced anywhere defective. The animation of "Social Statics" never indeed reappeared in any of his later writings; but there is no failure in originality or depth of thought, consecutiveness of reasoning, or symmetry of structure.

The key to this result lies, no doubt, in the faculties which moved naturally on these high levels, and always re-

turned to them whenever the over-bent bow recovered its tension. It lies also in the simplicity of his life. That had one aim—dedication to scientific truth. All else was sacrificed to this, or rather no sacrifice was called for; all that was foreign to this supreme purpose fell off of itself. All his habits were adjusted to it. After breakfast he glanced hastily at "The Times"—often for long stretches, if his head were feeble, not looking at it at all; when he did read it, we may assume that it was less to study contemporary politics than to discover instances of Government bungling. Between nine and ten he was commonly to be seen in Kensington Gardens, at the Bayswater end, the head slightly bent in reflection, but not absorbed in it, and always with a frank greeting for an acquaintance. Punctually at ten he appeared at his working rooms, which he kept apart from his residence to secure himself against intrusion. There for three hours he dictated to an amanuensis or, in after-years, to a shorthand-writer his letters and "copy." In an enfeebled state of the brain he found penmanship the hardest part of composition, and it is probable that if he had had to write his books with his own hand most of them would never have been written at all. At one he returned to lunch at his boarding-house. He had spent his first years in London in solitary lodgings, and only resigned himself to the humdrum conversation of a boarding-house on being assured by a medical friend that he would never regain his health if he continued to live by himself. The early part of the afternoon was given up to business. He superintended his own printing, bookbinding, and publishing. Long before his fame was assured he had the courage to incur the additional cost of stereotyping his books, and his ultimate gains through this wise economy were great. For many years, when he was publish-

ing his works in parts, he even supervised the issue of the successive numbers to subscribers. He then made his way to the Athenæum Club, where he was sure to find his most intimate friends, looked through the periodicals, and played a few games at billiards. Three or four evenings a-week he dined out in a steadily increasing circle. If he remained at home he seldom read. Reading for half an hour after dinner, he said, would keep him awake for hours. He usually played billiards the evening through. He went early to bed, but not always to find sleep. Insomnia dogged him from middle life to old age.

His recreations had the same object as his systematic dining out and his regular visits to the Club—to gain relief from the obsession of his thoughts and keep himself in working order. Some of them were peculiarly blended with his work. His cerebral strength was so reduced when he was composing his "First Principles" that he could only proceed with it by alternately rowing in a boat (on a Highland loch) for a quarter of an hour and then dictating for another quarter. The most abstruse portion of his "Principles of Psychology"—the polemic against Berkeley and Hume and the exposition of his "transfigured realism"—was dictated in a racquet-court at Pentonville in the intervals of the game. When tennis was revived he became an adept in it. His chief indoor resource was undoubtedly billiards, which he played steadily rather than brilliantly. He sat down sometimes to a rubber of whist, and was not scrupulous about flinging up his cards if he did not feel in the humor to go on. He went to theatres and concerts, and was quite content with very third-rate performances, though he had a sharp insight into such things too. With a baritone voice of good *timbre* and some knowledge of music, he cultivated part-singing till he found

reading at sight to put too great a strain on his head. He was a bit of an artist, and the walls of his study were hung with his water-colors. His great out-of-doors recreation was angling. Few autumns failed to find him on the banks of a Scottish trout-stream or salmon-river, where (with "flies" specially made under his instructions) the sport was pursued with as much method and thoroughness as he ever applied to a problem in philosophy. While he was still robust, he was fond of taking long walks in company on off-days, and his assistants can remember excursions to Hampton Court, or "spending a happy day" with him at Rosherville. On these occasions he was the most genial of companions. There were no airs and no disquisitions. He might have been a man with his mark still to make, instead of being the greatest of living philosophers.

He shunned publicity. At one time, indeed, when failure stared him in the face and his small means were being frittered away in the publication of books that did not pay their expenses, he would gladly have accepted a Government appointment of a certain class, and the late Lord Derby unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain for him the post of Inspector of Prisons. He was asked to contest a northern constituency; but even if he had possessed health, leisure, and means, he would soon have found himself out of place in a Legislature where two out of three measures passed would have been in the teeth of his most cherished convictions. He took part in few public demonstrations. He was present at a breakfast given about 1868 to Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, but did not speak. He spoke at a meeting of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, protesting against the autocratic management of the railway. He was entertained at a banquet by some professors and deputies in Paris in 1878,

and after replying to the toast of his health, proposed "fraternity between France and England." He consistently refused scientific and academical distinctions. He resisted the suggestion of the President, Sir Joseph Hooker, that he should become a Fellow of the Royal Society. He refused to be nominated for the Presidency of the British Association. When an Italian academy sent him a diploma of the second class, he reclaimed indignantly against the slight, and after a heated correspondence with the Italian ambassador in London, the matter was compromised by sending him a first-class diploma. He refused to be elected Lord Rector of the oldest Scottish University. When the same university proposed to dub him Doctor of Laws, he declined in a letter which recalled the spirit, though not the manner, of Samuel Johnson's reply to Lord Chesterfield. No academical institution, he said, had held out its hand to him when he was struggling for recognition; now that a degree was offered to him, he no longer needed it. Of one singular honor he was unaware till long after it had been bestowed. His name has been given to a snow-clad range in the Southern Alps, where Mount Spencer towers above its giant sister-peaks as (his admirers would have said) the philosopher towered over his contemporaries. On the whole, he reminds one of what was said of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, where that nobleman was the only undecorated plenipotentiary in a crowd of *décors*, and yet was "sufficiently decorated." Spencer was without distinctions and was all the more distinguished.

Such was Herbert Spencer as he appeared on the streets, at the club, in his rooms, at work and at play. What was he in himself? To answer the question we must inquire under what influences he was reared. How was he, as a thinker, evolved?

Herbert Spencer was born at Derby in 1820 (a year that witnessed the birth of a cluster of notables—John Ruskin, John Tyndall, and Marian Evans), and was the son of a mathematical teacher and author there. The father seems to have been a nonconformist in the primary sense, who conformed to no conventions which he could escape—a trait markedly inherited by his more distinguished son. He did not, however, inherit (if his own account is accepted, though others may differ) his father's aptitude for detail, while he certainly showed no such neglect of larger matters (care of his property, &c.) as he ascribed to his father. The latter's influence on him must otherwise have been deep and lasting. But it was perhaps rather to be traced in his bent towards the sciences than in any special inclination for mathematics. His mind (and the fact seems to make rather for Welsmann's theory than for his own) was not eminently mathematical, and he looked with little favor on the wonderful new developments which we owe to Imaginary Geometry.

To his bringing up at the headquarters of the Midland Railway is no doubt due his early dedication to the profession of engineering. He seems to have met with indifferent success in it. In the 'Forties, as in the 'Nineties, the profession was crowded, and he found himself compelled by the excessive competition to abandon it. But it was the cause of his first appearance as an author. The momentous question of broad *versus* narrow gauge was then exciting the railway mind, and it elicited from Spencer his first essay.

To his Nonconformist surroundings (for though his uncle was an Anglican rector his own family was Wesleyan) he owed, in all probability, his early views on the province of government. The Nonconformist of 1862, who survived till the Education Act of 1870

made him a solecism, held that Government conducted on worldly principles—any kind of Government excepting a theocracy, or rule of the saints—was a thing with which no Christian could have anything to do: the principle of Government was constraint; the principle of the Christian life was voluntary obedience; to the consistent Nonconformist Government was a *sin*. Spencer secularized this doctrine: Government to him was a moral offence and administrative nihilism a necessary deduction from a demonstrable principle of ethics. The theory coincided with his own predominant inclinations. Self-sufficing by nature, asking nothing of the State excepting police-protection and justice (which latter he hardly expected to obtain and on one occasion refused to seek), not ungenerous, but thinking he could help others less by supporting them than by making them support themselves, he was a born propagandist of the doctrine, and his second essay in authorship was a series of letters addressed to a Nonconformist newspaper.

These letters signalized his entrance on a literary career in London. He had not rashly embarked on a sea that was then even less buoyed and beacons than it is now. He had first thought of emigrating to the Antipodes. It was the time when a colonizing enthusiasm spread over England, and Spencer was caught up by the first of its three waves—that which colonized the central portions of New Zealand. It is interesting to conjecture what might have been his fortune if he had carried out his intention. With his great general ability and his practical capacity, he could not have failed to rise to distinction in days when these were a sure passport to power in the infant colony. Would he have retained it? These colonial democracies, like the French Revolution, rapidly use up their children, and, like the many able

and cultivated men, whom the Land of Promise in the South Seas attracted, he might have held office for a time and then been flung aside. For one thing, he would have had an opportunity of trying the grand law case of his life—*Man versus the State*. He would have seen a voluntary association—indeed, two such associations—founded in a manner after his own heart for the colonization and government of large territories, become insolvent and practically confess their incapacity for their self-assumed tasks by surrendering their charters. He would have seen an eminently English colony, under democratic impulsion, outstripping even its sister-colonies in the race towards an organized system of State socialism.

Happily, he entered on a far greater career. From 1848 to 1851 he was sub-editor of "*The Economist*." Possibly the only influence that his short tenure of the post had on him was to whet his opposition to the interference of Government with the banking system and the currency. In London he came in contact with the stream of philosophic Liberalism, which blended itself with his inherited Nonconformity. The union of the two gave birth in 1851 to "*Social Statics*," a work which, popular as it is in style, shares with Emerson's "*Nature*" and Stirling's "*Secret of Hegel*" the unenviable distinction of having taken eleven years to go through a single edition. The book marked the beginning of his speculative life, which was crowned forty years later by the completion of the work. It expressed the negative one of the two strands of his thought, which here and there inosculated or were forcibly intertwined, but were really unrelated to one another. The book stands now like "an obelisk on a lonely plain," but its doctrines were those of traditional English Liberalism. They were the doctrines of Adam Smith, Thomas Chal-

mers, and the old Whigs; they were also the doctrines of Bentham, the Mills, Grote, and the Radicals. When a political system dies, its soul transmigrates into a book, which thus embalms the past when it is imagined to embody the future. This was the fate of "*Social Statics*." The tide of legislation set flowing by Lord Shaftsbury had begun to run in the opposite direction even before the book was published, and it has been running ever since with increasing swiftness, till it has carried us to the brink of a system of State socialism. Spencer never let himself be swept away with it, or even moved a hair's-breadth from his first position. In a succession of essays and treatises he stated and restated, with sometimes tedious iteration, his original thesis. He remained the faithful Abdiel of doctrines which the whole world is forsaking. On two points only did he abandon his early views. Arriving at the conclusion, on biological grounds, that the family and not the individual is the social unit, he ceased to hold that women and children have equal rights with men. He was an avowed opponent of giving votes to women years before he ceased to be quoted as a supporter of female suffrage. Only the remorseless logic of a system could have driven him to concede equal rights to children. Yet it is believed that the family of a late distinguished surgeon and scientific writer was brought up on that principle, and (it is said) with none of the evil results that might have been expected to follow.

It was probably during those early years in London that he became acquainted with the writings of Carlyle. It is hard for us now to measure the influence that great man exerted on the generation which came to maturity in the decade 1845-55. His stamp was on everything. The journalism and authorship of the day were saturated

with his words and phrases, his tricks of language and turn of thought, his ideas and way of looking at things. Mill and Tennyson, Maurice and Ruskin and Froude, and a host of second-rate writers, bear his mark. They are *filii de Carlyle*. With more light than heat, Spencer could never have become a disciple of one who had more heat than light. But he derived from Carlyle a number of important ideas which deserve to be set down in detail.

1. The conception of an Unknowable and the fundamental unintelligibility of things is common to the Empiricist and the Transcendentalist. 2. The idea of force, which lies at the foundation of his system and which the physicists say he has confounded with energy: see "Sartor," *passim*, and especially bk. i. ch. xi. 3. Carlyle's declaration that "all entities obey the same rigorous set of laws" is the "universal postulate" which makes practicable the construction of a philosophy of evolution. 4. The key-stone of Spencer's science of religion is his doctrine of ancestor-worship. But this (as he himself admitted in conversation) is only Carlyle's "hero-worship," made scientific by the addition of a hypothesis to which we shall by-and-by refer. 5. The view that hero-worship is the tap-root of all forms of worship becomes in Spencer the theorem that all religions and all superstitions are modifications of the worship or propitiation of ghosts. 6. The view that Government is founded on the worship of ancestors or heroes is also Carlyle's: see "Sartor," bk. viii. ch. vii., and "Hero-Worship," lect. i. That faith is akin to loyalty is a corollary drawn by both thinkers. 7. The analogy between the social and individual organisms is suggested by Carlyle in reference to circulation, economic and physiological: see "Sartor," bk. iii. ch. vii. 8. Feelings, not thoughts, govern the world, says Spencer in opposition to Comte: Carlyle had previ-

ously, and perhaps with more accuracy, said the same thing in his "Hero-Worship," lect. i. 9. Verse is emotional speech, says Spencer in (anticipated) opposition to Darwin's profounder theory that it is *sui generis*: Carlyle had expounded ("Hero-Worship," lect. iii.) the commoner view twenty years earlier. 10. Spencer's description of all art was that it was marked by an ever-nearer approach to reality. Give us reality, not vain imaginations, was Carlyle's unceasing cry. 11. The vindication of a soul of truth in things false is Carlyle's apology for Mahomet. 12. The doctrine of the national ownership of the land, which is a salient proposition in "Social Statics," was preached in "Past and Present." 13. Even the misconception of Kant's "forms of the sensibility" as "forms of thought," which Professor Sylvester first pointed out as a common English error, is Carlyle's ("Sartor" bk. iii. ch. viii). And there are a number of identities of word and phrase.

Carlyle suggests Emerson, and from Emerson Spencer derived the idea of "the rhythm of motion," which appears in "First Principles," as a generalization of observed facts and a deduction from the persistence of force.

In those years it may have been that he met with Mansel, of whose "Prolegomena Logica" he spoke with admiration, as he long afterwards spoke of the interview with evident interest. Mansel led him back to his own master, Sir W. Hamilton. From the elder thinker and his expositor he received that peculiar view of the Unknowable which raises it to the rank of a positive entity and source of all existence, together with two-thirds of the arguments he uses in its support.

Besides the notion of a social consensus, he probably derived from Comte the very idea of a Social Science. From the younger Mill he took the conception of a series of social sciences, or

departments of social science, which Mill tried and failed to "carve out."

We are still only at the outworks of the citadel. Whence came the grand transforming idea of evolution, by means of which he was, with others, to change the face of science? It was in the air. The "Vestiges" had made it a topic of daily discussion. Darwin was known to be occupied with the subject. A hundred eager inquiries were looking for the key of life in precisely this direction. If a definite stimulation must be assigned, we should refer it to the writings of Dr. W. B. Carpenter. That under-estimated thinker, it was once unkindly observed, spent the second half of his life in showing that he had anticipated all his contemporaries in the first. He did, in fact, anticipate very many of them. His "Principles of Comparative Physiology," in particular, for the first time wrought out the conception of development as applied to animal organs and functions and (still more notably) to the growth of the mind. There, too, was stated and illustrated Von Baer's famous law, which Spencer acknowledges to have been epoch-making with him, and which, indeed, is one of the bases of his system. It ought in justice to be added that Spencer never would admit being under obligations to Carpenter, and that when such obligations were ascribed to him many years ago in one of the quarterly reviews, he evidently disapproved of the ascription. The matter remains for exact determination. What is certain is that Spencer had read the book named with a degree of attention which he seldom bestowed on a printed volume.

A score of large constructive ideas—that may seem a long list of assimilations from foreign sources. Yet it is shorter than that of his most original contemporaries. Carlyle's debt to Goethe and the Germans was greater. Mill's indebtedness to Bentham, his fa-

ther, and the Economists was far greater. Hamilton's appropriations from the whole range of ancient and modern philosophy were incomparably greater. When all necessary deductions have been made, Spencer remains the most original philosophic thinker of his time.

Thus equipped—the equipment, however, being put on piece by piece and year by year—Spencer began his new speculative life. It was a life possessed henceforward by a great inspiring idea, and everything really distinctive that he was to write was devoted to its exposition. From 1852 to 1857 he was one of a small but brilliant band who made the early numbers of "The Westminster Review" as remarkable in their way as the first numbers of "The Edinburgh." In it appeared the finest essays he ever wrote. Some one even wished that he had gone on writing essays. Systems are ropes of sand, and much of the labor of systematizing is expended in making the logical connections.

The publication of the "Principles of Psychology" in 1855 signalized his entrance on the field of mental philosophy in a commanding manner. How came a civil engineer to write such a book? Its maturity is complete, its grasp of the great problems all-embracing, its originality astonishing, the vistas it opens up novel and far-reaching. It is written on the lines of none of its predecessors. Scheme and treatment and style are alike new. The question can be answered as fully as questions about the origin of a great book ever can be answered. In the early 'Fifties Spencer was thrown into the society of a number of men and women with whom the discussion of philosophical problems was a passion; this supplied the stimulus. The sketch we have given of his philosophical development has shown from what sources no small part of the materials

was drawn. For the rest we can only account as we should for a great poem or a scientific discovery. It was the outcome of new faculties. Spencer was himself a step forward in the history of creation.

A few years later in 1859 or 1860, he issued the prospectus of a new system of philosophy. The leaders in science, scholarship, and theology—Darwin and Mill and Buckle, even Jowett and Liddon—hastened to enrol themselves as subscribers. But otherwise it attracted little attention. Its encyclopædic character even excited some derision. He heeded it not. He was laying deep and wide the foundations of a structure that would last for generations. The electric circuit of his thought was complete. Nothing essential remained to be added. He had "built up the universe into stacks," as Carlyle said of Comte; he had mapped it all out into departments and sub-departments, like the machinery of Government. Every new fact was to find its place in one or other of these and be explained by one or other of the two great formulas of integration and differentiation. His work was planned for the rest of his life.

Spencer was now, at forty, in full possession of his resources. What faculties commanded them? Pre-eminent among them all was (what Kant would have called) his architectonic faculty. It is shown in the highest degree in his classification of the sciences, which places him in this respect beside D'Alembert and Ampère, and far above Comte. It is shown in the general scheme of his system. It is shown in the plan of every book, and the structure of almost every paragraph and sentence. It is luminously exhibited in the masterly outlines of his "Descriptive Sociology," which evoked the enthusiastic admiration of M. Taine, and well deserved that enthusiasm. It marked everything that he did. He

would sit down to his desk and in a few minutes, with no apparent pre-meditation, map out in all its ramifications a department of social science. As he talked or as he wrote, part after part of a subject, which at first might seem "a wilderness of building, far withdrawn," came into view, and grew distinct, and assumed the proportions of a stately pile. The predominant bias of his mind towards construction he communicated in a measure to others. If Bentham taught his disciples the art of analysis, students learnt from Spencer the nobler art of synthesis. One aspect of his master-faculty was (what may be called) the inductive flight. From a momentary glimpse of a law as embodied in one or two facts, he swiftly rose to a point of view whence the whole scope of the law was seen. A striking example of this power may be given. On the basis of a single sentence that was found for him in a historian who must have been all-unconscious of the bearings of his statements, Spencer reared his entire theory of the genesis and development of religious systems. His power of divination may be another aspect of the same faculty. He would instruct an assistant to ascertain whether there was historical evidence for such and such a series of facts; and if the search was at first baffled, the facts were ultimately found to be as he had divined. If he possessed none of the poetical imagination which enabled Scott to revive, from the brief narrative of Commines and a few passages in other writers, the *costume* of the age of Louis XI., he undoubtedly laid claim to the higher scientific imagination (as he deemed it) which reconstructs an extinct social or physical state, or conceives an as yet unknown cause, or conjectures the operation of a known cause in hitherto unimagined ways. When he said of a scientific friend (Huxley) who had refused to accept

the development theory before the publication of the "Origin of Species," that "he did not allow his imagination to outrun his facts," he evidently implied that he had let his imagination outrun the facts. And, again, when he said that the want of a practical acquaintance with the details of science (of which he could not but be conscious) could be supplied by "imagination," he plainly felt that he possessed the desired quality. Imagination in this sense is but the onward leap of the mind, the impulse to intellectual conquest and discovery. It is the foundation of originality.

Spencer's originality was co-extensive with his powers. He took a new view of every subject that he treated, or soon made it new by far-reaching developments. All his books are original: not one of them is planned on old lines. If the exordium of a treatise or essay is sometimes unpromising, or even commonplace, you have only to wait and you are carried insensibly into the heart of an original argument. He needed no research in others' writings to find ideas. Before sitting down to write or dictate, he looked through his collection of facts on the topic in hand—chiefly passages from the accounts of travellers among savage peoples, or cuttings from newspapers, and the ideas proper to the facts seemed to arise naturally out of them as he advanced. He was very jealous of his originality. If an anticipation by others of an idea arrived at independently by himself was pointed out to him, he either deleted it or acknowledged the coincidence. His sensitiveness on this score was well illustrated in a controversy with Mr. Tylor. Spencer had elaborated, in a remarkable series of chapters, a theory of religious evolution which he believed to be, in its developed form, absolutely original. Unfortunately for his dream, Mr. Tylor had expounded substantially the same

theory in a work that had been published years before. Yet it is certain that Spencer had not read the exposition, or suspected its existence; and it may even be doubted whether he had perused a single page of "Primitive Culture," though the book stood on his shelves. Mr. Tylor had a perfect right to assert his own priority, which was undeniable; but it was assuredly not from him that Spencer derived his views. The suggestion had been received from a writer in whom no one would have expected to find it. The following pregnant sentence occurs in Southey's "History of Brazil":—

Their diabolism was rooted deeper [than this belief in a Universal Parent]: dreams, shadows, the nightmare, and delirium had generated superstitions which a set of knaves systematized and increased and strengthened (vol. i. p. 227).

Out of so small a germ sprang such splendid blossoming. The obligation was not acknowledged at the time, because Spencer believed (having read the passage hastily) that Southey was giving the Brazilians' account of the origin of their beliefs (as if savages were philosophers!), while he was giving his own view of the matter. The real originator of the theory, however, was a greater than Southey. Nearly two centuries and a half ago the author of "Leviathan" had occasion to trace the source of religious ideas. Men's fears (says the follower of Lucretius) accuse certain "powers," or agents "invisible," as the authors of their good or evil fortune.

"And for the matter of substance of the invisible agents so fancied, they could not by natural cogitation fall upon any other conceit, but that it was the same with the soul of man; and that the soul of man was of the same substance with that which appeareth in a dream to one that sleepeth; or in a looking-glass, to one that is awake;

which, men not knowing that such apparitions are nothing else but creatures of the fancy, think to be real and external substances, and therefore call them ghosts: as the Latins called them *imagines* and *umbræ*, and thought them spirits, that is, thin aerial bodies, and those invisible agents which they feared to be like them . . .” “From this ignorance,” Hobbes had previously said, “of how to distinguish dreams, and other strong fancies, from vision and sense, did arise the greatest part of the religion of the Gentiles in time past.”

So near may one be to a great discovery without making it! The hour had not come in Hobbes's time, nor, in Southey's, the man.

Of Spencer's minor intellectual qualities the most notable were his fertility and his facility. In one of the few instances of direct insight into things which are scattered through his abstract pages, he speaks of men whose thoughts come in single file, and who have consequently to retire to the quiet by-paths of life. His own thoughts came in platoons. The reading of a single page evoked a crowd of ideas which called for immediate utterance. He would pile Pelion upon Ossa—he could accumulate deductive and inductive arguments in support of any position whatever, sound or unsound, with Gladstonian affluence. His imagination rioted among possible explanations of obscure phenomena. The Haythorne Papers are examples of this faculty in its happiest exercise. It may have been the diversified character of these early papers and his encyclopedic range which misled Emerson to describe him, in an infelicitous *obiter dictum*, as “a stock-writer, who could write equally well on all subjects.” The sage missed the intuitions, which alone he valued, and was repelled by the logic, which he flouted. Spencer groped habitually in depths

where Emerson could not follow him. He was the philosopher of causation.

His facility was equally a consequence of rapid celebration. “Thinking is so hard,” said Goethe, quoting his friend Meyer. Spencer can never have found it hard. He said himself that thinking and reading were equally fatiguing. To a spectator, reading seemed to him the harder. When he was reading, the muscles of his face contracted with the labor of concentrating the attention. When he was dictating the most abstruse matter, there was no visible effort. The eyes wore the far-away look of the thinker, while the face was in repose and the thoughts flowed on for hours with never a break. He lived and moved naturally on these high levels. Jean Paul sat down to the harpsichord; others have used wine or some still more potent spirit, or have been stimulated by conversation, or inspired by a book. Spencer needed no auxiliaries. He rarely had even a note. When did he prepare? What Walter Scott said of himself—that in one sense he never thought of his books except when he was writing them, and in another they were never out of his thoughts—might have been said of Spencer. Sir Andrew Clark accounted for his frequent relapses by saying that he was haunted by his work. And this was doubtless the truth. He advised one whose health had given way to “take a little run whenever he fell into a train of thought.” When met with on the streets or in the Park, he always looked as if he were in “a train of thought.” Of express preparation there can have been but little.

The ease with which his thoughts came to him was aided by discipline. He carried method into everything. Classification, pursued through life, had become a second nature. Every fact as it was learnt, every idea as it arose, were at once mentally pigeon-

¹ Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ch. xii.

² *Ibid.*, ch. ii.

holed. The outward arrangements reflected the inward order. Drawers, enclosures in drawers, and ingeniously constructed portfolios, contained accumulations of facts which supplied him with matter. Such arrangements were more practicable to him than they would have been to a less systematic thinker. He had painted the universe over with formulas. Had these been other than his own, they would have been the half-truths or whole falsities that have to be "swallowed." But they had grown with his knowledge and expanded with his thought till, in most things they accurately expressed as wide and deep a conception as it lay in him to take. On some subjects they must have clouded his vision. Would his religious opinions have been the same but for that formula of "the Unknowable"? He even admitted in later years (speaking of Lewes's last books) that, fixed in his own point of view, he was unable to place himself at another's. These formulas retarded his acceptance. To his coevals his writings were as darkness visible. On men brought up in the school of Reid, like Professor Ferrier and Principal Tulloch, his "Principles of Psychology" had much the same effect as "the lofty diction of the chorus of Clouds" had on "the simple-hearted Athenians," or Mr. Gladstone's solemnities on Macaulay. A new generation had to grow up before he could become intelligible. Some of these still remember, at a distance of thirty years, the midnight glow with which they devoured pages that baffled their elders. When the philosophy of evolution has served its turn, a reformer will be needed to sweep the heavens clear of these mental constructions, only to replace them by others which will tyrannize in their room.

Spencer had great practical capacity. He was a first-rate man of business, and managed his own printing, book-binding, and publishing with manifest

advantage to himself. He was an efficient member of committees. He had a strong contempt for handlessness, and he did not believe in a talent for metaphysics which was not a talent for anything else. No one could have been less of the bookworm or the dreamer. He would have accepted Johnson's definition of genius. He was himself many-sided, and with different antecedents might have been an enterprising merchant, a daring engineer, a distinguished statesman, or a successful commander.

No bookworm, we have said, and yet his knowledge was immense. With the biological sciences his acquaintance was extensive, and of perhaps none of the physical sciences was he altogether ignorant. It was a knowledge mainly of principles and results; details and processes he either ignored or left to be acquired when the need arose. How or when or where it was all picked up remained a mystery after years of intercourse with him. He was rarely to be found reading, and in fact he read little. The problem may be partially solved by suggesting that much of it was hived, drop by drop, through habitual association with the leaders of science. A glance at an article or half-an-hour's browsing in a book would do more for him than a laborious perusal would do for another: his inductive imagination would anticipate conclusions and fill up the gaps. He possessed large stores of miscellaneous knowledge. To other men's opinions on a subject or a science he was indifferent. He wrote a treatise on psychology, and had not perhaps read one book on the subject through. He built up a philosophy of religion, and possibly had not read a single page on the science. It is more strange, and may have been due to the necessity of economizing his strength, that he had read none of Darwin's works after the "Origin." Of history he knew little, though once at

least he made an effort to repair his deficiencies in that department; of biography, little; of general literature, not a great deal. He was well read in Shakespeare, and made apt citations from the plays; he enjoyed Scott, and liked William Black's short Highland stories; he keenly relished "Tristram Shandy," but condemned "Tom Jones" on account of its multiplied improbabilities; he considered the "Autocrat" a gem. He was acquainted with no foreign language but French, and was ostentatious in his contempt for "classical learning."

His conversation was hardly ever literary, and seldom touched on moral topics: it was mainly scientific and speculative. It was full of facts, always strung on an idea; it abounded in hypotheses. His fertility, already remarked on, was most noticeable then; and his emancipation from his own formulas was then most complete. In manner, it was calm and deliberate; when he was much interested, it grew eager and animated. The style was often unkempt, with as little as possible of the mechanical rise and fall and balanced structure of his book-sentences. Sagacity was its chief characteristic; what the Germans call *Weltweisheit* (wisdom of world-wide significance), might be defined as its province. Trivial it never was, and he once rebuked a personality by quoting Shakespeare on "the meanness of common knowledge." Very much of it was well worthy of permanent preservation, and it is to be hoped that some privileged auditor will do for him what Eckermann did for Goethe and Professor Knight for "Rabbi" Duncan.

It would be easy, were it worth while, to show that Spencer's moral qualities ran parallel with his intellectual attributes. As the foundation of them all, he was a man. He was even aggressively masculine, and if an infusion of the feminine element is

requisite to a perfect character or the highest order of genius, he had neither. What answered in him to ambition was the inwardly necessitated choice of a field of labor and its steadfast cultivation through long discouragement and apparent failure: when it slowly dawned on him after the death of Mill that he was now at the head of philosophy in these islands and America, perhaps the mission was consciously pursued. He had the male animal's instinct of battle. He never shrank from an encounter: he replied to criticisms which might well have been left unnoticed; if one was for years ignored—that by Professor T. H. Green—it was because he "did not understand it"; and the septuagenarian's prolonged controversies with two such formidable disputants as Huxley and Weismann showed no falling off in spirit, vigor, or pertinacity of defence. On these occasions his bearing was knightly: there were no personalities, no captious arguments, no mere retorts; only once, and then under provocation, was scorn expressed. He so consistently disparaged physical courage that he can hardly have possessed it. Civic courage he undoubtedly had. When he was elected a member of the committee of the London Library he found it tyrannized it over by a late historical peer: he set himself to break down the despot's authority. Once at least, in the Athenæum Club committee, he made a stiff fight on behalf of a candidate of literary distinction at a time when politicians and bishops were supposed to have prior claims. He was loyal to his friends: when Sir Joseph Hooker was in danger of being throttled by red-tape, Spencer went with others to the rescue—his loyalty on this occasion being whetted by his hatred of officialism. He was always ready to be helpful in a good cause: he found both capitalist and publisher for a well-planned but afterwards mismanaged

review. In these cases he was impartial: he can have had as little sympathy as acquaintance with Spinoza's philosophy; yet he took part in procuring English support towards erecting a statue of the Dutch philosopher at The Hague. He had a genuine sympathy for the victims of ill-health, particularly where it was due to overwork, and many a sufferer has benefited by his generosity. If he received a service, it seemed as if he could not rest till he returned it fourfold: he was not equally prompt to retaliate on injury—commonly, he did not retaliate at all. He was never mercenary, and when he was accused of being on one occasion actuated by interested motives, he was deeply wounded by the baseless charge; but his quiverful of arguments held no personal missile that he could retort on the slanderer. He was not vindictive and he was placable; anecdotes of forgiveness, and more than forgiveness, where a real injury had been done, come back to memory. Yet he could feel deep indignation, on public and private grounds, and when he was angry he grew pale, as formidable men are said to do, though there are exceptions to the rule. He was incapable of jealousy: at a time when he might have disputed Mill's ascendancy he quietly accepted the second place, and when on Mill's death he succeeded to the leadership he showed no exultation. With all his depth of thought he had a native simplicity of character: and with all his knowledge, like many another great man—like Turgot and Malesherbes, Lytton and Gladstone—he had no "knowledge of men." He was taken in fifty times if he was taken in once. His radical goodness was answerable for his ignorance. He believed that others were as upright as himself. Unbending rectitude was his governing principle. His most brilliant disciple has said that "in a world

like our own it is impossible for the righteous always to act consistently up to their most sacred convictions." Mr. Grant Allen's master was, then, a unique example of a man who went through life without compromising a principle. There was, perhaps, a single deviation. It was desired to issue a French translation of his book on Education with the omission of the first chapter, which offended the Ministry of Education: he reluctantly agreed that it should be omitted. He had many attached friends and few enemies or none; in most companies he bore himself with an easy superiority and received much deference; he was never the victim of calumny or persecution; he was never made the object of a personal attack and rarely of hostile remark. The late Principal Tulloch writes in a letter, which his biographer has thought worth printing, that he saw at the Athenæum Club "the great philosopher, S., gloating over his dinner with unphilosophic eyes, and afterwards moving about among his friends with the air of a man of the world acquired too late in life." The frank unaffected manner of his middle life certainly stiffened in later years; but the learned Principal's own eyes must have been "unphilosophic" indeed when he discovered gluttony in one whom another St. Andrews professor (the late genial and accomplished T. S. Baynes) as truly as wittily named "an Epicurean in theory and a Stoic in practice." With a range of feeling answering to his range of thought, it may be doubted whether he was susceptible of deep or high emotion. Bereavement saddened him, but left no lasting mark. He was, perhaps, most moved in 1864 or 1865, when it seemed likely that he might have to discontinue the publication of his works, and when his father said, "It will break Herbert's heart if he has to give up." Sheltered by his fame, his celibacy, his retired ways and

his devotion to abstruse pursuits, he lived a protected life. It was a life animated throughout its whole extent

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by a sense of duty, which was none the less noble that it was supported by no supernatural sanctions.

COLONIAL MEMORIES: OLD NEW ZEALAND. I.

By LADY BROOME.

It has so chanced that quite lately I have heard a good deal of this beautiful and flourishing portion of our "Britain-over-sea," and these reports have stirred the old memories of days gone by when it was almost a *terra incognita*—as indeed were most of our splendid Colonial possessions—to the home-dweller. But the home-dweller proper hardly exists in this twentieth century, and the globe-trotter has taken his place. Even the latter soubriquet was unknown in my day, and I was regarded as quite going into exile when, some eight-and-thirty years ago, I sailed with my husband for his sheep-station on the Canterbury Plains. As far as I was concerned, the life there afforded the sharpest of all sharp contrasts, but it was none the less happy and delightful for that.

The direct line of passenger-ships only took us as far as Melbourne, and then came a dismal ten or twelve days in a wretched little steamer along a stormy coast before the flourishing Port Lyttelton of the present day (a shabby village in 1865) was reached. Yet the great tunnel through the Port Hills was well on its way even then, and the railway to connect the port and the young town of Christchurch was confidently talked of. Even in those early days, the new-comer was struck by the familiar air of everything; and, as far as my own experience goes, New Zealand is certainly the most English colony I have seen. It never seems to have attracted the heterogeneous races of which the population of other colonies

is so largely composed. For example, in Mauritius the Chinese and Arab element is as numerous almost as the French and English. In Trinidad there are large colonies of Spanish and German settlers, without counting in both these islands the enormous Indian population which we have brought there to cultivate the sugar-cane; and in all the principal towns of Australia the "foreigner" thrives and flourishes. But New Zealand has always been beautifully and distinctly English, and the grand Imperial idea has there fallen on congenial soil and taken deep root.

Even in the days I speak of, Christchurch, though an infant town, looked pretty on account of its picturesque situation on the banks of the Avon. The surrounding country was a sort of rolling prairie, ideally suitable for sheep, with the magnificent Southern Alps for a background. And what a climate, and what a sky, and what an air! The only fault I had to find with the atmospheric conditions was the hot wind. But hot winds were new to me in those days, and I rebelled against them accordingly. Now I begin to think hot winds blow everywhere out of England. In South Africa, in Mauritius, in all parts of Australia, one suffers from them, to say nothing of India, where they are on the largest possible scale.

The first six months of my New Zealand life was spent in Christchurch, waiting for the little wooden house to be cut out and sent up country to our sheep-station in the Malvern Hills.

How absurdly primitive it all was, and yet how one delighted in it! I well remember the "happy thought"—when the question arose of the size of drawing and dining rooms—of spreading our carpets out on the grass and planning the house round them. And the joy of settling in, when the various portions of the little dwelling had been conveyed some seventy-five miles inland to our happy valley and fitted together. The doors and window-frames had all come from America ready-made, but the rest of the house was cut out of the kauri pine from the forests in the North Island.

The first thing I had to learn was that New Zealand meant really *three* islands—two big ones and a little one. Everybody knows about the North and the Middle Islands, which are the big ones, but the little Stewart Island often confused me by sometimes being called the South Island, which it really is. A number of groups of small islets have been added to the colony since then, such as the Cook and Kermadec Islands, but I do not fancy they are inhabited. The colony was really not a quarter of a century old when I knew it, as it had been a dependency of New South Wales up to 1842, and it owes its separation and rapid development to the New Zealand Company, which started with a Royal charter. The Canterbury Association sent out four ships which took four months to reach Port Cooper in the Middle Island (now the flourishing seaport of Lyttelton) only sixteen years before I landed there.

The cathedral had not risen above its foundations in 1865, but I was struck with the well-paved streets, good "sidewalks," gas-lamps, drinking-fountains, and even red pillar-boxes exactly like the one round the corner to-day. And it seemed all the more marvellous to me, who had just gone through the lengthy and costly experience of drag-

ging my own little possessions across those stormy seas round the Cape of Good Hope, to think of all these "aids to civilization" having come by the same route. Now I am assured that you can get anything and everything you might possibly want, on the spot, but in those days one eagerly watched a *déménagement* as a good opportunity for furnishing.

We had brought all our things out with us, and the wooden house was soon turned into a very pretty comfortable little homestead. The great trouble was getting the garden started. The soil was magnificent, and everything in that Malvern Valley grew splendidly if the north-west winds would only allow it. Hedges of cytissus were always planted a month or so before sowing the dwarf green peas, in order that they might have some shelter, and this answered very well. I could not, however, start a hedge of cytissus all round my little lawn, and the consequence was that I could easily count the blades of grass on that spot, and that I discovered a luxuriant patch of "English grass" about a mile down the flat, where a little dip in the ground had made a shelter for the flying seed. And the melancholy part of the story was that English grass-seed cost a guinea a pound! I was quite able to appreciate, three years later, the ecstasy of delight of a little New Zealand girl, who, beholding the Isle of Wight for the first time, exclaimed to me; "How rich they must be! Why, it's all laid down in English grass!"

Other flower-seeds, of course, shared the same fate, and it was indeed gardening under difficulties. But in the vegetable-garden consolation could be found in the potatoes, strawberries, and green peas, which were huge in size and abundant in quantity.

Indoors all soon looked bright and cheery; and besides the books we brought out, I started a magazine and

book club in connection with a London library, which answered very well, and gave great delight to the neighbors, chiefly shepherds. These men were often of Scotch or north of England birth, and of a very good type. Their lives, however, were necessarily monotonous and lonely, and they were very glad of books. We had a short Church service every Sunday afternoon, to which they gladly came, and then they took new books back with them.

The only grudge I ever had against these men was that they all tried to provide themselves with wives among my maids, and by so doing greatly added to my difficulties with these damsels. Far from accepting Strepheon's honorable proposals, Chloe would make these offers—which apparently bored her—an excuse for giving up her place and returning to the gay metropolis. Not even the incident of one stalwart suitor putting his rival in the water-butt could soften the fair one's heart.

I honestly think those maids (I only had two of them) were the chief, if not the only, real worry of my happy New Zealand life. Nothing would ever induce them to remain more than four months at the station. In spite of the suitors, they found it "lonely," and away they went. Changing was such a troublesome business and always meant a week without any servants at all, for the dray—their sole means of conveyance—took two days on the road each way, and then there were always stores to buy and bring back, and the driver declared his horses needed a couple of days' rest in town. Some of the various reasons the maids gave for leaving were truly absurd. Once I came into the kitchen on a bright winter's morning to find them seated on a sort of sofa (made of chintz-covered boxes), clasped in each other's arms, and weeping bitterly. With difficulty I got out of them that

their sole grievance was the sound of the bleating of the sheep, a "mob" of which were feeding on the nearest hillside. It was "lonesome like," and they must return to town immediately.

These girls, as well as their predecessors and successors, were a continual mystery to me, and I never could understand why they became servants at all. Not one of them ever had the faintest idea of what duties she had to perform or how to perform them. A cook had never, apparently, been in a kitchen before, and she would ask—and get—36*l.* or even 40*l.* a year for her ignorance. The housemaid had never seen, or at least handled, a broom or a duster. I was very ignorant myself in those days, and yet found myself obliged to teach the most elementary duties. They were nearly all factory-girls; and when I asked "Who did these things for you at home?" always answered "Mother." They had never held a needle until I taught them how to do so; and as for mending or darning, that was regarded as sheer waste of time. The first thing they had to learn was to bake bread, and as, unfortunately, the best teacher was our head shepherd—a good-looking, well-to-do young man—the "courting" began very soon, though it never seemed successful, and poor Ridge's heart must have been torn to pieces during those three years of obdurate pupils.

I must, however, say here that, ignorant to an incredible degree as my various "helps" were, I found them perfectly honest and perfectly respectable. I never had the slightest fault to find on either of these counts. Sobriety went without saying, for it was compulsory, as the nearest public-house was a dozen miles away across trackless hills.

It was a real tragic time, for me at least, that constantly recurring week between the departure and arrival of my maids; but I am inclined to think,

on mature reflection, that my worst troubles arose from the volunteers who insisted on helping me. These kindly A.D.C.'s, owners or pupils on neighboring stations, all professed to be quite familiar with domestic matters. But I found a sad falling-off when it came to putting their theories into practice in my kitchen. It generally turned out that they had made a hasty study of various paragraphs in that useful work "Enquire Within &c.," and then started forth to carry out the directions they had mastered. For instance, one stalwart youth presented a smiling face at our hall-door one morning and said:

"I've come to wash up."

"That is very kind of you," I replied; "but are you sure you know how?"

"Oh yes—just try me, and you'll see. Very hot water, you know: boiling, in fact."

Well, there was no difficulty about the hot water, which was poured into a tub in which a good many of my pretty china plates and dishes were standing. The next moment I heard a yell and a crash—and I am very much afraid "a big, big D"—and my "help" was jumping about the kitchen wringing his hands and shouting for cotton-wool and salad-oil and what not. It seemed a mere detail after this calamity to discover that half a dozen plates were broken and as many more cracked. "The beastly thing was so hot" being the excuse.

The first time the maids left I thought I would, so to speak, victual the garrison beforehand, and I had quantities of bread baked and butter churned and meat-pies made and joints roasted; but at the end of a couple of days the larder was nearly empty, partly on account of the gigantic appetites we all had, and partly because of the addition to our home party of all these volunteers who always seized the excuse of "helping." As a matter of fact,

my "helps" generally betook themselves to a rifle-range. F. had set up down the valley, or else they all organized athletic sports. I should not have minded their doing so, if it had not, apparently, increased their appetites.

Never can I forget an awful experience I went through with one of my earliest attempts at bread-making. I felt it was a serious matter, and not to be lightly taken in hand, so I turned my helps, one and all, out of the kitchen, and proceeded to carry out the directions as written down. First the dough was to be "set." That was an anxious business. The prescribed quantity of flour had to be put in a milk-pan, the orthodox hole in the centre of the white heap was duly made, and then came the critical moment of adding the yeast. There was only one bottle of this precious ingredient left, and it was evidently very much "up," as yeast ought to be. Under these circumstances, to take out the cork of that bottle was exactly like firing a pistol, and I do not like firing pistols. So I was obliged to call for an assistant. All rushed in gleefully, declaring that opening yeast-bottles was their show accomplishment, but F. was the first to seize it. He gave it a great shake. Out flew the cork right up to the rafters, and after it flew *all* my beautiful yeast, leaving only dregs of hops and potatoes, which F., turning the bottle upside down, emptied into the flour. Of course it was all spoiled, though I tried hard to produce something of the nature of bread out of it. But it was horribly heavy and damp.

One thing my New Zealand experiences taught me, and that was the skill and patience and variety of knowledge required to produce the simple things of our daily life—things which we accept as much as a matter of course as the air we breathe. But if you have to attempt them yourself, you

end by having a great respect for those who do them apparently without effort.

I have often been asked how we amused ourselves in that lonely valley. There was not very much time for amusement, for we were all very busy. There was mustering and drafting to be done, besides the annual business of shearing, which was a tremendous affair. It is true I developed quite a talent for grafting pleasure upon business; and when a long "boundary" ride had to be taken, or a new length of fencing inspected (in those days wire fences could not be put up even at that comparatively short distance from a town under 100*l.* a mile), I contrived to make it a sort of picnic, and enjoyed it thoroughly. The one drawback to my happiness was the dreadful track—it were gross flattery to call it a road—over which our way generally led us. No English horse would have attempted the break-neck places our nags took us safely over. Up and down slippery steep stairs, where all four feet had to be collected carefully on each step, before an attempt to reach the next could be made; across swamps where there was no foothold except on an occasional tussock; over creeks with crumbling banks. At first I really could not believe that I was expected to follow over such places, but I was only adjured to "sit tight and leave it all to my horse," and certainly I survived to tell the tale! The only fall I had during all those three years of real rough-riding was cantering over a perfectly smooth plain, when a little bag strapped to my saddle slipped down and struck my very spirited mare beneath her body. She bucked frantically, and I flew into space, alighting on the point of my shoulder, which I broke. On that occasion I was the victim of a good deal of amateur surgery, but it all came right eventually, though I could not use my arm for a long time.

But to return to our amusements.

Boar-hunting was perhaps the most exciting; though I was not allowed to call that an amusement, for it was absolutely necessary to keep down the wild pigs, which we owe to Captain Cook. A sow will follow very young lambs until they drop, separating them from their mothers and giving them no rest. When the poor little things fall exhausted the sow then devours them, but it is almost impossible to track and shoot these same sows, for they hide themselves and their litters in the most marvellous way. The shepherds occasionally come across them, and then have a great orgy of "sucking-pig." But the big boar whose shoulder-scales are like plaited armor and quite bullet-proof, and whose tusks are as sharp as razors, gives really very good sport, and has to be warily stalked. These expeditions had always to be undertaken on foot, and I insisted on going because I had heard gruesome stories of accidents to sportsmen, who had perished of cold and hunger on desolate hillsides when out after boars. So I always begged to be taken out stalking, and as I carried a basket with sandwiches and cake and a bottle of cold tea, my company was graciously accepted.

These expeditions were always in the winter, for the affairs of the sheep seemed to occupy most of the summer, and besides it would have been too hot for climbing steep hillsides and exploring long winding gullies in anything but cold May and June weather. The boars gave excellent sport, and I well remember, after a long day's stalk up the gorge of the Selwyn River, our pride and triumph when F., who had taken a careful aim at what looked exactly like one of the gray boulders strewn about on the opposite hillside, fired his rifle, and a huge boar leapt into the air, only to fall dead and come crashing down the steep slope.

Then there were some glorious days

after wild cattle, but that was a long way off in the great Kowai Bush, and we had to camp out for nearly a week. It was difficult work getting through the forest, as, although there was a sort of track, it was often impassable by reason of fallen trees. Of course we were on foot; but it greatly adds to one's work to have constantly to climb or scramble over a barrier of branches. All the gentlemen carried compasses as the only means of steering through the curious green gloom. Though it was the height of summer, we never saw a ray of sunshine, and it was always delightfully cool. Every now and then we came to a clearing, and so could see where we were. One of these openings showed us the great Waimakariri River swirling beneath its mighty wooded banks, and it was, just there, literally covered with wild duck—gray, blue, and "Paradise"—all excellent eating, but I am thankful to say that the sportsmen forbore to shoot, as it would have been impossible to retrieve the birds. Some fine young bullocks fell every day to their rifles; but although I heard the shots and the ensuing shouts of joy, the thickness of the "bush" always prevented (happily!) my seeing the victims.

The undergrowth of that "bush"—*Anglicè*, forest—was the most beautiful thing imaginable, and the familiar stag's-head and hart's-tongue grew side by side with exquisite forms quite unknown to me. Besides the profusion of ferns, there was a wealth of delicate fairy-like foliage, but never a flower to be seen on account of the want of sun.

In summer we sometimes went down to the nearest creek, about a mile away, for eel-fishing, but I did not care much for that form of sport. It meant sitting in star-light and solitude for many hours, and one got drenched with dew into the bargain. The preparations were the most amusing part, espe-

cially the making of balls of worsted-ends with lumps of mutton tied craftily in the middle; the idea being that when the eel snapped at the meat his teeth ought to stick in the worsted, and so he would become an easy prey to the angler. This came off according to the programme, and even I caught some; but they were far too heavy to lift out of the water, as there was no "playing" an eel, and the dead weight had to be raised by the flax-stick which was my only fishing-rod. However, quite enough of the horrid slimy things were secured to make succulent pies for those who liked them.

We once invented an amusement for ourselves by going up a mountain on our station three thousand feet high, and sleeping there in order to see the sunrise next morning. I ought, perhaps, to explain that these Malvern Hills among which our sheep-station lay were really the lowest spurs of the great Southern Alps, so that even on our run the hills attained quite a respectable height. I had heard from those who had gone up this hill—quite near our little house—how wide and beautiful was the outlook from its summit, so I never rested until the expedition was arranged. Of course, it was only possible in the height of summer, and we chose an ideally beautiful afternoon for our start directly after an early dinner. It was possible to ride a good way up the hill, and then we dismounted (there were five of us), and took the saddles and bridles off the horses, tied them to flax-bushes within easy reach of good feed, and commenced the climb of the last and steepest bit of the ascent.

It was rather amusing to find, as soon as it came to carrying them up ourselves, how many things were suddenly pronounced to be quite unnecessary. Food and drink had to be carried (the drink consisting of water for tea) and a pair of red blankets for

shelter, and just one little odd blanket for me. My share of the portage was only a bottle of milk strapped to my back—for it took both hands to scramble up, holding on to the long tussocks of grass—but I felt that I was laden to the extent of my carrying capacity! The four gentlemen had really heavy loads ("swags," as they called all parcels or bundles), under which, however, they gallantly struggled up. There was no time to admire any view when at last we stood breathless and panting on the little plateau at the very top, for the twilight was fast fading, and there was the tent to be put up and wood to collect for the fire.

Fortunately, all those hillsides were more or less strewn with charred logs of a splendid hard red wood, called "totara," the last traces of the forest or "bush" with which they were once covered. The shepherds always pick up and bring down any of these logs which they come across when mustering or boundary-keeping, for they find them a great prize for their fires, burning slowly, and giving out a fine heat.

When we came to pitch the tent, there seemed such a draught through it that I gave up my own particular blanket to block up one end, and contented myself with a little jacket. But oh, how cold it was! We did not find it out just at first, for we were all too busy settling ourselves, lighting the fire, unpacking, and so forth. But after we had eaten the pies and provisions, and drunk a quantity of tea, there did not seem much to do except to turn in so as to be ready for the sunrise. Some tussocks of coarse grass had been cut to make a sort of bed for me, after the fashion of the wild pigs, who, the shepherds declare, "have clean sheets every night"—for they never use their lair more than once, and always sleep on this bitten-off grass. In spite of this luxury, however, I must say I found the ground *very* hard, and the

wind, against which the blankets seemed absolutely no protection, *very* cold. Also the length of that night was something marvellous; and when we looked down into the valley and saw the lights twinkling in our own little homestead, and reflected that it could not be yet ten o'clock, a sense of foolishness took possession of us. Everyone looked, as seen by the firelight, cold and miserable, but happily no one was cross or reproachful. Three of the gentlemen sat round the fire smoking all night, with occasional very weak "grogs" to cheer them. F. shared the tent with me and Nettle, my little fox-terrier; but Nettle showed himself a selfish doggie that night. I wanted him to sleep curled up at my back for warmth, but he would insist on so arranging himself that I was at *his* back, which was not the same thing for me at all.

We certainly verified the proverb of its being darkest before dawn, for the stars seemed to fade quite out, and an inky blackness stole over earth and sky an hour or so before a pale streak grew luminous in the east. I fear I must confess to having by that time quite forgotten my ardent desire to see the sunrise. All I thought of was the joy of getting home, and being warm once more; and, as soon as it was light enough to see anything, we began to strike the little tent and pack up the empty dishes and pannikins. But long before we could have thought it possible, and long before it could be seen from the deep valley below us, the sun uprose, and one felt as if one was looking at the majestic sight for the first time since the Creation. Nothing could have been more magnificent than the sudden flood of light bursting over the wide expanse. Fifty miles away, the glistening waves of the Pacific showed quite clearly; below us spread the vast Canterbury Plains, with the great Waimakariri River flowing through them

like a tangle of silver ribbons. To the west rose steep, forest-covered hills, still dark and gloomy, with the eerie-looking outline of the snow-ranges rising behind. A light mist marked where the great Ellesmere Lake lay, the strange thing about which is, that although only a slight bar of sand separates it from the sea, its waters are quite fresh. All we could see of the River Rakala were its steep banks, but beyond them again shone the gleam of the Rangitata's waters, whilst close under our feet the Selwyn ran darkly through its narrow gorge. The little green patches of cultivation—so few

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and far between in those days—each with its tiny cottage, gave a little homelike touch which was delightful, as did also the strings of sheep going noisily down from their high camping-grounds to feed in the sheltered valleys or on the sunny slopes. It was certainly a most beautiful panorama, and we all agreed that it was well worth our long, cold night of waiting. Still, we got home as quickly as we could, and I remember the day proved a very quiet one. I suspect there were many surreptitious naps indulged in by us poor "Watchers of the Night."

A RIDE IN MONASTIR.

Hilmi Pasha sat in Monastir, pacifying the country, and restoring the Sultan's troublesome subjects to a proper sense of their duty as members of a great and historic Empire. From early morning till after sunset he was present in that small official residence of his, seated in the one dark corner of a square room, where the only furniture was the low divan, a stove, and the big desk in front of him, piled with papers. No Turk ever worked so hard. All day long the door stood open to everyone who came. There was no waiting, no affectation of mysterious grandeur. One after another they came and went, quietly ushered in—soldiers, officials, consuls, and correspondents. They took their seats dispersed around the divan, and Hilmi dealt with them in turn or together, with equal ease. Sometimes he would break off from one and go to another, and pass to a third before he returned to the first again; and, all the time, in that complexity of tongues and cases, he never lost hold of the threads, or betrayed one particle of truth to all

those listening ears. One day, for instance, while I was pleading for a man still held in prison against every pledge and right, one of the Swedish officers under the first Reform Scheme came to request the promotion of a corporal among the gendarmes. No one could have guessed why Hilmi tinged the suavity of his refusal with ever so slight a shade of contempt; but the second Austro-Russian Reform Scheme reached us later that day, and, in the scorn with which it set aside the Swedes for their failure, we ultimately found the reason. After the refusal and the despatch of a few orders in Turkish, he turned again to my prisoner's case, called his Turkish secretary, who took the requisite notes, gave orders for the man's release, and, when I ventured to hope the result would be as speedy as happy, replied in that charming French, which is not quite good enough to be incomprehensible to an Englishman: "My orders are invariably fulfilled, instantly and to the letter."

I came away with the satisfaction

every one has in seeing a thing well done. I almost doubted Hilmi's own saying: "We Turks are not administrators; we are only a warrior race." But I confess it was rather disconcerting to find within an hour that, on that very morning, another advocate had pleaded the same man's cause; that the same Turkish secretary had been called in, and had taken the same notes; that the same orders had been given, and, I can hardly doubt, with exactly the same result. The only problem left for me was to wonder what became of those elaborate notes; and that was unimportant.

So Hilmi Pasha sat in Monastir, pacifying the Sultan's misguided subjects. The room, with its one shaded corner, was heated to a genial warmth, his dark blue uniform was drawn tightly round his tall and graceful figure, his fez thrown rather back from the pale and weary face, relieved so effectively against the carpet of deep purples and crimsons that further darkened the wall behind. It is the face of a tired but unflinching eagle, thin and worn with toll. On each side of the delicate eagle nose the deep brown eyes look into yours with a mournful but steady sincerity, that would carry conviction with the wildest tale of Arabian Nights. A grave charm hangs over the face, sometimes broken by a shadowy smile, as when he said: "I see by the *Times* that, on reaching Kastoria, you will find that beautiful town in ruins." Often, while going down the stairs, still hearing in my ears the attractive voice that had just said: "My only desire is that the truth should be known: my only object is to restore tranquillity and happiness among the people whose treatment at the hands of the Government has been so generous, I might even say so magnanimous,"—often, I have thought, that here at last was a Turkish official, capable, just, and inspired with a benevolent zeal for re-

form. That is the "Hilmi charm"; and it is impossible to deny its influence.

One day, while still under the spell, I followed down the mountain stream which cuts the beautiful and filthy town in half, till I came to an outlying quarter, where the people of Javata have found shelter in churches, schools, and small rented rooms. Javata is a largish village, only about three hours from Monastir, along the Ochrida road: and I saw its ruins afterwards. One day last August, nominally owing to an attack upon a Turkish convoy by an insurgent band, but really because some of the villagers had dared to protest against the system of forced labor in the fields of their Turkish neighbors, the authorities telegraphed to Monastir that the village was in revolt. Even before the troops came, the armed peasants of Turkish villages began to burn and plunder. The troops came with two guns, and, in an hour, only two out of all the houses stood. The villagers that escaped wandered on the mountains for three weeks, and then most of them crept into Monastir. Those who remained in other villages near, in hopes of cultivating the market-gardens by which they lived, were fired upon by their Turkish neighbors, and, only a few days before my visit, one woman was shot through the heart while returning from work; another, whom I saw, was severely wounded, and her appeals for justice were unheeded. While I was there, the gendarmes were going from house to house, trying to drive the people back to their ruins by threats of violence, and promises of the Sultan's doles. But the people hid themselves or remained immovable. They could not go back; dead bodies had been thrown into the wells; all their tools and seeds were gone; of their cattle, only ten head had been recovered. What was a grant of 20s. or 30s. for rebuilding to them, when every

decent house in their village had cost £80 or more, to build? They were a skilled and self-respecting village of market-gardeners, the men seeking work in the free Principalities, and even in Constantinople in summer, and bringing back the profits, of which the authorities claimed every eighth plastre. Here, for the first time, I heard from the villagers themselves of the tax levied upon the marriage of Christian girls, and the *jus primæ noctis* if the tax were not paid. And here for the first time, I heard that ominous expression, so common now through Macedonia, that, rather than continue as before, they would walk down to the sea and drown.

Two or three families had settled in each room. In one room I found seventeen living people and one dead—a woman who had never recovered the horror of the destruction, and now lay still upon the mud floor, with a night-light on her breast. They did their best to keep the place clean; and that task was easier because the rooms were bare. In some rooms they had put down mats woven of reeds—a mat for each family—and each family kept to its mat, with a peculiar sense of property and seclusion, as though surrounded by invisible walls. For food, they had what maize or red peppers they had begged, or bought with the money they had carried away in their flight. The refugees from Smilevo, a similar village further away in the mountains to the north-west, were in the same state, camping out in crowded rooms in another quarter of the town. Smilevo was a distinctive community, all the villagers being masons and carpenters, and finding their work far and wide through the country.

A day or two later, even Turkish delays were surmounted; and I went clattering down the road towards Florina with a cavalry escort of ten men and an officer, the escort nominally for my

safety, the officer confessedly to watch my proceedings. A trim, silent, and much-enduring man that officer was; but by the end of my journey he was reduced to a state of pitiable misery. He spoke no Western tongue. For my purpose he had the kind of contempt a *viveur* feels for the philanthropist. He longed that the Sultan should treat the loathly pig-eating races as the Spaniards had treated the Moors, or as the Russians were treating the Jews; and, like all Turks from Hilmi downwards, he could appeal to other examples that came nearer home. He scorned every trace of Western manners as filthy and indecent beyond expression, and yet, at every pause, he had to write elaborate notes of my doings and conversations, and that without the hope that they would ever be read. Turkish documents must have a literary limbo all to themselves; and, among the martyrs of unread manuscript, my silent little officer will wear a radiant crown.

Turning from the long road across the plain about midday, we advanced, through a Turkish village, up a deep valley in the mountains, to Buf, the first ruined village I had then seen; and the picture of it will almost do for all, though its ruin was not quite so complete as in most. It had been a prosperous and large village, standing among its fields of maize and rye and pasturage, on a broad and fertile slope, where two torrents met in their descent from the three-peaked mountains that rise above Monastir, and still keep their Greek name of Peristeri ("the Pigeons"). Clustered upon this slope stood its 250 houses, of which 14 are standing now. The remainder lay jagged, bare, and blackened, with just the look I have seen upon so many rotting skeletons on the veldt. As we approached, I saw a few women stealing away like shadows from the fields, noiselessly gathering up a pitcher, a spade, or the bits of clothing they had

laid aside for work. They gathered up their children too; but, seeing some little creatures who had lighted a small fire of stalks and twigs under a bank, I waited beside them with Father Proy, an Austrian Lazarist of old Irish descent, happiest and bravest of men, who had accompanied me from Monastir. Presently the women came stealing back; and one, whom ugliness and misery had raised above fear, approached and poured out her lamentation. Her husband and her little son had been shot down as they were trying to escape; her house was burnt, her cattle stolen, her store of grain destroyed, her clothes and bedding and rugs all gone. She had nothing left—nothing in all the world. "Why did you not kill me then? Why don't you kill me now?" she cried to the officer, tearing away the rags from her brown and wrinkled neck; and the silent officer looked at her, without moving a muscle of his eyes.

From her and from others, men and women, who slowly gathered round us, I soon heard the story of destruction; and in nearly all the other villages the story was the same. At the beginning of August, a body of Turkish troops was coming down the mountain, when a party of the Komitadjis (fifteen of them) opened fire from a neighboring hillside, and then fled into the woods. Instead of pursuing, the Turks advanced upon the village. The villagers hastened out to meet them with presents of food; but the first house was set on fire, and then the general flight began. All who could not get away in time were cut to pieces in the narrow streets. One after another the houses were set on fire. One church was burnt, the other wrecked and desecrated. The armed Turkish villagers from the place at the entrance of the valley swarmed up to murder and loot. It was they who burnt the granaries and drove off the cattle, and they who plun-

dered the ruins afterwards of the doors, windows, rafters, and all woodwork or stuff that had escaped the flames. The inhabitants had lived for many weeks among the woods and caves, coming down at night to collect any grain they could find. Now a few had taken refuge in Florina; but most had returned to their own ruins, and were thatching over little shelters in the corners of the insecure and crumbling walls. Some had even built detached little huts with the poles of oak saplings and a wattle of maize stalks and reeds; but I never saw that done anywhere else.

For the rest, the condition of the village was outwardly much the same as in all that I saw, except that fourteen houses were left, and I never again found more than six; seldom more than one or two. The little streets and the old basements of the houses were covered deep in broken tiles from the falling roofs. The walls stood blackened and broken down. The stones were splintered with heat, the mud bricks were crumbling away or returning to sludge. Every vestige of woodwork and furniture was gone, except that, in one ruin, I saw the fragments of a sewing-machine. As I stood among that chaos of destruction, I wondered how I should begin if the ruins were mine, and I were ordered by the Sultan to rebuild it at once, with snow and frost already upon me, no tools, no wood, no cattle for transport, and a grant of ten shillings for a start.

Going near the stream in which, till quite lately, the bodies of 80 unarmed villagers of Nevokazi, butchered in cold blood as they were being brought into Florina, were lying as a warning within sight of the railway—staying a night at Florina, where the French Sisters of Mercy are superintending one of the Fund dépôts, especially for the relief of Armensko, a village only a few miles westward, the scene of one of the most atrocious massacres—passing through

Sorovec, the Turkish base for the Greek war in the Epirus district, which I witnessed nearly seven years ago—I came over a wild but open land of marsh and lake, in which were wild swans, innumerable cranes and geese, and common gulls that had learnt to catch flies like the kestrels of Thessaly; and so I arrived at the ruined village of Mokreni. Its condition was the same as Buſ's, except that, out of its 210 houses, only one was standing. The Sultan's commission had estimated £T160 for rebuilding the 209; and the villagers had laughed at them. It was one of the market-garden villages; and a few of the people were still attempting to work their plots. Because it had been prosperous, its fate was the more terrible. The place had been shelled by two mountain guns; and swarms of Bashi-Bazouks had gathered from the neighborhood for the slaying and the plunder. The number of killed in the flight was 120, chiefly old people and children; and many bodies were still lying unburied only a few hundred yards from the village, because no one dared to bury them. None of the villagers, I think, were yet living in the ruins. Though they were Bulgarians and Exarchists, nearly all had found refuge in a Greek monastery up the hill, or in the Wallach town of Klisura, which hangs, like a Swiss town, high on the mountain crest, where the pass runs to Kastoria. But that morning the gendarmes had been driving them down from Klisura, under the Sultan's order that they should begin rebuilding; and a few of them were wandering listlessly about among the ruins of their homes. One poor woman, leading a little girl by the hand, was crying horribly as she went. Her husband and two little boys had been killed there; and she had never even seen their bodies, and she knew the dogs had eaten them.

Up in the fifteenth-century monas-

tery, occupied by only three monks now, about fifty families had found safety. As at Monastir, they were arranged four or five families in each room, usually with a separate mat or rug for each family to live on; and the monks were feeding them upon their own store of maize and red peppers. But this could only be made to last exactly one month longer—and then there would be nothing to give. The sickness was already very bad; the effects of terror and grief perhaps more evident here than in other places. Many women were lying stupefied with sorrow. One who had lost three children and her husband in a few minutes, had not spoken or looked up since August. Others had seen their husbands shot down as they left the monastery, tempted out by treacherous promises of safety. I saw their newly-made graves beside the paths where they fell.

Next morning, among the clouds that enveloped the gray town of Klisura upon its mountain height, the tattered priests of Mokreni and of Bobista (a similar village on the other side of the pass) brought me their pitiful lists of the people in most urgent need; and the whole house and street were crammed with women calling for bread for their children, and for justice against the governors who were keeping their husbands in gaol, or had sent them to unknown places in Asia. Riding on, over the high pass and down the steep descent into the Kastorian plain, I passed the ruined village of Bobista—one of the most helpless and wretched of them all, where the skulls of the massacred were still lying about in the *débris* that strewed their former hearths—and I passed through Zagoree—once a rich village on very fertile land, now utterly ruined like the rest, and its great church most foully desecrated—and Olista, a smaller ruined village on my right, and Bambuk,

where the house of the Bey owner had been destroyed, almost equally with his village, but was being repaired with thatch, probably under the system of forced labor. And so, after a long ride in ceaseless rain across the flats, passing some large and flourishing Turkish villages at the foot of hills upon our left, we at last reached the Lake of Kastoria, and were carried across in a prehistoric "dug-out" canoe, the horses going round by land.

Kastoria, with its Roman gate and its white Turkish houses climbing along the isthmus and up the gray mountain that projects almost to the very centre of the lake, is the most beautiful town I have seen. But its beauty is equalled by its rancor against all things Bulgarian. It is mainly a Greek town, doing much trade in hand-woven carpets and furs; and, under the direction of its Greek bishop, its heart is venomously Patriarchist. Thus supported, the Turkish officials pursue their Turkish way, without haste and with plenty of rest. We had intended to set up a relief depôt there, as a good centre for the ruined villages—there are about thirty within fairly easy reach. But I soon saw it would be impossible to get anything done in the face of such a spirit, and Father Proy agreed to return to Klisura, and make that his centre instead.

For myself, I rode on north-west across the low water-shed which turns the streams westward, through Albania, into the Adriatic instead of the Ægean. It is a singularly beautiful and fertile country. All the wide valley was brilliant with the gold, scarlet, and crimson of autumnal trees—aspens, maples, plum-trees, pears, and peaches. In spite of the eagles, there is abundance of partridges and duck. Wild boars come down to the reedy marshes, and here and there stands a rich Turkish village, now fattened with spoil. But, at the foot of the mountains on

my right hand, hardly half an hour from the main track, was the Bulgarian village of Zupanista; and, going up to it, I found the common scene of desolation, with some distinguishing points, because about half the inhabitants had been back for many weeks, and a large number of thatched hutches had been constructed. Under those thin shelters I found the families cowering together in the corners for warmth. They had maize for about ten days more; then nothing. The sickness was worse here than in other places. The sick were lying on the bare ground, sometimes with a little straw for pillow, sometimes with nothing at all to keep them warm but their clothes, which, of course, they had not changed since August. I could not tell what was the matter with them; but when old people and little children have lived on pounded maize for two-and-a-half months, in the midst of heat and cold and wet and every kind of misery, it is hardly necessary to name diseases. Probably some were wounded, but did not dare to tell me of wounds in the officer's presence. I hear now that, since I left, small-pox has been devastating this and other villages around.

A ride of a few hours then brought me to Kostenec, which I found in just the same condition, except that practically the whole of the population was back among the ruins, and they had saved a little more maize and a few goats and sheep. Some of them were even turning over the ground with spades, and laboriously dragging up logs of timber with their own hands. But I saw only two roofs standing in what had once been a very large and prosperous village. As at Zupanista, the church was destroyed and desecrated, and only the bare walls of the great Bulgarian school next the church were standing. All the Bulgarian villages in this district are equally destroyed.

partly because the insurgents had a large camp in the gray and barren mountain range that rises high above Kostenec. From the path, I could see the ruins of Dembeni and Labanica; but I had with me the names of eight other ruined villages close at hand, and one of them was Smerdes, on the main road from Florina to Korica (Koritza), the scene of one of the most pitiless massacres of August.

Something might be done for these villages from Korica, a fairly flourishing little town only one day's journey westward. It is almost entirely Greek; and the bishop (a highly educated man who had heard of the Anglican Church) was inevitably the foe of Exarchists. But the sufferings of all Christians in this region, from the Turkish officials in their midst, and the Albanian brigands on their flank, are so unendurable, that even the savage fury of indistinguishable religious beliefs is sometimes laid aside, and throughout the town I found a willingness to combine every section of the faith against the common enemy. At sunset two Patriarchist Christians, both Albanians by race, took me up to a quiet mountain above the town, and told me the long list of wrongs that make all life a burden of injustice. The white town lay at our feet, its fertile plain stretching away to the Albanian mountains, whose summits were already deep in snow. To the north was the open space where the lake of Ochrida lay, and, far away southward, just visible in the gloom of evening, stood the long gray barrier of the mountain range that had been marked out in the Treaty of San Stephano as free Bulgaria's southern frontier—an uncomfortable sight to any Englishman.

A day brought me to the shores of Ochrida, and for another day we struggled against the driving north wind in a prehistoric peep of a boat, three men paddling on one side in the square bow

and one on the other side in the stern, while the detachment of my escort lay so prostrate at the bottom that, had the lake abounded in pirates as the land in brigands, there would have been an end of me and my fortunes. And, indeed, the prehistoric peep gave it up at last; and we reached Ochrida on foot. That station upon the old Roman road from Dyrrachium to Thessalonica now keeps a Turkish garrison among the ruins of its old Bulgarian fortress, and half the town is Turkish; but the remainder is mainly Bulgarian, and, like Monastir, it has an Exarchist Bishop, who is administering part of the Relief Fund. There I met Mr. Henry Brailsford, the chief organizer of the Fund in the villayet. He had just returned from visiting the ruined villages up the Drin valley, north of the lake; and reported a condition of things as bad as any I had seen. Much the same in fact; and the same is true of all that wide district known as Debrica. In Ochrida itself, a Fund depôt was struggling to supply the hundreds of refugees who had come into the town from all these northern villages, and others quite near at hand. Mrs. Brailsford had also cleaned and arranged a little hospital for the wounded, who hitherto had been lying about in a miserable and neglected state. A few men and about twelve women were there. One girl had six wounds; and a baby had been shot by a bullet that passed first through its mother's body.

Of the remaining Christian villages that I saw in ruins along the road from Ochrida back to Monastir—there were seven of them in all, ending with Javata—I need not give any further account; for their condition was the same as in those I have described, and all of them only varied according as the people had a little more maize left, and had put on a little more thatch or left the ruins bare. But, all along my route, I had heard from my officer and

the Turkish authorities of certain Turkish villages which had been destroyed near Prespa Lake. Very anxious to examine the balance of criminality, I rode out of my way to see these villages, and found there were six of them round the lake. In one of the three I visited, only six houses had suffered. In another, very little was damaged except the Christian part. The third was absolutely destroyed, except that the mosque was left. All the six villages had been attacked by the insurgents, whether in retaliation or as part of the game of war I could not discover. In those that I saw, none of the inhabitants had been killed; and they were all now receiving a grant of 15 piastres a month from the Sultan, besides finding shelter in the very prosperous Turkish villages around. In all my journey I never heard of a woman being wronged or a child being killed by any Christian villager or insurgent.

At sunset I went out to the village of Jankovec close by Resna, and was soon surrounded by the leading people among the Christian villagers who were still finding shelter there. In the midst of that ragged and hungry circle, I listened, for the last time, to the long tale of misery and injustice. For the last time I heard the appeal to England for help—that appeal which shows so pathetically confident a belief in England's unselfishness of purpose and zeal for freedom—and for the last time I heard the despairing cry that, unless England would see justice done, the ruined villagers must turn Turk, or walk down to the sea and drown. How far England will now remain true to the part she has played in history as the vindicator of liberty, I cannot say; but, as I looked round that dismal little circle in the gathering gloom—so desperate and yet so resolute—I remembered with joy that, in the Near East, as long as there is insurrection there is hope. During the last century, the

Sultan's dominion has been shrinking away bit by bit; and, in every case, the triumph of freedom has been heralded by insurrection. No one anywhere becomes an insurgent, unless a Government's oppression has made existence intolerable; and that is why the natural instinct of every free man is inevitably on the side of insurgents in every land. But, in Macedonia, the victims of the long tyranny could hardly be regarded as human beings unless they were perpetual rebels; and, the more atrocious the abominations by which "the Butcher" attempts to crush out their rising, and to exterminate their race, the more truly do the insurgents among them justify their manhood, and illuminate the future with hope. But, for the present, their suffering is as terrible as anything to which mankind can be exposed. Of the 200 or 120 Christian villages that have been destroyed, I cannot estimate the population now destitute at less than 60,000; and probably 100,000 is nearer the truth. Most of them are lying now on the bare ground under their scanty scraps of straw, while their food runs lower day by day, and the winter months are accomplishing the Sultan's purpose as inexorably as the Turkish officials, who treat them as outlaws, tear up their petitions, reject their evidence, send the tax-gatherers to bleed their misery, send the searchers for arms to beat the men to death or burn them at slow fires, and hand them over unarmed—men, women, and children alike—to the will of the Turkish Beys and Turkish villagers, who know so well how to use the shameful power which the fortune of war has placed in their hands.

When I left that house in Jankovec, the peaks of Peristeri stood green with snow against a freezing sky. Next day a deadly wind blew without ceasing, the mountains were covered with whirling clouds, and, gradually, even

the lower valleys grew white as I rode along. But Hilmi Pasha sat in Monastir, pacifying the country; and, looking at me with those eyes so mournful and sincere, he repeated his eulogy

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upon the Government's generous, nay, magnanimous treatment of its misguided subjects. As I listened, I had a vision of that vast region in Limbo which is called the Officials' Paradise.

Henry W. Nevinson.

"AND OUR IGNORANCE IN ASKING."

The Principal Medical Officer was sitting with his assistant in a room in Thomas's farm, two miles south of the railway station at Belmont, making up the official list of the day's casualties. A candle burned steadily beside him, and now and again he held up to it the hurried notes sent in by the adjutants, by which he was checking the hospital lists.

He picked up a new one. "Grenadier Guards," he muttered, and his face lengthened as he looked down the paper. He ran his finger down by the side of the names. "Twenty—forty—sixty—eighty—a hundred—hundred and twenty—thirty—three—six."

Being human, he had already looked at the officers' casualties, and twice he had caught his breath sharply.

The sickening smell of iodoform reeked in the room, and a moan came from the tents in the garden. The assistant called over the names in a low voice.

"Elliot, Mackenzie, and Owen, all slight, in foot. Kane, killed——"

"Kane? Poor fellow, I remember him. Where?"

"Bronchial veins. Hopeless case, he died as we carried him back; secondary hæmorrhage."

And the red list went on in the breathless room, with brief comments here and there, while outside under the poplar trees, the impounded horses in the kraal pawed restlessly and whinnied at the smell of blood.

"Doin' 'is duty? Huh, o' course 'e

died doin' 'is duty. A fat lot of use that is to me, ain't it? Don't you go and put yoreself out, Mrs. Perkins, to come and tell me that."

The atmosphere was obviously strained, but silence once more brooded in a small three-pair back in Ermine Row, where, in the midst of a litter of silk-wrapped wire, odds and ends of feathers and filosel, gimp, gold wire and chenille, a stout heavily-breathing woman was staring at a somewhat younger one in a blue cloth skirt, a black cape, and a blackish bonnet with a bit of crape in it.

The hint, though broad, was ignored. "Then you 'ave no children, pore dear," resumed the comforter.

"Thenk Gawd," was the uncompromising response. But Mrs. Perkins, after having obtained a footing in the room of the new widow, was not lightly to be deterred, and she felt that she owed a duty to the Row.

From the front, she looked as if she were sitting on the edge of her chair, but this was not the case. Her small, bright eyes were fixed on Mrs. Kane's face, while the latter impatiently twisted a garish leaf on to a stalk, keeping her eyes resolutely fastened upon her work. After a pause, in which her breathing was the only disturbing element, Mrs. Perkins returned to the attack.

"Then 'e was a good deal older than you, Sarah Kane, and 'e did used to beat you sometimes, didn't 'e, dear?"

Mrs. Perkins had some excuse for not expecting the outburst which followed.

Wife-beating was not generally regarded as a delicate subject in the Row.

But Mrs. Kane leaped up, flaming with wrath. "I'll thank yer to go away, Mrs. Perkins, before I spoil yer face fer yer. 'E never so much as lifted 'is 'and to me, and—" Mrs. Kane stopped contemptuously, opened the door with a crash, and stood waiting while her visitor drew her shawl round her with dignity, and prepared to go, feeling that even if she had not been a conspicuous success as a comforter, she had at any rate a good story of Sal's temper for the rest of the street.

Mrs. Kane, dry-eyed and tensely fingering the edge of the table, went on with a flushed face. "And if 'e did—it was my fault—mind yer that, my fault every time."

She followed her guest, the sight of whose back seemed to open the floodgates of her temper, out on to the landing, and her shrill voice filled the well of the staircase. "And if Mr. Perkins 'ad 'ad the pluck to comb yore 'air a bit, Mrs. Perkins, you'd be a sight better woman this day . . . an' yer can tell 'im I said so, too . . . an' don't yer come here again a-spyin', Mrs. Perkins."

The latter was some way down the first flight by this time, breathing a little heavily, and gripping the banisters with a knowing determination to get even with the vixen.

Sal returned with a beating heart to her artificial flowers, and the gaudy bits of silk grew into fearful shapes under her feverish fingers. As her temper cooled, her misery, forgotten for the moment, returned. She had just enough imagination to piece together the scene at Belmont, drawing for herself a harrowing and impossible picture, for the details of which she drew upon her recollection of an attempted suicide last summer in the same street. And poor Sal spared herself no agony that ignorance and a

course of cheap fiction could suggest to her.

She allowed herself no relief in tears; she might yet have a visitor—for if you want privacy you might as well seek it in the Aquarium as in Ermine Row—and though she had no intention of admitting anyone, she would have to answer the door.

The minutes passed into hours, and the flowers fell finished from her hands steadily and quickly. She did her work almost more for the solace of the half-attention that she was compelled to give to it, than for the scanty money it would bring.

As the light was fading, there came a knock at the door, and Sal, with her face set like a flint, rose and held it ajar.

"What is it?" she said shortly. "I'm busy. If it's a track, yer can go away."

"I'm Lady Evelyn Caryll, and if there is anything I could do—"

The quiet voice was drowned in the creak of the opening door, and Sal, still resentful, but accustomed to respect her betters by the unconscious influence of her husband's military training, stood in the entrance, feeling, however, almost at ease with the figure in quiet half-mourning, who had come to her in her misery. There was no impertinent curiosity in the eyes that looked down sympathetically into her own.

"I've heard of your trouble, and if I can do anything I hope you will let me know. I am working for the 'Soldiers and Sailors,' which has every right to help you now."

"Thank yer 'm. I won't trouble them. I can make my own living with the flowers, and I ain't got any children."

Sal was obviously still on the defensive, but she moved back into the room with a bad grace, leaving the way clear for Lady Evelyn, who came forward with one hand in her muff, and

played with a piece of silk on the table, keeping her eyes carefully averted from Mrs. Kane.

"I think I knew your husband—years ago before I married—he was Colonel Caryll's servant when he was in the third battalion, I think, and one never forgets a face in the regiment."

Sal's face was a picture of mingled emotions.

"Are you Colonel Caryll's wife 'm?" she asked, irresolutely.

"Why, yes, so you see you mustn't mind my coming to see you."

Sal wheeled round abruptly. "Will you sit down 'm?" As her visitor did so, she looked narrowly at her dress.

"Have you 'm—er—lost 'im too?"

"No, he goes out next month with the other battalion."

Then in Sal's sore mind it was slowly revealed that, essentially, Lady Evelyn had put on mourning for Private Kane, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You must thank God, 'm, 'e wasn't at Belmont."

"I had a brother there, and I hear that he is wounded—very slightly, I believe," she added; "but you see I have a little right to feel with you."

"M'lady, I'm sorry for that. 'E was Captain Essington, I suppose."

She was talking a little at random, while the great and comforting truth that war is no respecter of persons came to her for the first time. There was a moment's silence.

"I thought you were going to tell me to pray," said poor Sal. "I've turned them all out—I mean all the parsons. What's the use? I want my husband, I don't want anything else. And it's too late now, 'm, ain't it, 'm. It's no good praying for 'im now, 'm, no good at all." Sal's voice was becoming unsteady. "One man comes with a top hat, and 'e tells me that with Gawd all things were possible . . . so I . . . I turns 'im out as a fool. And I say it's a wicked thing to come and tell a wom-

an what's lost 'er 'usband dead and killed, that Gawd can send 'im back again all right."

Lady Evelyn felt that she was on delicate ground. "Perhaps he didn't quite mean that."

"Well, 'm, I don't know what 'e meant, but it's what he *said*, anyway, 'tweren't any comfort. I want Kane, and I don't want nothing else. But 'e's a man, an' 'e couldn't understand, 'm, an' Gawd, bein' a man too, can't understand either, can 'E, 'm?"

Lady Evelyn flinched before this startling theological dogma, but felt that it was no time for doctrinal instruction. So, not without some inward thankfulness that there was no one else present, she suggested, timidly,

"But, remember the Blessed Virgin."

Then the last bitterness of the woman's grief was voiced in the sullen and envious response that was wrung from the heart of the childless.

"She 'ad a child."

For a moment the hopelessness of any consolation that could reach Sal's lonely heart silenced her visitor. Then, moved by an impulse of which she would have thought herself incapable, she said the right word,

"But she lost Him."

In the silence that ensued, Lady Evelyn saw the birth of the only comfort that is real, the comfort that another helps us to make for ourselves. She was a wise woman, and moved across to Sal, saying in a kindly business-like way, "Well, the chief thing now is for you to remember that if I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad to see you—you know where I live—92, Chester Square. And now, good-bye; you must let me help you for the sake of the regiment."

"Good-bye, 'm, I mean my lady. Thank you kindly, I won't trouble you."

And Sal, with wet eyes watched her visitor descend.

She went back to her artificial flowers with a little less of her previous sense of friendlessness, but, after all, as she soon found herself arguing to herself, what was the good of expecting any comfort from anyone? She knew that Lady Evelyn's husband was still with her, and that she had at least one child. And the relief of the breakdown of a few minutes before was paid for by a redoubled sense of loneliness, though the thought of the Blessed Virgin recurred to her again and again with curious insistence. Perhaps there was, after all, some consolation to be found in the religion she had always regarded as unpractical and suspicious.

The day had been foggy and frosty, but about five it cleared for a time, and Sal collected her flowers into a parcel, and set out to walk to a milliner near Cromwell Road, where her work was always taken. It was the first time she had been out since the news of her husband's death had reached her, and her loss was preached to her by every street lamp and corner in Westminster. She shut her eyes as she passed the Railway Inn, so keenly did she associate the gilt and enamelled glass with Kane; even the worst side of him was a sacred memory now.

She was chewing a bitter cud, indeed, as she turned into Eaton Square; she felt that her misery was greater than she could bear, and the sight of St. Peter's standing snug and respectable at the head of the square seemed only to bring home to her the isolation of her life. There was no understanding there, and no one to whom she could bring the raw edges of her sorrow. Sullen and silent, she went on, hugging her grief, and beholden to no man.

It was a relief to her to be away from the Argus-eyed windows and doors of Ermine Row, and a sense of freedom from the stare of idle curiosity helped her to bend a little before the

stress of her trouble. Lady Evelyn's remark had affected her more than she was willing to admit to herself, and her imagination was stirred by the remembrance of it.

Man was useless. Man had, too, in some indefinable way, colored the invisible powers of the other world with his sex, and had even imprisoned the Mother herself in a halo of neutrality. But, in spite of all, Sal felt blindly that She would understand—that She must understand—once a woman, always—even on the steps of the Sapphire Throne, a phrase that had once caught Sal's fancy amazingly—always a woman.

Loss had been Her portion too, and Sal wondered in her misery whether the loss of a child was not perhaps as great a loss as even her own.

Jostled here and there on the pavement, without having the spirit to resent it much, the insignificant little figure made its way along, choosing the least frequented sides of the street. It was deadly cold, and Sal had been unwilling to put on her overcoat because it was of a kind of pepper and salt color, and she would wear nothing that she could help that seemed unmindful of the dead man. Also she remembered in a sudden and distinct way, that she and her husband had quarrelled one Boxing Day while she was wearing the coat, and though she had worn it many times since without giving the matter another thought, she now felt vaguely that it would be a kind of disloyalty to wear it now, especially as she remembered the quarrel so distinctly, and the fact that she had had the last word with an insult that she had laughed over afterwards with real satisfaction. Now she remembered that Kane had not struck her for it, as she had quite expected at the time.

The setting sun was low over the end of Cromwell Road, a great ball of red

across with gray and brown film wreaths, half smoke, half fog, passed above the thick lavender haze of the street below. Overhead it was the color of quinine, and the gutters were packed kerb-high with morasses of freezing slush, through which the omnibuses drove their way shoulder-high above the scanty traffic.

Sal was in a state of nervous exaltation that she was unaccustomed to. Her feet were sopped and bitterly cold, her head burned, and the reaction from her three days of repressed misery was physically overwhelming her. The leafless trees outside Tattersall's within their iron railings intensified the dreariness of all around her. She began to sob bitterly and helplessly. Her own weakness frightened her, and she crept along the shops on the north side of the street to keep away from the rest of the world as far as she could.

It was the darkest hour of her trouble, for the blankness and emptiness of her future was forced upon her, and her straitened soul cried out in revolt against the injustice of her lot.

"A Reserve man," she muttered, with a sob, as she passed the gabled gate of Trinity Church, too tired and wretched to go on. Blind with tears, she turned up the steps and into the Oratory, where she dropped motionless into a chair.

The dignity of the interior, which in the fading light had lost its tinsel garishness, and loomed over her silent and austere, was a solace in its permanence and peace. The noise of the street outside came dim and muffled, and the incense-laden air had an attraction it might not have had for a more refined pair of nostrils. Tired and soothed, she was content to let her sorrows relax themselves.

After all, she felt here that she was but one unit among a million, and the self-abasement caused by the sense of being in the presence of Infinite Pow-

er helped her in some odd way. Her eyes followed mechanically the obelisk of a woman who had risen from her knees and was going out. Perhaps she, too, had been praying like the others—and Sal realized that there were nearly a dozen women in the church, some as poorly dressed as herself—for someone in South Africa. Were they all in the same agony of ignorance?

She remembered the posters outside. The letters that had passed before her eyes almost meaninglessly at the time painted themselves on the darkening walls. "Another Great Victory—Methuen crosses the Modder—Heavy British Losses."

Sal realized that the army to which her husband had been attached was still moving on, and that the stern work of war demanded as many lives now as it had five days before; in a fit of animal jealousy she found herself hoping that these two, each one of them, had lost their dearest—why should she be the only one?

Her eyes swept wearily round the shadowy walls until they lit on the crown of Our Lady of Mercy in the side chapel to the right, and the remembrance of Lady Evelyn's words came to her again, fuller of meaning than before. A paste diamond glinted a steady shaft of green at her, so motionless was she, and she dimly made out the gold draperies of the figure below. Again the uncontrollable desire for sympathy overwhelmed her, and moved by an impulse she hardly understood and could not control, she found herself on her knees before the low balustrade sobbing her heart out to the Woman who had known sorrow too.

For a long time she said nothing; she only rested her hot forehead against the cool marble.

The unspoken prayer seethed to her lips, and she shivered with the stress of her petition, but she knew the folly

of asking for what could not be given her; the silent figure overhead and her own invisibility in the gloom helped, not to words, but to the stripping of her soul.

She muttered, brokenly, "You understand—O m'Lady, *you* understand."

She took her flowers and pushed them forward under the rails as far as she could reach. It was a silent offering, but it revealed her own misery to the full. She let herself slip down on the step, and hid her face in her hands.

She lay motionless for a long time, and then buried her hot brow in the elbow of her bent arm. Biting at the stuff of her dress, and half choked, it came at last.

"Let me 'ave 'im back—let me 'ave 'im back."

Through her dulled brain fiery courses of thought flashed with a wisp of pain.

"If I could only 'ave 'im for a few days again—I wouldn't grumble then—I wouldn't, 'struth I wouldn't—just one man back—if you did a mirycle just once, they—they wouldn't laugh at yer. You know what it is, 'm—tell 'Im to let me 'ave 'im back for just one day—only one day. 'E can't be so 'ard."

Sal twisted herself on her hips, and raised her red throbbing eyes tearlessly to the tawdry figure over, which in the fast darkening church loomed out more and more gracious and beautiful.

Sal even thought without surprise that the statue did indeed bow itself down towards her just enough to be seen and in the nervous exaltation of utter misery she went on in a quick and haggard undertone, "Yer see, it wa'n't quite right between Kane and me when 'e went. I suppose it was my fault, but 'usbands are aggravating sometimes—and the neighbors made it worse than it might 'ave been—"

Sal felt the uselessness of explaining where all was known before, and fell back again on to the steps.

After a long pause, in which Sal abandoned herself utterly to the reaction of her strenuous and halting appeal. to a God upon whom she felt that she had few claims if the description of Him by the Salvation Army orators of the Row were correct, a hand touched her on the shoulder, and a man's voice said in the darkness—

"Can I help you?"

"You?" There was a world of scorn in the tone. "You? What use'd you be? Let me alone."

A further attempt, meant well enough but miserably tactless and celibate was cut short abruptly by Sal.

"Go away, for Gawd's sake."

The steps moved on, and Sal was left still lying on the marble ascent of the altar. Syllables of any half-forgotten prayer of her childhood, chiefly irrelevant, moved her lips with a whisper, and behind them the one persistent petition lay, absorbing her deepest soul and voiced, perhaps, none the less adequately because it took the form now of "the grave as little as my bed," and now of "the voice that breathed o'er Eden," and other irregular fragments of hymnology.

Sal would have seen as soon as anyone that she was asking for what, in her daily life, she knew to be impossible, but it was no longer in her power to keep back the burden of her heart here in the darkness and silence, with the echoes of the world outside murmuring softly and distantly underneath the obscurity of the dome like the plash of light waves in a cavern.

It was warm, too, and Sal was soothed in the unaccustomed surroundings. Peace flowed quietly over her raw wounds, and she became half ashamed of her late vindictiveness. She muttered: "It's no good to me—I hope they'll keep their men."

The dim candles burned low round the altars, and the red light of the Reservation grew brighter and truer

in color as the darkness of the evening deepened outside into a thick London fog. Sal could not now see even her own little oblation of gaudy flowers, but the gloom helped her to feel as she lay there in the silence that in some way there was a stable strength that lapped her own, and she was content to lie still in the hollow of it.

She was in no fool's paradise; she knew as clearly as before the lonely poverty-stricken life that lay before her; she was no longer young, and any looks that might once have attracted Kane were long since gone; nor were the comforts that come to the refined and spiritually minded for her. But sordid, broken, and hopeless as the future seemed, the relief of the temporary calm and the consciousness of self-surrender—which is the root and cause of all a woman's heaven or hell on earth—touched her aching brain with the restful feeling that at least she was now in other's hands. If her petition was not to be granted, it could, she felt, be less intolerable than she thought it once, and she vaguely realized that her present comfort was one that stood always unchanged and ready for her if things became too much to bear.

At length, stiff and bruised from her long vigil, she crept out of the church into a black and spectral city of gauzy lights and strange sounds that swallowed her up instantly as she felt her way between the gates. But, though her heart was as sore and her common-sense as merciless as ever, the peace of God, which is notoriously beyond all rules of logic, was in her, and a courage to abide the day, however long and wearisome it might be, lighted her narrow little soul as she went back empty-handed to her room.

It was after the Modder fight, and the hospitals across the line from the ganger's hut were full indeed.

The Pilot.

The P.M.O., worn out with the sleepless work of the past five days and nights, was again working over the long lists of casualties. This time there was hardly an anxious fore-glance at the lists, even where he knew he had most cause to fear. Steadily with his assistant he plodded through the list. At last the Grenadiers' returns came up, and their comparative shortness reassured him a little.

"Essington, I see again, in the arm."

"Very slight, sir; I met him going back to his mess, but I detained him."

The list went on.

"Private Kane; slight, in the foot."

"Kane?" The P.M.O. put out his hand for the list. "I don't understand. Kane's dead and buried."

"Oh, I meant to correct the return, sir; we only found it out this morning. It seems that Kane at Belmont threw his coat—with his identification ticket, of course, sewn on it—over the other man—Jameson, I suppose—who had had his own cut off him when they dressed him at the collecting station, and I believe that Kane actually carried his own body to the grave, as one of the burying party on Wednesday."

The P.M.O. was in no smiling mood, but his mouth relaxed a moment.

"We'll have that telegraphed at once, please."

And so the list went on, without another comment to the end, under the stars that glinted whitely in the dark purple sky, while London, heart-sick and foul with fog, sat at breakfast with the newspaper it dared not open lying across the plate.

Thus the Oratorians acquired a somewhat unruly disciple with robust if uninstructed faith, and the Church of England went without—they can hardly be said to have lost it—the presence of Mrs. Kane within their official fold.

Perceval Landon.

GREAT TEACHERS OF MY TIME.

"Oh, Children of Nineveh, with no music in your souls, and ears hardened against the concord of sweet sounds!" With some such exclamation of mock-heroic banter, a Harrow master during the second half of the last century was in the habit of relieving his overwrought feelings when a false quantity particularly atrocious or some other elementary blunder of an exceptionally aggressive kind was perpetrated by one of the pupils in his class-room. The teacher, a slightly built but remarkably wiry young clergyman, had then not reached his thirtieth year. With boys of any intellectual turn or taste his popularity and success were surpassed by no teacher on the staff of Vaughan or Butler. At that time the most refreshing quality distinctive of F. W. Farrar was a breezy but intense earnestness, and a cheery but passionate belief in the truth of any opinion to which he had been conscientiously led and the righteousness of the cause that, after careful thought, he had made his own. As a young man, indeed till the final failure of his health, an enthusiast, he never failed to show to all those whom it concerned a reason for the faith that was in him. Boys of any quick receptiveness could, therefore, have been subjected to no more enlightening or stimulating influence. Given responsive natures of that sort, the man who died Dean of Canterbury had been in his day the most successful among educationalists in the Victorian age.

At Harrow, in other ways too, he exercised a healthy power throughout the school. Rugby Chapel never heard from Thomas Arnold himself sermons better calculated to do such a congregation good than those preached by Farrar before the school of Byron. Once it was known that Farrar would

fill the pulpit, the Sunday colds and coughs often pleaded as excuses for absence from the service were never heard of. Chalmers or Liddon himself never addressed a more attentive audience. The author of *Childe Harold* was called by Helne the greatest elemental force of his century. The letters of Byron's name, rudely written, may still be read on the tree in the "churchyard on the hill" commemorated in his lines. Appropriately enough, therefore, to those poetic traditions, "voluntary verse" is, or used to be, among the exercises of the place. To some purpose it was encouraged by Farrar. As still a youth at Cambridge, he had, indeed, himself produced many metrical compositions, inspired, it might be said, by the genius as well as marked by the mannerisms of a certain spiritual Byronism. By-and-by, in the course of half-holiday walks with them, even more than during school-hours, he really communicated some of those graceful gifts to his more promising and sympathetic disciples.

Of the "voluntary" versifiers whom he trained at Harrow, one at least, a Scotch nobleman, bade fair to rival the reputation of the historic bard produced by the school. That child of the muses afterwards won notoriety by his wealth and munificence to the Church of his adoption, and as Lord Bute he received a sort of immortality from sitting to Benjamin Disraeli for the hero of *Lothair*. It was thought in the Harrow stage of Farrar's career that, should the future Lothair fail to achieve the highest laurels of song, the distinction must be won by a class-mate, a famous eye-doctor's son. This was George Anderson Critchett; since then he has become, not the greatest bard, but the

most eminent oculist known to Harley Street. Another member of the same Harrow group, J. T. Agg-Gardner, has developed, as member for Cheltenham, into one of the trustiest and most self-sacrificing pillars of twentieth-century Conservatism.

Among Farrar's Harrow colleagues was another theologian who was making those years of tutorial work a time of preparation for the highest service not less to all classes in his country than to his Church. At that earlier epoch Brooke Foss Westcott, who was to die Bishop of Durham, had about him neither in his dress nor manner anything very distinctively ecclesiastical. The first impression produced by him was that which might have been associated with a highly cultivated and especially refined Nonconformist minister of liberally undenominational views. His life was that of ascetic but simple piety. His sermons appeal to interests different from those to which Farrar addressed himself, and seemed so saturated in a spirit of mystical devotion as to give rise to the school-boy saying that the preacher wrote them on his knees. They held his hearers not less closely than Farrar's more popular discourses. Together with Vaughan's scriptural lectures, they produced, in the formation of school-boy character, an effect to be compared with the results that had followed Thomas Arnold's discourses to an earlier generation at Rugby. Westcott's peculiar power manifested itself elsewhere than at the Middlesex school, and in a shape equally practical. The present writer, when travelling with him in the Western Islands of Scotland, has heard him deliver informal addresses on the everyday aspects of Christianity to the fisherfolk on the sandy levels of the Iona shore or on the rock-bound coast of Mull. Here his teaching sank as deeply into the native mind, and is to this day recalled

as vividly, as his addresses many years later, when Bishop of Durham, expounding to the Northumbrian miners the Gospel of the Resurrection in its capacity to solve the problems of industrial life, including the difficulties between labor and capital. With all these persons Westcott became a power because he was an earnest, simple-minded man, who lived what he preached. In addition to this, he was a Briton of an essentially manly kind, a true specimen of muscular Christianity, notwithstanding his slight, delicate stature. Some little physical disability unfitted him for boating. But while canon of Peterborough he captained a cricket eleven comprising six sons of his own, completed by others of his colleagues. His own forte in the field was bowling; here Lillywhite's *Guide* of the period noticed the excellence of his "head-work." Athletic feats of this sort I have only seen paralleled among ecclesiastical families by Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, and his sons.

In some points Bishop Westcott curiously resembled Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Both men's theological lectures at their respective universities were equally epoch-making events about the same time. There was a similarity, too, as regards personal habits. Westcott, indeed, lacked that constitutional capacity for the simplest arithmetical matters which prevented Stanley from realizing that the coin half-a-crown and two shillings and sixpence were of the same value. But Westcott's generous disinclination to spend anything on himself called almost as much for family supervision or control as did Stanley's grotesque absent-mindedness. In moments of spiritual elation, when they were addressing undergraduates from the university pulpit, the slight proportions of the two men seemed to expand under the influences of the same fervor. Inspired

by his theme, and by the sight of the intent young faces before him, each preacher seemed to be transfigured from the homilist into the seer.

If these two men differed from other teachers of their time in not appearing to fashion themselves after any special exemplar, that was scarcely the case with their distinguished contemporary, Benjamin Jowett. As tutor of Balliol, even more than as master, Jowett in his day exercised a healthy influence of a kind generally ignored. H. L. Mansel, who in 1867 succeeded Milman as Dean of St. Paul's, had engaged in a controversy with F. D. Maurice, with results more theologically unsettling to the receptive youth of that generation than can have attended any other discussion in the second half of the last century. Jowett's so-called scepticism was merely a trick of manner, by which he tried to reproduce the famous irony of Socrates. As a fact, and in his relations with the youth of that period, Jowett had a great deal more of the downright British bluntness of Dr. Johnson than the merely intellectual sympathies of the Attic philosopher. Jowett's real hero was not, indeed, Socrates, but Samuel Johnson, whose writings he knew almost as well as he did Shakespeare, and infinitely better than he ever even pretended to know Plato. Whether as tutor of his college, or as its head, he first aimed, as did Johnson, at making those whom he influenced good citizens. The views of the High Church Tory Mansel, as J. S. Mill had foreseen, were not calculated to strengthen or quicken young people's faith. "A person of some rhetorical ability" was the praise allowed by Jowett to Maurice's opponent. The Balliol teacher devoted all his shrewdness, wisdom, and quiet satire to impressing upon his disciples that the personal dicta of a theologian on his promotion could not possibly interfere with the preparation for the duties of life which

they were at Oxford to acquire. Herein lay the distinctive value of his service and teaching during the most useful years of Jowett's blameless life.

It was a period of notable teachers, on the Isis, elsewhere than at Balliol. The lectures of W. W. Capes of Queen's on subjects of modern usefulness to lads entering upon any sort of intellectual calling owed nothing to any Balliol teachings, and were becoming an influence for good not confined to the University. His chief colleagues—Edmund Moore (to-day the great authority on Dante, recently made a canon) and H. B. Byrne—succeeded in inspiring often the most unpromising material with an abiding interest in Old World philosophy and scholarship, not as antiquarian curiosities, but as effective instruments of modern training.

Nearly contemporary with those just named were other moulders of the undergraduate mind worthy to be remembered among the intellectual forces of Victorian Oxford. Early in the sixties of the nineteenth century had been elected to a studentship at Christchurch a Snell exhibitioner from Balliol, a Scotsman of intellect as powerful as his physique seemed frail, and of the same courageous and ardent temper as forms the material of great moral reformers, now a Savonarola, now a Luther, now a Thomas Arnold. No one then in Oxford residence will have forgotten the manifestations of heart-deep sorrow that filled the place when, on a cold, bleak spring day in 1862, the news went round of George Rankine Luke having been drowned in a canoe on the Isis, close by Ifley Loch. H. G. Liddell, picturesquely aristocratic of figure and general appearance, and steeped to the finger-tips in patrician prejudice, was then Dean of Wolsey's famous foundation. On his election to the House, Liddell was thought to have received somewhat coldly the modest, shrinking little Scot, fresh from the col-

lege presided over by his brother-lexicographer, Scott. Luke's quiet strength and serene zeal for everything of ennobling tendency had long since converted the stately and scornful Dean into one of his warmest admirers. As he issued from the Deanery in Great Tom Quad., accompanied by Santford (then censor, to-day Bishop of Gibraltar) and by Osborne Gordon (who put more Greek scholarship into more generations of golden youth than was ever done by Jowett himself), Liddell, in a voice tremulous with emotion, drew the attention of his companions to the fact that all the window-blinds had been drawn down. It was a spontaneous and merited tribute from all sets and degrees within the building to the tender respect universally won for the quiet little scholar and teacher by a course of tranquil and brave devotion to duty.

About this time, too, a compatriot of Luke had won, in the university of King Alfred, a reputation rivalling that of his former tutor, Jowett. Beaumont Street, Oxford, had long been more or less classical ground from its containing the residences of Frederick Symonds, the kindest and most skilled medical attendant ever possessed by, at least, three Oxford generations, and of J. E. Thorold Rogers, the friend of Bright, of Cobden, and, with the late T. B. Potter, founder of the Cobden Club. Had Rogers in the first instance, instead of taking orders, gone to the Bar, or while young entered Parliament, he would have made a national name. As political litterateur in prose and verse he had the happiness of Mansel himself. His was the epigram *à propos* of the two Oxford historians of that epoch:

Where from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman,
Freeman butters Stubbs.

But the particular denizen of Beaumont

Street now referred to was John Nichol of Glasgow. The son of the Glasgow astronomer, the son-in-law of Sheriff Bell, he was then in the habit of passing the summer term at Oxford, to take a few favored pupils for the final Honor Schools. He may not have been without some of the egotistic weaknesses of the greatest men. These, if they existed, were more than relieved by a genius for teaching, improved by art and elevated by native kindliness into a general power and wish to help his pupils to the utmost and in every way. The success with which he secured first-classes eventually caused a decided modification in the papers set for "Greats."

With Nichol must be ranked another teacher, then making a name for himself in another direction. Walter H. Pater lived to be first the high-priest of the æsthetic movement, and afterwards, while fellow of Brazenose, a convert to genuine Christianity, who desired, when death came upon him, to settle down to clerical life in a college living. In earlier days he had among Oxford teachers a position not unlike that of John Nichol. To all then meditating an intellectual vocation they were healthfully stimulating preparatives for later usefulness. At this time he systematically overworked himself. Even thus early the results to his health were but too painfully apparent. He began his teaching before breakfast and continued it throughout the day. Then came his private studies. The light in his room, looking out upon the High Street, long outlived the lamps in that thoroughfare.

At the epoch now looked back upon, two of the schoolmasters who perhaps sent up the best-prepared lads to Oxford were the present Bishop of Hereford and the late Dean of Westminster. Both of these, in their influence and in its fruits, reproduced not a little of the example and the methods of Thomas

Arnold. Bradley at Marlborough and Dr. Percival at Rugby, nearly at the same time, made an identical discovery as regards the chief instrument of classical training. The writing of Latin prose had come to be regarded as the great test of youthful excellence. The two teachers just mentioned discovered that true perfection in this art was to be obtained less by constant practice than by the habitual assimilation of the best models. To write like Cicero and, above all, Livy, the surest plan was not merely to study these authors, but copiously and regularly to learn them by heart. Hence, and hence only, the marked improvement displayed in the Latinity of those papers with which Oxford examiners were then busy.

"It is the sermon of a man who knows better than most of his cloth what real theology is." Such was the comment made in the present writer's hearing of Benjamin Disraeli on a sermon which he had just heard from its then Principal in the chapel of Glasgow University. The occasion of the remark was the English statesman's visit to Glasgow to be inaugurated as Lord Rector in 1874. The discourse thus characterized was a masterly exposition of the Divine attributes with the human, especially in regard to the virtue of forgiveness. The crowded building in the half-light of a winter afternoon; the tall, rather gaunt, but most impressive presence of the preacher in the pulpit above; the remarkable, familiar features of the most distinguished member of the congregation, in his House of Commons listening-attitude, below: these were only some of the details that made a scene never to be forgotten by the many who witnessed it, but of whom very few now survive. What Disraeli felt was intelligible enough to all who had even a slight acquaintance with John Caird. The Prince-Consort had used nearly the

same words of this great teacher and preacher as early as the middle of the nineteenth century. Carefully-thought-out eloquence, intellectual strength, spiritual fervor: these, fused together in one discourse, had caused Queen Victoria's husband, in 1855, to pronounce the divine, who had taken the religion of common life as his subject, "the greatest living prophet in Protestant Christendom." Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and others of that school and generation have impressed deeply their personal qualities, their mental power, their zeal in their high service, upon Anglo-Saxons in all parts of the world. Perhaps, even of these, none spoke with more abiding and more elevating authority than did Principal Caird during the period in which Benjamin Disraeli formed one of his congregation.

The closing decades of the last century comprehended the palmy period of a distinguished little society in London which might have been described as a club for the teachers and preachers of their age, secular or religious. Such, indeed, was the Metaphysical Society. Its organizing spirit had perhaps been Mr. James Knowles. If its most famous member were found in W. E. Gladstone, its leading spirits, who took the most active part in its discussions, were Cardinal Manning and Richard Holt Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*. James Martineau, Matthew Arnold, and William George Ward (the erewhile mathematical tutor of Balliol), as well as the poet Browning, may sometimes have been of the company, but the chief figures were those already mentioned. In his earlier days, Hutton, like so many reflective men of his day, was the disciple of F. D. Maurice; then among his associates were J. M. Ludlow and Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Afterwards, R. H. Hutton's mental master would have been

recognized by him in his brother-member of the Metaphysical Society, James Martineau. The great incidents in its proceedings at this time were the high speculative arguments, wherein different sides were taken by teachers of their generation so mutually opposed and so individually distinguished as Manning and Martineau; upon very rare occasions, it may be, by Gladstone, Browning, and I rather think once or twice by Tennyson himself. The extraordinary magnetism exercised by Martineau over his personal following was perceptible in his manner with casual acquaintances. As such, it was realized very many years ago by the present writer, when, as an exceedingly young man fresh from college, he was concerned in preparing some examination questions, in which his venerable seniors, Maurice and Martineau, with one or two more, were to have a voice.

The wisdom of Arnold of Rugby, though in shapes very different, to some degree descended to his sons. Matthew, illustrious eldest, had as his second brother Tom Arnold, whose faculty of imparting knowledge and stimulating thought marked him, through all his phases of religious development, as a great teacher. The intellectual relations between Arnold of Rugby and his brilliantly versatile second son seemed to suggest to those who knew them best a comparison between the positions in which stood to each other

John Henry Newman the Cardinal and his brother Francis William. At one time Francis Newman had served as professor in New College, Manchester.

Not the least famous of Francis Newman's and of Thomas Arnold's Manchester pupils was one who long before his death filled a front place in the ranks of English teachers or preachers on matters equally concerning this world and the next. The two literary founders of the school of Radical Imperialism are the late Admiral Maxse and the happily surviving Mr. George Meredith. The former, a naval officer of Crimean distinction, once a Gladstonian, always set that statesman a pattern of militant patriotism. The novelist just named reflected some aspects of the admiral's political evolution in his *Beauchamp's Career*. The whole episode of Dr. Shrapnel, in that book, may be said to present the germ of the political faith now identified with Birmingham. In that connection, the Manchester College student, under Thomas Arnold and Francis Newman, must be mentioned here. R. W. Dale, quite as much in politics and letters as in theology, was the great intellectual worthy of nineteenth-century Birmingham. His influence and message, not merely in the pulpit but in the everyday duties of civic life, made him locally all that Martineau was on a larger stage, and what Joseph Parker's successor at the City Temple, R. J. Campbell, promises to become.

THE NEW DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY.

The recent discoveries in this branch of science may be grouped under two heads; those tending to render more certain the belief that electricity and light are essentially one; and those which are revealing the hitherto entirely unknown phenomena at present grouped together under the general name of *radio-activity*. All the discoveries point to one conclusion; namely, that electricity is a far more important factor in the material universe, as known to men, than has ever been dreamt of before. Many believe that a recognition of this truth will lead to a great extension of knowledge, and at the same time to a unification of the different branches of physical science, which will probably modify all existent theories.

The connection between electricity and light was suspected by Faraday, who could give no reasons for the strong conviction which led him to try many different combinations in the hope of discovering some interaction between electricity or magnetism and light. He succeeded in showing that if a ray of polarized light traverses a strong magnetic field, the plane of polarization is changed. He failed to find that which he principally sought, an alteration in the period of the emitted light by electro-magnetic means. Where Faraday failed, Zeeman, working with the far more sensitive instruments of the present day, succeeded in 1896.

What Faraday found was sufficient to prove that there is some interaction between the forces which traverse a magnetic field and the "ether" waves of light. The ether is assumed to exist throughout all the material universe, and to be the medium which conveys light and radiant heat. When it was proved that light must be a wave-mo-

tion, and not, as Newton had supposed, an imponderable emanation, it was necessary to conceive of something which could be thrown into wave-motion. Obviously this something could not be, as in the case of sound, the air. Yet, though in one sense the ether is a pure assumption, endowed with properties as required for the functions it is maintained to fulfil, yet, inasmuch as this assumption is found to be a satisfactory explanation of many phenomena, it is held by most scientific men that the ether is quite as real as matter or energy; in other words, that like matter and energy it is that expression of unknown realities which the limitations of our intellect and of our senses enable us to conceive. In ultimate essence we know absolutely nothing.

Faraday believed that the electric and magnetic forces of attraction and repulsion act by means of stresses and strains in the ether, and Clerk Maxwell worked out an elaborate mathematical theory to show how all the then known phenomena of electricity might be explained as mechanical disturbances of the ether, and how light might be considered a special case of such disturbances. The present belief of many physicists is that Maxwell's theory is too artificial, but that it certainly contained elements of truth, for it foreshadowed the existence of electro-magnetic waves similar in nature to the waves of light. Of these waves there was in Maxwell's day not the slightest experimental evidence. Helmholtz tried to find them, but without success. The problem was solved by Hertz in 1889.

Given the velocity with which a periodic disturbance of any sort traverses a medium, then the wave-length can be calculated if the period of vibration of the disturbing cause is known. The

velocity of electricity had been experimentally proved to be equal to the velocity of light. An oscillatory movement of electricity which, if the theory was correct, ought to produce ether waves, was given by an electric spark. For, if the light of an electric spark is thrown by means of a rapidly rotating mirror upon a photographic plate, it is found to produce bands of light and darkness, showing that what to our eyes appears as a single spark really consists of several moving to and fro. The period of this vibration can be calculated in any given case, and thence follows the length of the ether waves it would produce. Hertz recognized that it was not possible with the means at his disposal to find waves 300 metres or more in length, such as the spark of an ordinary Leyden jar would produce, and that it was necessary to construct apparatus which should give sparks made up of much more rapid oscillations, and hence producing much shorter waves. He succeeded in obtaining a wave-length of only three metres, and he proved the existence of these ether waves by the phenomena of resonance. When an insulated ring of metal of suitable dimensions was rightly placed, sparks were seen to pass a tiny gap in the ring, showing that a current had been induced in the metal by the impact of the waves. We now have a much more sensitive detector of electric waves in the coherer, an instrument which depends upon the fact that bits of metal in such loose contact that they do not ordinarily allow any current to pass, come into closer contact and form a good conductor if they are traversed by electric waves. Various explanations of this phenomenon have been put forward, but it is not yet satisfactorily understood. Upon the coherer depends the possibility of wireless telegraphy, into the technical details of which it is not necessary to enter here.

While engineers have been utilizing these waves for practical purposes, physicists have been studying their properties. Generally speaking, those substances are transparent to electric waves which are bad conductors of electricity, while metals are opaque. For short distances the path of the waves is a straight line, but for long distances it follows the curvature of the earth in some way. Trees, high buildings, and any steep irregularities of the surface hinder the propagation of these waves. Like the waves of light, they can be reflected from metal surfaces, focused by lenses, bent out of their path by prisms. And just as wave-lengths of light and of radiant heat are measured by means of the phenomena of interference, so also can wave-lengths of electricity be experimentally determined. The shortest wave-length yet measured is about 3 millimetres in length. The waves of light are measured in ten thousandths of a millimetre, so that between the longest ultra-red wave-length which has been isolated and measured, and the shortest wave-length produced by spark gap apparatus there is a great unknown region. And yet there is good reason to believe that there is absolute continuity between the short waves, the effects of which are known to us as heat and light and chemical action, and the longer waves of electricity. Theoretically, ether waves may be of any length. We do not know whether different effects are produced by the different wave-lengths of electric waves; neither do we know anything about the waves which lie beyond the shortest ultra-violet that has been isolated and studied. It hardly seems probable that only those wave-lengths produce physical, chemical, or physiological effects, which lie within the narrow limits of the spectrum.

Spark gap apparatus suggests ques-

tions respecting lightning, which is a natural electric spark on a gigantic scale, but the whole subject of atmospheric electricity is as yet very little understood. Physicists hope that they will be able to attack these problems more successfully now that within the last ten years something has been learnt about the movement of electricity in gases.

For till quite recently this was unknown ground. The beautiful and varied light effects which are seen when an electric current traverses a vacuum tube were described and classified, but not understood. Hittorf and, a little later, Crookes, experimented with tubes in which the gas was rarefied to a millionth of the normal pressure. At pressures as low as this, the luminous effects almost entirely disappear, the current still traverses the tube, but in darkness, and a new effect appears at the cathode. It becomes the starting point of rays, which, though invisible themselves, cause the glass wall opposite them to fluoresce brilliantly. These cathode rays do not carry the current, for they go absolutely straight forward, wherever the anode may be. They are produced by the current, or are rendered observable by the current, but they are not the current itself. They cause fluorescence in many substances besides glass; they produce intense heat when they strike a surface, and they can be permanently deflected from their path by a magnet, so that they describe a curve which is the resultant of the original straightforward motion and the motion induced by the magnetic field, and this curve can be rendered visible by means of a fluorescent screen. In 1879 Crookes gave a lecture in which he demonstrated his experiments and stated his explanation. He thought that the cathode rays consist of "radiant matter," that is, matter in so exceedingly rarefied a condition that it differs from a gas at ordi-

nary pressure, as a gas differs from a liquid, or a liquid from a solid. His views were not accepted by the majority of physicists at the time, but later discoveries have shown that he was right in considering the cathode rays to be the streams of *something* and not, as Hertz had supposed, a form of ether disturbance. Hertz was able on his theory to account for the *magnetic* deflection, but when, later on, J. J. Thomson proved that the cathode rays could also be *electrically* deflected, and that they are attracted to a positively electrified plate exactly as negatively charged bodies would be, then it was generally admitted that the cathode rays are streams of electrified particles. Physicists are able to calculate the velocity with which the particles move and the ratio of the electric charge they bear to their mass, and thence to estimate what the electric charge is and what the mass is. The results of many different experiments with various gases and many different calculations substantially agree. The velocity is about a fifth of the velocity of light. The mass is less than a thousandth of the mass of an atom of hydrogen, which had hitherto been thought to be the very smallest particle capable of existing independently. To these far tinier particles, the size of which "bears the same ratio to the size of a bacillus as a bacillus to the whole earth," has now by general consent been given the name *electron*. They are supposed to be portions, as it were, knocked off an atom. Besides the cathode rays, so-called, there are other rays which also start from the cathode, rays consisting of positively electrified particles. But they are much more difficult to detect and study, and very little is known about them as yet. The mass is found by experiment and calculation to be of the same order as that of an atom, and the theory is that they constitute the residue

of the chemical atom after a negative electron has been removed. There have been three great theories of electricity. (1) The old fluid theory of Weber, which assumes that electricity is a primarily existent something, distinguishes between positive and negative electricity, and speaks of individual particles of electricity, these particles being the seat of forces which act at a distance through space. (2) The theory of Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz, that there is no such thing as action at a distance without a medium of communication, and that the explanation of electro-magnetic phenomena is to be sought, not in the particles of electricity, but in the intervening ether. (3) The theory now held, which is an amalgamation of the two former. Electricity is again assumed to be a primarily existent something like matter and energy, and to be probably dual in essence, there being a real difference between positive and negative electricity corresponding to the difference in their manifestations, so that it is not only a question of more or less. The individual particles of electricity are believed to be imbedded in the ether, and connected with it in such a way that every movement of the particles causes disturbances in the ether, and every rearrangement of the particles affects the strains and stresses of the ether. Furthermore, matter and electricity are so related that wherever there is matter there also there is electricity, so that all the different ways of producing electricity are only different ways of separating the positive and negative electricities, and so rendering them manifest.

There is something—what it is we know not—about the distribution of electricity which is exactly analogous to difference of level. We call it difference of potential or electromotive force, and measure it by the work done by it, or against it, just as we meas-

ure work done by or against gravity. And just as a small amount of water produces great results if it falls from a height, so a small amount of electricity at high potential produces far more striking results than a very much larger amount which flows between points, the difference of potential of which is small. It is the contrast between the waterfall and the sluggish stream. There is not much electricity involved in the electric spark of the friction machine; perhaps not even, relatively speaking, in the lightning flash. Of the three chief artificial methods we possess of producing electricity, the frictional method gives us little electricity at high potential, the chemical method gives us much electricity at low potential, and by the magnetic method, the method of induction, we obtain both much electricity and high potential. Hence the mechanical marvels of the present day.

What is it that really takes place when an electric current passes through a solid, liquid, or gas? The flow of the current through a liquid is accompanied by chemical change, and it is believed that the molecules of an electrolyte are constantly breaking up into positive and negative "ions" and as constantly reuniting, so that at any given instant a certain number of ions are free. As soon as the circuit is closed the electromotive force directs these free ions towards the negative and positive poles, where, when they strike the metal electrodes, some interchange of electricity takes place, so that the charged ion becomes a neutral molecule. Although in one sense the existence of these ions is purely hypothetical, their velocity can be both calculated and experimentally determined, and it is so extremely low that it is measured in fractions of a millimetre per second. Yet the current, or amount of electricity which crosses any section in unit of time, is relatively great, be-

cause the ions bear a very large charge. The charge carried by an ion is a definite quantity whatever that ion may be. This is a remarkable law, first discovered by Faraday, which in the light of modern research is shown to be of exceeding importance. If it is the motion of the ions which constitutes the current, then, in liquid electrolytes, the current is really a convection stream—moving matter electrically charged.

Nothing is known of the way in which electricity moves in metals, but mathematical physicists are now trying to see how it will work out if they assume that the current is carried in a metal conductor by the actual motion from particle to particle of electrons, and so far the calculations seem to agree with the observed phenomena.

With respect to gases the theory which has proved more fertile than any other, and is therefore believed to be nearer the truth, is that here also the current is of the nature of a convection stream. It is supposed that particles of any of the substances contained in the gas, or of the gas itself, are split up into the positive and negative parts or ions; not however of the same nature as the electrolytic ions, because there is not necessarily chemical decomposition involved. If there are a few to begin with in the line of electric stress, these few by their movement break up other particles; but recombination keeps pace with decomposition, until the electromotive force, which increases the velocity, and therefore the power of the ions, has obtained such a value that by rapid impact the numbers increase as an avalanche grows. The ions set towards the poles, the charge is passed on from particle to particle by collisions, and though each individual ion may only have travelled a very little way, electricity passes with the speed of light.

By a most elaborate method J. J. Thomson measured the charge on a

gaseous ion and he found "that the charge on the ion seems to be independent of the agent by which it is produced as well as of the gas from which it originates, and that it is equal to the electrolytic charge on the hydrogen atom." Furthermore Thomson has found that, "although at ordinary pressure the ion seems to have a very complex structure and to be the aggregate of many molecules, yet at very low pressures the structure of the ion, and especially of the negative one, becomes very much simpler."

This theory of discharge through gases does not require that more than one perhaps in a billion particles should be broken into ions, but it does require that before a spark can pass some ions should be there to start the collisions. Hence it would seem to follow that if two paths were equally easy for the discharge, that path would be chosen where, before the electromotive force began to act, there were most ions ready to pass the current on.

There is much, very much, respecting the passage of electricity through gases which is not yet understood, in spite of the great advances of the last ten years. In a vacuum, as perfect as it can now be constructed, the electric current does not pass at all, thus proving that the presence of some gas is necessary, as assumed by the theory of ions. But the meaning of the colors, and the bands of light, and the dark spaces when the current passes through a gas not too highly rarefied, are not understood. Indeed, why should there be any luminous effects at all connected with the gentle discharge through a gas? The light of a spark is accounted for by the heat generated by the violent discharge, but there is very little heat generated in the rarefied gas, certainly not enough to cause incandescence. It is light without heat, like the light of the glow-worm; it is electricity sending out the ether waves

which we know as light. There are other noteworthy peculiarities about the electric discharge through gases. In order that a spark should pass even across a very small gap of air, a tolerably high electromotive force is needed; but if cathode rays, Röntgen rays, or Becquerel rays are passing through it, a gas will conduct electricity under very feeble forces. The theory is that these rays in some way "ionize the gas," as the phrase is now. There is also a remarkable action due to ultra-violet light. When it shines on a bright metal surface it draws negative electricity out of the metal, so that if the metal is negatively charged it loses its charge under this illumination, and if uncharged it becomes positively charged by subtraction of the negative electricity. By making the experiments with metal enclosed in vacuum tubes, and by very delicate apparatus, it was found that the particles of negative electricity, drawn out of the metal by ultra-violet light, are similar to the electrons of the cathode rays; they are deflected by a magnet in the same way, and their velocity is found to be of the same order. So that here again there is another instance of what the Germans call "body rays" (*Körperstrahlen*) to distinguish them from ether rays of light or electricity. Moreover here are "cathode rays" without any electric current to produce them. Another effect of ultra-violet light is that it is able directly to ionize the gas through which it shines in proportion as it is absorbed by that gas. Hence it is supposed that there must be something in the gas which vibrates with the same period—probably the electrons in the atom.

By absorbing the energy of the wave of light, the energy of the oscillating electron becomes greater and greater and may become so great that it breaks away from the atom, and so ions are formed. In any case here is

another remarkable connection between electricity and light.

The discovery which Zeeman made in 1896 amounts to this. He found that if the source of light which is sending forth a definite color—that is, wavelength—is placed between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, then the spectrum of that light is changed. He experimented first with the bright yellow sodium light, which gives two definite lines in the spectrum, and he found that these lines were altered, which means that the period of vibration of the source of light was affected by the strong magnetic field. And that means again that the vibrating particle which sends out the ether waves is electric in nature, for it is affected by the magnetic field as a charged electric body would be. By most elaborate calculations Zeeman and Lorentz discovered that this electric vibrating particle which produces light is in essentials identical with the electron of the cathode rays. And so, in the words of Professor Kayser of Bonn: "After electrons had once been recognized in the cathode rays, it was soon found that they exist almost everywhere and that they play a great part in the economy of nature."

The story of the "accidental" discovery of the Röntgen rays is too well known to require repetition, and the phenomena are perfectly familiar nowadays; but with respect to the category to which they belong, they are still *x* rays, as at the time when they were first observed. Wherever cathode rays are checked by a glass or metal surface, they give rise to these marvellous Röntgen rays, which differ from the cathode rays essentially in this; they cannot be deflected by electric or magnetic means. And that is why they are believed not to be "body-rays," but to be some disturbance in the ether. The penetrability of the Röntgen rays seems to depend only upon the density, and

not upon the material of the substances through which they pass. When the Röntgen rays strike a surface they in their turn give rise to secondary rays of more than one kind, some of which, when the surface is a metal, are "cathode" rays, such as those drawn out of a metal by ultra-violet light.

The cathode rays may be said to be the foundation stone of the new branch of physics called radio-activity, so that the investigations begun by Hittorf and Crookes a quarter of a century ago into the phenomena connected with the passage of currents through rarefied gases, and which were then considered by many to be a sort of scientific trifling, are leading to vast results. When any substance produces fluorescence, blackens the photographic plate and ionizes the air, as the cathode and Röntgen rays do, it is said to possess the property of radio-activity. The discovery of radio-active substances followed on that of the Röntgen rays, which gave a great impetus to research. In the laboratories all over the world experiments were undertaken in order to find rays with the same wonderful penetrating powers, which should be independent of an electric current. It was thought that the rays were connected in some way with the substances that fluoresce, and Becquerel made experiments with fluorescent salts of uranium, to find out whether they also had the power of blackening a photographic plate through an opaque wrapper. He exposed them for several days to sunlight, then brought them into a dark room, and found that this was indeed the case. He thought that the absorbed energy of the sunlight not only produced the fluorescence, which was a familiar phenomenon, but also these penetrating Röntgen-like rays. But one day, when for some reason the exposure to sunlight had been omitted, it was found to make no difference at all. The rays proceeding from the uranium

salts were not dependent upon a previous supply of energy from the sun, nor did time bring any diminution of their power. In 1898 G. C. Schmidt was able to show that compounds of thorium send out similar rays. The minerals, which contain, among many other elements, uranium and thorium, may be called natural radio-active substances. From these natural radio-active substances far more powerful radio-active substances have been extracted by chemical means, and new elements have been discovered, the best known being radium, pure salts of which were first obtained by Professor and Madame Curie from the mineral pitchblende, a uranium ore found in Bohemia.

In the present state of our knowledge, when almost every week brings new facts to light, no generalization on the subject of radio-activity is possible. Suffice it here to quote the words of the *Times* of the 26th of June of last year: "Matter in quantities invisible under the microscope, unweighable on the finest balance, and beyond the range of detection even of the spectroscope, can be accurately studied and quantitatively investigated if it possesses the property of radio-activity."

Scientists are not agreed as to the source of energy of the Becquerel rays, rays capable of doing "work" in the scientific sense of that term, without any energy being supplied from without, to our knowledge. Lodge, Crookes, Rutherford, and many others are advocates of the disintegration theory, namely, that the elements in question are disintegrating at an extremely slow rate into other elements, so that the source of energy is the internal energy of the chemical atom. Madame Curie and others think that the energy of the radio-active substances does come to them from without, that they are able to absorb the energy of rays of some sort which pass through other

substances unperceived. But on this point all are at one: that the discovery of the radio-active elements is revealing facts hitherto absolutely undreamt of; that, as Professor Grätz says, there apparently is, behind the world of phenomena as we know it, an entirely unknown region the very first coast-lines of which we are only just beginning to perceive.

Such an extension of our knowledge naturally brings with it a shaking of the foundations, and at least one eminent chemist has called attention to the fact that, after all, our chemistry is only the chemistry of the means at our disposal; that our very greatest heat, the heat of an electric arc, which breaks up all molecules into atoms, is insignificant compared with cosmical heat, and that we have no idea what the effect of other conditions might be.

It has been thought for some time that chemical affinity is really electric in essence, but it has not yet been possible to work out any satisfactory theory. On the electric theory of matter, namely, that atoms are complex—"an aggregate of smaller bodies restrained and coerced into orbits by electrical forces"—chemical affinity should admit of an electric explanation. Experiments with radio-active substances seem about to confirm the electric theory of matter in an astounding way. Of the three principal kinds of rays given off by a radium salt—distinguished by some scientists as α , β and γ —the α rays are the most easily absorbed. A metal plate will shut them off, and enable the more penetrating rays to be studied alone. These rays will produce a dot of light on a phosphorescent screen. If now electrical and magnetic forces act on the rays, then there appear on the screen a fainter, undeflected dot and a band of light; the band and dot being separated by a space. The fainter dot is caused by the undeflected γ rays and the band

of light by β rays of varying velocity. These β rays are found to be streams of electrons, like the cathode rays, but with a velocity approaching one-third that of light. And the result of mathematical calculations based on the experiments was, that at velocities so high as this, the mass of the electron was no longer a constant. Now mass, if it really is mass, cannot become a function of the velocity, so it was evident that part at least of the mass was apparent and due to the inertia of electricity known under the name of self-induction. Indeed many physicists consider it proved that not only a part, but the whole, of the mass of the electron is apparent, from which it follows that "cathode rays," whencesoever obtained, consist of pure negative electricity.

And there are men who are now going a step further still. They say: "If forces that are purely electro-magnetic produce exactly the same effects as would be produced by the inertia of matter, perhaps all matter is in the same sense only apparent." At present the phenomena of physics are, as it were, divided into two camps: acoustics and heat, which are explained from the laws of mechanics; and electricity, with its subdivision light, which has not been satisfactorily thus explained. For half a century we have tried to explain electricity mechanically, and may be said to have failed; let us now try to explain mechanics electrically, and see where that will lead us.

Perhaps it is a mere matter of words whether we say that all matter is electrically charged or that all matter is modified electricity. But it may lead to the most far-reaching conclusions if, in explaining phenomena, the laws of electricity should be taken as the premiss from which we start, instead of, as hitherto, the inertia of matter. And, inasmuch as the more nearly any explanation approaches the truth, the better does it point the way to fresh.

knowledge, the fact that so radical a change may be about to take place is one of the reasons why there is a feeling of expectancy in the air. It is hoped that light may be thrown upon

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universal gravitation and other obscure problems, and it is suspected that science is trembling on the verge of something great.

Antonia Zimmerm.

IN A VICEREGAL CITY.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

It is the charm of association, rather than actual beauty, that attaches us to a city or a scene. Quebec, Chungking, and Edinburgh are alike beautifully situated, and were it not for the associations that cluster round Holyrood and the Castle and the Tolbooth, Princes Street might still be as fine a promenade, yet how infinitely less interesting! Thus though Chentu, the capital of China's westernmost and largest province, is not endowed with the beauties of "mountain and water" (mountain and water-landscape in Chinese) of the commercial centre, Chungking, yet its historical memories give it at once a sentimental value, only accentuated by its stately groves, its great flights of birds, the tense attitude of its officialdom since the advent of the present Viceroy, its population of artisan shopkeepers working late and early, together with its centuries-old, all-enchainng Chinese customs, each to us stranger than the other. Amongst all the many cities of China that I have visited, this is the first of which I could understand even a foreigner saying that he would by choice live there.

Situated on the well-irrigated plain that owes its riches to Li Ping, who some 200 years B.C. conceived the idea of cutting a way through a hill for the river of Ouanshsien, thus adapting the plateau for rice-growing, unknown there during the previous Chin Dynasty, Chentu is the centre of a rich agricultural population yearly reaping three

crops of a greatly varied nature. Its walls can only be compared with those of Peking; 27 feet high, 37 feet broad, so that twenty-five men can walk abreast on the top, they are unlike those at Peking in that they are not overgrown with grass and bushes and decayed by time, but kept in capital condition. Only interspersed with occasional guard-houses, they present an unbroken promenade save for the one interruption of the Manchu city sheltering crescent-wise under the wall beneath the west and north gates. There are but four gates or outlets to the world for all this crowded city full of three hundred thousand persons, and the consequent over-pressure at the east gate, by which all direct communication is carried on with the great trading emporium of Chungking, and all boat communication *via* the Min river with the Yangtse, that great thoroughfare of China, is a thing to be seen rather than imagined. Never save in Peking in the old days was there surely anything like it.

The city, or rather settlement, where the Manchus live, is shut off by walls and gates from the rest of the city. It is a region of lofty trees, peopled at night by many birds, with a parade ground where the Manchu men do that one bit of service to the nation in return for which they and their families live as pensioners upon the Chinese nation, generation after generation. There Manchu women stand before their

doors, each with a flower far projecting on one side of her head, be her age what it may, and in a long gown falling ungirt from the shoulders to the feet in straight lines, save when in winter a brazier is tied on underneath for warmth. Slatternly but highly rouged, the Manchu ladies can both walk and stand on their high-heeled clog-like shoes as well as their Chinese sisters of crippled feet—three inches seems to be not the minimum but the average foot-length in Chentu. Yet day after day and all day long they seem to find nothing better to do than to hang about outside their elegant entrance gates and gaze down the quiet roads, which are like English lanes with their overshadowing trees. There is a reserved, *farouche* air about them, and if addressed they quickly take refuge in the little gardens which they are said to keep tidy. But a more dispirited-looking set of hangers-on it would be difficult to discover than these Manchu pensioners, none of whom have been permitted for centuries to add to their pensions by trade or industry.

There is again another walled-off city in Chentu. Like the Forbidden City, or palace enclosure in Peking, there is here the Yellow City, sometimes called Liu Pei's city, where stood the palace of this remarkable man, who from being a poor lad selling straw sandals in the neighborhood of Peking pushed right across China and established one of the celebrated Three Kingdoms in Szechuan, somewhere in the third century A.D. It is true he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Han Emperors. Now row beyond row of cells occupies the ground for the use of candidates at the great examinations, at which, for example, in 1897 13,000 students went up, and there were but 96 places to be distributed. Thinking over these figures one begins to understand the gilded characters over some of the more stately resi-

dences in Chentu, signifying that a man who has won his degree lives within. It is a relief to turn to the quiet streets off which stand these retired residences and to quit the intensely busy shopping streets, crowded from morning to night with an ever jostling crowd of carrying coolies each with two baskets dangling from either end of his pole; of horribly creaking wheelbarrows, on which, sometimes bound-foot women are pushed along, not sitting on either side of it as in an Irish jaunting car after the fashion of the east of China, but flouting the street in the attitude a lady assumes on a lounging chair in her own drawing-room. Here are Mandarins looking through the glass windows of their sedans, pale-faced and grave-visaged but be-necklaced and be-feathered for all the big goggles through which they stare somewhat blankly, gaily liveried pursuivants clearing the way before and attendants on horseback bringing up the little procession; beggars clacking bits of wood to attract attention, their legs and arms showing sharp pointed beneath the one mat the poor creatures clutch round themselves, sometimes with the air of being proud of having even that.

The great centre of Chentu is, however, not the Yellow City, which in material fact holds that position, but the Viceregal Yamen and official residence, where, beside the arsenal and between the south and east gates, at this present reigns Tsên Chun-hsian, aged only forty-three, but already one of the most dreaded Viceroys in China. He came here with the reputation that he would as soon cut off a man's head as look at him, and he has well kept up this character during the few months since his arrival. Heads have fallen in plenty, the province is terrorized, foreigners now wander through it unafraid, policemen innumerable with wands and uniforms keep order in the streets of Chentu. But no rain falls;

in the belt of mountain land stretching east and west to the south of the city the people starve, and the Chinese *vox populi* says Heaven is displeased at so much bloodshed. This Viceroy is reckoned one of the most enlightened officials of China; he has contributed towards the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge in China, he is putting out a proclamation against foot-binding nowhere more general and more cruel than in this city, and he has ordered fifty thousand copies to be printed for his own distribution. He is about to open a Viceregal college employing European instructors, although this scheme may fall through, as he is once more enacting the old edict ordering all scholars to do reverence before the tablet of Confucius. Already an immense military college is built, where Japanese officers are to train two hundred and fifty Chinese military Mandarins. A yet larger gymnasium for civilians, to be likewise under Japanese instructors, has also been built; Japanese officers have been procured to drill the army, and already from wall to wall and from Yamen to Yamen long-drawn melancholy trumpet notes wall out the difficulties of Chinese handsmen, struggling with European reveilles and tattoos. The Viceroy threatens to get the city cleaned out. He has already made it safe, and he found it almost in the hands of the Boxers, so slack had everything grown under the rule of the late Viceroy, an amiable Manchu, named Kuel. At the fires that have lately occurred, one a week, in the business parts of the city, the Viceroy himself has been out at night in an open sedan, so that he could see all round at once, enforcing order and keeping local carelessness officialdom up to the mark. It is sad to say that a young Englishman saw one of these sleepy ones, roused by an attentive servant as the Viceroy drew near, at once compose himself to sleep again

as his chief passed on his rounds of inspection. By day the Viceroy was at the smoking ruins again, on horseback this time. A man caught stealing was at once beheaded, his head stuck in a cage on a pole, and there it still is.

Cages are put to all sorts of uses here; heads put into them are stuck up high, of course, so that everyone may see them. And one can know where they are by seeing men quickly pulling their ample sleeves over their mouths and noses as they glance upwards. Prisoners also are placed in cages, sometimes in such that they can neither lie nor sit. Cats are habitually carried about for sale in cages in a land where goats spring about muzzled and haystacks float down great rivers. Dogs also at the festive season of the Chinese New Year are carried about in cages, barking somewhat indignantly. When I travelled through the west of China in a particularly comfortable basket chair, on which one could on occasion sleep at ease, the little boys used to cry out: "Look at the foreign woman in a cage!" And when some thieves drugged us by burning something and ransacked our bedroom while we slept, those same thieves were made to stand up in cages for days outside the door of our house, as a warning to others. Thus cages have many uses besides that of taking birds out for airings as we take our dogs.

But with all this hospitable reception of all the foreign men here at a dinner in the foreign style, his encouraging answer to the united missionary greeting, and apparent general enlightenment, deep within him the Viceroy Tsên must have stuff we little understand. He is the son of that Tsên in whose Viceroyalty of Yunnan Margary was murdered. When the British Minister of those days was most determined to obtain fitting expiation for the cruelly treacherous murder of this most brilliant young Consular official, the

Chinese Government risked everything, even to Sir Thomas Wade's leaving Peking in his indignation, rather than in any way consent to the incrimination of Tsên the Viceroy. Li Hung-chang spared no pains to propitiate, even to the sending of his own brother Li Han-chang on a mission to far-distant Yunnan to inquire into the matter, but he took care that Tsên also was on the commission of inquiry, thus invalidating it from the outset. Tsên came from Kwangsi, the province now so disordered, on one side at least connected with the aboriginal tribes of that province, whom he abandoned for the side of the Chinese Government, let us say of law and order, and thus assisted in quelling. He then rose to be Viceroy of Yunnan and Kweichow, and there suppressed the Mahomedan rebellion, bathing the country in bloodshed. After the fashion since followed in Blagovestschensk by Gribsky, Ataman of Cossacks, he ordered the old men, women, and children to be driven into the beautiful lake at Talifu, thus saving the trouble of beheading and burial; and when the Chinese General charged with the office remonstrated that such a deed was contrary to all moral principles, Tsên, the father, is said to have replied: "You have nothing to do with moral principles, your business is with the penal code." For some reason it is evident that the Chinese Government of that day was ready rather to risk a war with Great Britain than even to inquire into the complicity of this man in the murder of Margary, a complicity of which as the years have passed there has been increasing evidence, and for which murder in any case a Viceroy according to Chinese usage ought to be held responsible.

It is the son of this man who at the early age of forty-three has been appointed acting Viceroy of Szechuan, after having already held the office of Governor of Shansi. His wife, coming

by the Yangtse river to join him here, died on the way up. His son has died also. Since his arrival here one of his concubines has died. These deaths preclude him from receiving visitors at the New Year according to Chinese custom, and he has intimated to the officials that the Viceregal gates will be closed on New Year's Day. On the Eve, however, all were taking leave of him, and at least twenty uniforms of different shades of gaudy red and orange, only somewhat toned down by Chinese characters in black velvet, were to be counted in his outer courtyard with the same number of red official umbrellas.

But the Viceroy is further saddened by a possibly yet greater trouble. For four months no rain has fallen, and before that there was a shortage; 12,000 beggars are being retained in a lingering death in life by means of rice-soup kitchens outside the gates, and besides these a large working-class population is being reduced to destitution. The beggars do not work, they only paint themselves strange colors, and make unearthly noises and beg in various sad ways, sometimes crawling along the roadway without feet, sometimes an old white-haired crone proceeding slowly down the roadway on her knees, sometimes an aged man bent double under the weight of a crippled wife, round whose head fly scattered white hairs. The last crops were a failure; there is no promise of any crop at all in the spring among the mountains to the south. Even the well-irrigated Chentu plain has been reduced to somewhat acrid dust, and in the mountains beyond there is despair. The Viceroy is multiplying soldiers; he has cut off heads, even that of eighteen-year-old Miss Liao, daughter of a family of Literati, who had won the reputation of a Kwanyin Pusa, or Goddess of Mercy, amongst the Boxers of the neighborhood, and when she was betrayed by

treachery, for she was then living quietly in her own home, asked no mercy for herself, only that her young brother might be set at liberty. "He is not guilty. I alone am responsible. I—I am the guilty one," said the young girl, of whom report says that she was both beautiful and learned. Even the Viceroy shrank from beheading her, but a telegram to Peking received answer from the Empress Tse-hsi, the inexorable: "The maid must die." So she was beheaded, and only a few days afterwards the chief of the Boxer band was caught, and then the Viceroy said if he had been caught a few days earlier the young girl's life might have been spared.

But all this, it may be said, is quite intelligible, quite in accordance with the nature of a European. So is it that the Viceroy has been praying for rain. He says with passion: "I have prayed as much as I can and yet no rain comes." He has gone out by the north gate at least two miles from his Yamen by night, having the gate opened on purpose, as he alone of all men could, and proceeded to the celebrated Buddhist Temple some three miles further and there prayed in the early dawning. This also we can understand. For three weeks at one Christmas-time he ordered a fast so strict that no man could sell chickens or even eggs without having his ears slit off—it was really done; he even ordered the south gate to be closed, as is usual in times of great heat and drought.

But besides all this he set a soldier to stand on the wall by the north gate with one of the hand pumps used at fires, squirting up at the inexorable sky so as to pull down rain from Heaven. And yet no rain came. At this season no rain is expected here, but rather the crisp, dry, sunshiny weather we have been having, with the thermometer at thirty-five many mornings, rising up to fifty sometimes in the course of the

day. Then the Viceroy gave up the fast for a time, reopened the south gate and waited. But before that people said he walked the streets—he, a Chinese Viceroy, who never walks—and in mourning garments, as a confession of sins. Then again he ordered a fast, once more ordered every man to stick a willow bough in water at his door, place a writing on black paper over his house, but, odder still, ordered every little group of houses to provide a pig and make it squeal to Heaven for rain, or those houses that were too poor to afford a real pig to get a paper pig and beat drums and sound horns, and so try to attract Heaven's ear. Now there are stranger stories still, that by the north gate by which rain, or at this season rather snow, should enter, a pig has been placed upon the wall and is by the Viceroy's orders singed every day, so that its cries may reach Heaven's ears, as indeed they well might; and another stranger story still is that at the temple outside the north gate, or in the close neighborhood of that temple, in the Viceroy's presence a living pig was offered in sacrifice, kerosene being poured over it and then set alight. All these are old Chinese usages, but even Chinese shrug their shoulders at the Viceroy reviving them now. They do not so much mind the fast at Christmas-time, but they have been greatly annoyed by a fast being ordered again just before their New Year, the one fortnight of holidays into which a Chinese tries to cram all the delight of all our Bank holidays and Sundays united.

All shops are closed now, red paper with fine black letter inscriptions hanging over every door, and pasted down the door posts; the shop signs are wrapped in red cloth, with gold and silver paper money hanging down over them. Everyone has got new paper lanterns outside the door and inside, some so pretty, and all smart people

have got new paper windows beautifully painted. A bank I visited had sprays of blossom painted on all its paper panes, figures in dull rich colors on its lanterns, and landscapes in the finest Cantonese embroidery hanging on its walls, red curtains over the doors, and red hangings over the chairs. The effect was much more like the Alhambra than Lombard Street. But I have never seen anything quite so pretty on the stage. Everything has been washed that the people know how to wash, everything has been swept up. It has not been done since last year. All who can afford to either buy or hire them have got new clothes. Even the very poor are crowding the pawnshops, which alone are still open, getting their clothes out of pawn. The streets are strewn with the crackers fired to drive away the evil spirits, they are rosy also with great boughs of pink sweet-scented blossom. All the flower gardens outside the gates have hired the finest entrances in the principal streets, tempting the passer-by to hire for the New Year season with their little dwarfed and twisted trees covered with blossom, and large oblong-shaped pots in which are exquisitely arranged together mauve Chinese primroses, sweet-scented white narcissi, a dwarfed camellia in blossom in front of a dwarfed plum or peach burgeoning, the whole thrown into relief by dark red beetroot leaves and a fantastic bit of rock. The streets are full of masks, so are the passers' hands; every man wears a new cap, stiff paper wrapped on the top of his old one.

Even into the old-world streets, that date from before the time of Marco Polo, something of the New Year penetrates in the shape of red paper inscriptions on the retired gateways, that neither forbid entrance nor invite approach, withdrawn somewhat from the roadway, which is wide, with trees down either side, as noted by the ob-

servant Venetian, and antique stone basins brimful of water hard by in case of fire. We seem to hear the footfalls of the men of long ago, as we wander on past the great Confucian Temple shut in amongst a grove of magnificent trees. There are old-world bits and to spare inside Chentu city. Outside the east gate among the pretty pavilions of the garden by the river, where Mandarins go to drink wine and see each other off by boat, there is a well, down which a woman patriot flung herself in the Tang Dynasty (sixth to ninth century A.D.) The opening is so narrow one shudders at the determination she must have exercised, nor wonders at the large stone tablet commemorating the deed. Behind a grove of fine old cypresses outside the south gate there is a hill, tree-covered, that marks the spot where Liu-pel's body lies, he of the Yellow City, he of the Three Kingdoms. There are ancestral halls, and temples with stately courtyards, and wonderful little gardens full of shrubs twisted out of all nature. "It will take sixty years to perfect that one," says a long-haired Taoist priest contemplating it with his head on one side, pondering perchance whether the turn of this twig, the truncating of that branch will meet the approval of posterity. Groves of bamboos, summer-houses built across running water, huge Nan-mu trees with their smooth stately trunks, wide-branching soap trees, spined with thorns all suggesting the long, hot, breathless days of a Szechuan summer, surround temples whose proportions and approaches charm rather than their details. Not but that the lacquer columns are often fine, the roof curves always magnificent. The soul feels at rest contemplating these last against the sky. And again and again one wonders what is to become of these interesting reliques of antiquity, these peaceful sanctuaries with their fine timbers both cut and uncut, if deter-

mined Europe and America succeed in converting this patient people from the errors of Buddhism, the incantations of superstition-bedraggled Taoism.

But the gates will be closing. We are not Viceroys to open them. In crowds the crows are cawing raucously on their way to their nests among the Manchu trees. We have not time to consider that lovely pale pink efflorescence of plum blossom among the lower trees, nor that field of sweet-scented narcissi, white and yellow, which you in England now call the Chinese Lily. With a sound as of a mighty organ pipe the innumerable pigeons swoop this way and that about the lofty walls before taking their last homeward flight, each with a cane, giving out a sound like an Æolian harp, tied under its tail feathers. Pretty green Yunnan parrots with red beaks are being taken in for the night from the perches outside the door, where they have sat all day. Mocking-birds, with little imitation tables in the middle of their cages, flowery eyebrowed thrushes, those that sing and those that fight and those that do both, are being covered up in Chinese blue cotton night-caps. It is time for all to seek the refuge of their homes, where the wind blows in at every crevice of both the floor and the ceiling, over the latter of which parade great droves of rats; where walls are replaced by lath and plaster screens that yet do not screen from the cold night air; where therefore everyone sits about as in bed in sheepskin waistcoats and heavily wadded and fur-lined overgowns, a symphony in green brocades sable-cuffed outside, or a harmony in dark purple and pale blue, not to speak of the other "hundred lovely hues made solely to be seen."

It is pleasant to think of a whole cityful given up to at least a fortnight's unmixed enjoyment—the better-class shops will not open for three weeks.

But through it all the Viceroy mourns. And besides all his other cares, there is the Roman Catholic Bishop pressing for compensation for every cottage destroyed by Boxers, that belonged to a real or nominal Roman Catholic convert, insisting on himself assessing the damage, and the head of the American Mission doing likewise, the representatives of the various Syndicates complaining loudly of any evasion with regard to the various concessions they say were granted them, a Japanese Consul persistent, an English Consul ditto, a German and a French Consul on their way, and an English Consul-General arriving, each to keep a wary look-out on the others' claims against China, which is not yet a corpse, is yet a living country. "But—but we are weak," say Chinese officials, "we dare not resent insolence." So they get it. They certainly get it. For all the New Year's season there must be many painful moments in the Viceroy's Yamen, for Tsên is not a man to whom yielding can come natural. How he must wish foreigners were the Kweidze evil spirits that Chinese love to call them. Then they would be driven away by the burst of crackers. Pop! pop! pop! they go. Happy little boys setting them off! Surely nowhere is boy childhood happier than in China, unburdened by that great trouble of childhood in other lands, the keeping themselves clean. And yet so fine; red brocade gowns, long violet jackets over them, and possibly a green wadded jacket on the top! How warm and comfortable and easy!

It seems a pity ever to grow into a man in China, which came as it now is in the childhood of the world, and is only bothered by all these strange nations, that have come into life and grown up since then, premature wiseacres. People of pigtails and pagodas, with your childlike one-syllable talk, and your merry monsters mouthing one-sidedly,

why must you grow up and be men. than themselves as weapons of defence,
under pain of ceasing to be? Why and dressing up like tigers with
should not China remain the one living stealthy step and spring to terrify the
fairy-tale land peopled by dwarfs and enemy? Why, oh why, must everything
gnomes and generally unreasonable be- be modernized and Europeanized as
ings, brandishing tricorner flags bigger with a whitewash?

The Cornhill Magazine.

IRELAND.

Thy sorrow and the sorrow of the sea,
Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first woe,
When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression; at thy name
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly, for thy soul is white as snow. . . .

Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!
Throne upon throne, its thrones of sorrow filled:
Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,
All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled.
By the forgetful waters they forget
Not thee, O Inisfall!
Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,
They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.
Visions of victory exalt and thrill
Their hearts' whole hunger still;
High beats their longing for the living Gael. . . .

Sweet Mother! in what marvellous dear ways
Close to thine heart thou keepest all thine own!
Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,
Send thee the homage of their hearts, their vow
Of one most sacred care;
To thee devote all passionate power, since thou
Vouchsafest them, O land of love! to bear
Sorrow and joy with thee. Each far son thrills
Toward thy blue dreaming hills,
And longs to kiss thy feet upon them, Fair!

Lionel Johnson.

THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH.

In Manicaland summer wears the livery of the tropics. At the foot of the hills north of Macequece every yard of earth is vocal with life, and the bush is brave with color. Where the earth shows it is red, as though a wound bled. The mimosas have not yet come to flower, but amid their delicate green the long thorns, straight or curved like claws, gleam with the flash of silver. Palms poise aloft, brilliant and delicate, and under foot flowers are abroad. The flame-blossom blazes in scarlet. The sangdieu burns in sullen vermillion. Insects fill the world with the noise of their business—spiders, butterflies, and centipedes, ants, beetles and flies, and mysterious entities that crawl nameless underfoot. A peahen shrieks in the grass, and a kite whistles aloft. A remote speck in the sky denotes a watchful vulture, alert for any mishap to the citizens of the woods, and a crash of twigs may mean anything from a buck to a rhinoceros. There is a hectic on the face of nature.

The trader of Last Notch went homewards to his store through such a maze of urgent life, and panted in the heat. He had been out to shoot guinea-fowl, had shot none and expended all his cartridges, and his gun, glinting in the strong light as he walked, was heavy to his shoulder and hot to his hand. His mood was one of patient protest, for the sun found him an easy prey and he had yet some miles to go. Where another man would have said "Damn the heat," and done with it, John Mills, the trader, tasted the word on his lips, forebore to slip it, and counted it to himself for virtue. He set a large value on restraint, which, in view of his strength and resolute daring, was

perhaps not wholly false. He was a large man, more noticeable for a sturdy solidness of proportion than for height, and his strong face was won to pleasantness by a brown beard, which he wore "navy fash." His store, five big huts above the kloof known as Last Notch, was at the heart of a large Kafir population; and the natives, agriculturists by convention and warriors between whites, patronized him very liberally. The Englishmen and Portuguese of the country held him in favor, and he enjoyed that esteem which a strong quiet man, who has proved himself to have reserves of violence, commonly wins from turbulent neighbors.

He was trying for a short cut home, and purposed to wade the Revue River wherever he should strike it. Over the low bush about him he could see his hills yet a couple of hours off, and he sighed for thirst and extreme discomfort. No one, he knew, lived thereabouts—no one, at least, who was likely to have whisky at hand, though, for the matter of that, he would have welcomed a hut and a draught of Kafir *itywala*. His surprise was the greater, then, when there appeared from the growth beside his path as white a man as himself, a tall, somewhat ragged figure,—but rags tell no news at all in Manicaland,—who wore a large black moustache and smiled affably on him.

He noted that the stranger was a fine figure of a man, tall and slim, with clear dark eyes and tanned face, and he saw, too, that he wore a heavy Webley on his right hip. The newcomer continued to smile as Mills scanned him over, and waited for the trader to speak first.

"Hullo!" said Mills at length.

"'Ullo!" replied the stranger, smiling

still. He had a capital smile, and Mills was captivated into smiling in sympathy.

"Who may you be?" he asked agreeably; "didn't expect to meet no white men about here. Where's your boys?"

The tall man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the coast, as though to imply that he had carriers somewhere in that part of the world.

"Yais," he said pleasantly. "An' you are Jone Mills, eh?"

"That's me," said Mills promptly, lowering the butt of his gun to the ground and resting both hands on the muzzle. The stranger started slightly, but did not cease to smile.

"I don't seem to know you," pondered Mills. "I can't fix you at all."

"Ah, but you will. Le' me see. Was it Beira, eh?"

Mills shook his head decidedly. "I never was in Beira," he said.

"Not Beira?" queried the stranger. "Oh, but surelee. No? Well, Mandega's, per'aps?"

"Mandega's? Yes, I was there for a bit. I had a block of claims on the ditch, next to old Jimmy Ryan's."

"Ah, yais," said the tall man eagerly. "I know 'im. An' there you shoot the Intendente, not? That was ver' fine. I see you coom down all quiet, an' shoot 'im in the 'ead. It was done ver' nice?"

Mills face darkened. "He was robbin' me, the swine," he answered. "He'd been robbin' me for six months. But that's nobody's business but mine, and anyhow I didn't shoot him in the head. It was in the chest. An' now, who the blazes are you?"

"You do' know me?" smiled the stranger; "but I know you. Oh, ver' well. I see you ver' often. You see? My name is Jacques."

"Jack what?" demanded Mills.

"Not Jack—Jacques. Tha' 's all. All the people call me Frenchy, eh? You don' remember?"

"No," said Mills thoughtfully; "but then I seen a good many chaps, and I'd be like to forget some o' them. You doin' anything round here?"

The man who called himself Jacques held up a finger. "Ah, you wan' to know, eh? Well, I don't tell you. I fin' anything, I don't tell all the people: I don't blow the gaff. I sit still, eh? I lie low, eh? I keep 'im all for me, eh? You see?"

"Well, of course," agreed Mills; "struck a pocket, I suppose. I shouldn't have thought you'd have found much here. But then, of course, you're not going to give your game away. Where's your camp? I could do with a drink."

"Back there," said the Frenchman, pointing in the direction whence Mills had come. "'Bout five miles. You don' want to come, eh? Too far, eh?"

"Yes, I reckon it's too far," replied Mills. "I'm not more than four miles from my own *kia* now. You goin' on?"

"Yais," agreed the Frenchman, "I go a leetle bit. Not too far, eh?"

They moved on through the bush. Mills shifted his gun from shoulder to shoulder, and suffered still from heat and sweat. His taller companion went more easily, striding along, as Mills thought, glancing at him, "like a fox." The warmth appeared not to distress him in the least.

"By Jove," exclaimed the trader. "You're the build of man for this blooming country. You travel as if you was born to it. Don't the heat trouble you at all?"

"Oh, no," answered the Frenchman carelessly. "You see, I come from a 'ot country. In France it is ver' often 'ot. But you don' like it, eh?"

"No," said the trader, with emphasis. "I was after pea-hen, or you wouldn't see me out this time o' the day. English chaps can't stand it."

"Eh?"

"English chaps can't stand it, I said."

repeated Mills. "They mos'ly lie up till its cooler."

"Ah, yais."

They were now nearing the river. A steam rose over the bushes and spiralled into the air, and the hum of water going slowly was audible. A few minutes of walking brought them to its banks. The stream flowed greasily and dark, some forty yards wide, but in the middle it forked about a spit of sand not more than ten paces broad. It was a very Lethe of a river, running oillily and with a slumberous sound, and its reputation for crocodiles was vile.

Mills sat down and began to pull off his boots.

"As well here as anywhere," he said. "I'll try it, anyhow."

"I go back now," said the Frenchman. "Some day I come up an' see you, eh? You like that?"

"Come along any time," replied Mills cheerfully as he slung his boots across his shoulders. "You don't think that island's a quicksand, eh?"

The Frenchman turned and stared at it. "I do' know," he answered. "Per'aps. You goin' to try, eh?"

"Yes, I'll have a shot at it. You can mos'ly trust yourself on 'em, if you walk light and quick. But we'll see."

The Frenchman watched him as he waded out. The black water reached no higher than his knees, but the ground was soft underfoot, and he floundered anxiously.

"It sucks at you," he called. "It's all greasy."

He moved on, and came to the sand island.

"It's better here," he called. "I'll be all right now."

The Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, gesticulating violently. "You go down; walk off 'im!"

Mills glanced down, and saw that the creeping sand had him knee-deep. He dragged his right foot forth and

plunged forward, but with the action his left leg sank to the crutch, and he only kept his balance with a violent effort.

The Frenchman danced on the bank. "Throw you' gun down," he shouted. "Throw you' boots down. You' in to the waist now. Push yo'self back to the water. Push hard."

He wrung his hands together with excitement.

Mills threw down his rifle, and the sand swallowed it at once. He turned his head to the man at the bank.

"It's no good, chum," he said quietly. "I reckon you better take a shot at me with that revolver."

The sand was in his arm-pits. The Frenchman ceased to jump and wring his hands, and smiled at him oddly. Mills, in the midst of his trouble, felt an odd sense of outraged propriety. The smile, he reflected, was ill-timed—and he was sinking deeper.

"What you grinning at?" he gasped. "Shoot, can't you?"

"I coom pull you out," said the Frenchman, fumbling at the buckle of his belt, and he forthwith stepped into the water.

He waded swiftly to within five feet of the sinking man and flung him the end of the belt. Mills failed to catch it, and the Frenchman shifted his feet cautiously and flung again.

"Now," he shouted, as the trader gripped it, "catch 'old tight," and he started to drag him bodily forwards.

"Careful," cried Mills; "you're sinking."

The Frenchman stepped free hastily, and strained on the belt again. Mills endeavored to kick with his entombed legs, and called a warning as his rescuer sunk in the sands. Thus they wrestled, and at length Mills found his head in the water and his body free.

He rose, and they waded to the bank. "Of all the quicksands I ever saw," said the trader slowly, as he sat down

and gazed at the place that had so nearly been his grave, "that one's the worst."

"'Orrid," agreed the Frenchman, smiling amicably. "You was ver' near buried, eh?"

"Yes," said the trader thoughtfully. "I suppose any one 'ud say you saved my life, Frenchy?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Exactly," said Mills. "Well, there's my hand for you, Frenchy. You done me a good turn. I'll do as much for you one of these days."

"Eh?" said the Frenchman as he shook hands.

"You've got a nasty habit of saying 'Eh?'" retorted the trader. "I said I'd do as much for you one of these days. Comprenny?"

"Oh yais," smiled the Frenchman. "I think you will. Tha's all right."

"Well," said Mills, "I wish you'd come up and see me at my *kia*. Sure you can't come now?"

"Yais, I coom now," answered the other.

Mills stared. "'Fraid you can't trust me to go alone, are you?" he queried. "'Cause, if so—"

"Tha's all right," interrupted the Frenchman. "I coom now."

"Right you are," said Mills heartily. "Come along then!"

They strode off in the direction of the drift, Mills going thoughtfully, with an occasional glance at his companion. The Frenchman smiled perpetually, and once he laughed out.

"What's the joke?" demanded the trader.

"I think I do a good piece of business to-day," replied the Frenchman.

"H'm, yes," continued Mills suspiciously.

It was a longish uphill walk to the trader's store, and the night fell while they were yet on the way. With the darkness there came a breeze, cool and refreshing; the sky filled with sharp

points of light, and the bush woke with a new life. The crackle of their boots on the stiff grass as they walked sent live things scattering to left and right, and once a night-adder hissed malevolently at the Frenchman's heel. They talked little as they went, but Mills noticed that now and again his companion appeared to check a laugh. He experienced a feeling of vague indignation against the man who had saved his life; he was selfish in not sharing his point of view and the thoughts which amused him. At times reserve can be the most selfish thing imaginable, and one might as well be reticent on a desert island as in Manicaland. Moreover, despite the tolerant manners of the country, Mills was conscious of something unexplained in his companion,—something which engendered a suspicion on general grounds.

The circle of big dome-shaped huts which constituted the store of Last Notch came into view against a sky of dull velvet as they breasted the last rise. The indescribable homely smell of a fire greeted the nostrils with the force of a spoken welcome. They could hear the gabble of the Kafirs at their supper and the noise of their shrill empty laughter.

"That's home," said Mills, breaking a long silence.

"Yais," murmured the Frenchman; "'ome, eh? Yais. Ver' nalce."

"You may say what you like," continued the trader aggressively. "Home is something. Though never so 'umble, ye know, there's no place like home."

"Tha's all right," assented the other gaily. "I know a man name' Albert Smith, an' 'e sing that in the jail at Beira. Sing all the night till I stop 'im with a broom. Yais."

Mills grunted, and they entered the *skoff kia*—the largest of the huts, sacred to the uses of a dining-room. It contained two canvas chairs, a camp table, a variety of boxes to sit upon, and

some picture-paper illustrations on the mud wall. A candle in a bottle illuminated it, and a bird in the thatch overhead twittered volubly at their presence. Some tattered books lay in the corner.

They washed in the open air, sluicing themselves from buckets, and dressed again in clean dungarees in another hut.

"Skoff [food] 'll be ready by now," said Mills; "but I think a gargle's the first thing. You'll have whisky, or gin?"

The Frenchman pronounced for whisky, and took it neat. Mills stared.

"If I took off a dose like that," he observed, "I should be as drunk as an owl. You know how to shift it!"

"Eh?"

"Gimme patience," prayed the trader. "You bleat like a yowe. I said you can take it, the drink. Savvy? *Wena poosa meningi sterrik*. Have some more?"

"Oh yais," smiled the guest. "Ver' good w'isky, eh?"

He tossed off another four fingers of the liquor, and they sat down to their meal. The food was such as most tables in Manicaland offered. Everything was tinned, and the *menu* ran the gamut of edibles from roast capon (cold) to *paté de foie gras* in a pot. When they had finished Mills passed over his tobacco and sat back. He watched the other light up and blow a white cloud, and then spoke.

"Look here, Frenchy," he said, looking at him steadily; "I don't quite cotton to you, and I think it proper you should say a bit more than you have said."

"Eh?" queried the other smiling.

Mills glowered, but restrained himself. "I want to know who you are, and I guess I mean to know too, so out with it!"

"Ah, yais," replied the Frenchman, and removed his pipe from his mouth. He trimmed the bowl fastidiously with

his thumb, smiling the while. Of a sudden he looked up, and the smile was gone. He gave Mills back a look as purposeful as his own.

"I'm the man that save you in the river," he said meaningly.

"Well," began the trader hotly, but stopped. "That's true," he answered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "Yes, that's true. You've got me, Frenchy."

"Yais," went on the Frenchman, leaning forward across the table, and speaking with an emphasis that was like an insult. "You sink there in the sand. I stop and save you. I stop, you see, although the men from Macequece coom after me and want to kill me. But I don't run away; I don't say to you, 'I can' stop. You go down; you die.' I don't say that. I stop. I save you. An' now you say to me, 'Frenchy, 'oo the 'ell are you?' Yais."

Mills shrugged protestingly. The appeal was to the core of his nature; the demand was one he could not dishonor.

"I didn't say just that," he urged. "But what are the chaps from Macequece after you for?"

"Tha's all right," replied the Frenchman with a wave of his hand. "You say, 'Frenchy, I don' like you. Dam you, Frenchy!' Ver' well. The men coom, you give me to them. They shoot me. Tha's all right; yais."

He replaced his pipe and commenced again to smoke with an expression of weary indifference.

"I'm not that sort," said Mills. "I'm open to admit I didn't quite take to you—at first. I can't say fairer than that. But tell me what you done to rile the chaps. Did you kill a bloke, or what?"

"Jone Mills," said the Frenchman—"Jone Mills shoot the Intendenté at Mandega's. Kill 'im dead. Dead as pork. They don' chase Jone Mills. They don' want to shoot Jone Mills.

No. Frenchy—po' ol' Frenchy—'e shoot a man in Macequece. Shoot 'im dead. Dead as pork. *Then* they all coom after 'im. Wan' to shoot 'im. An' po' ol' Frenchy, 'e stop to pull Jone Mills out of the river. 'E save Jone Mills. Jone squeak an' say, 'Shoot me quick befo' I choke.' But Frenchy stop an' pull 'im out. Yais. An' then they shoot Frenchy. Yais!" He blew a huge volume of smoke and lay back serenely.

"Look 'ere, Frenchy," cried Mills, stretching his hand across the table, "'I'm in this. They won't catch you here, old son. Sayvy? There's my hand for you."

"Eh?"

"There's my hand, I'm tellin' you. Shake hands, old son. You may be a hard case, but you *did* save my life, and it's up to me to see you through. We'll be able to call quits then."

The Frenchman rose with a serious face, and the two shook hands over the candle. The Frenchman held Mills's hand a moment longer.

"I know you," he said. "You do know me. I trust you, Jone. I know yo' a good man."

He sat back again, and Mills turned matters over. In that rough community no man would own himself devoid of gratitude. "I'll do as much for you," was the common acknowledgment of a favor. It appeared to Mills that his new acquaintance might be a precious scoundrel, but that point was not at present in issue, and there remained a debt to be satisfied before he could raise that point. The knowledge that Frenchy had shot a man did not trouble him in the least, so long as the accompanying circumstances and the motive were in accordance with the simple standards of Manicaland. Here came in the doubt, engendered by nothing more concrete or citable than a trifle of mystery in the man's manner, and some undefined quality

that disagreed with the trader. He glanced over to him. The Frenchman was blowing rings of smoke and smiling at them. There was nothing in his face but innocent and boyish amusement.

"Gad, you're a cool hand!" exclaimed Mills. "How d'you reckon we better work it?"

"I do know," replied the other indifferently.

"You don't, eh? Well, d'you think they'll follow you all night?"

"I don't think," said the Frenchman, with confidence and a swelling of the chest—"I don't think they wan' to meet me in the night. Not ver' naice, eh? Leetle dangerous."

"H'm. You've got a bit of an opinion of yerself, anyhow. If that's all right, it'll be time enough to clear by daylight. Did you bolt just as you are—no niggers, no *skoff*, no anything?"

"No time," was the answer. "So I coom out without everything. Just like this."

"I can get you a couple of niggers," mused Mills, "an' you'll want a gun. Then, with *skoff* for a fortnight, you ought to be up at the Mazoe before they find your spoor. What do you think?"

"I think it's ver' naice," smiled the other.

"Then we'll *hamba lala*" (go to sleep), said Mills rising. "I don't know how you feel, but I'm just done up."

A bed was soon fixed for the Frenchman, who retired with a light-hearted "goo' night." Mills, keeping full in view his guest's awkward position, and the necessity of packing him off at daylight, determined not to sleep. He went out of the kraal and listened to the night. It spoke with a thousand voices; the great factory of days and nights was in full swing; but he caught no sound of human approach, and returned to the huts to prepare his guest's kit for the departure. He found and par-

tially cleaned an old rifle, and unpacked a generous donation of cartridges. Meal for the carriers, blankets and tinned meats for the Frenchman, were all at hand. Candles, a lantern, matches, gin, a pannikin, a pair of pots, and so on, soon completed the outfit. Packing is generally an interesting operation, and Mills was an expert in it. He forgot most of his perplexity and ill-ease as he adjusted the bundles and measured the commodities. He had the whole of the gear spread out on the floor of the *skoff kia* when a voice accosted him.

"You needn't bother no more, Jack," it said softly.

A man tiptoed in. He was short and lightly built, and carried a sporting rifle in his hand. His reddish moustache was dragged with dew and his clothes were soaked in it. He looked at Mills with gleeful blue eyes.

"Where's Frenchy?" he asked softly.

Mills labored to express surprise. "What're you talkin' about?" he demanded loudly.

"Don't shout, blast yer!" whispered the other vehemently. "We saw yer go up 'ere together, Jack, and nobody ain't gone away since. There's five of us, Jack, and we want that swine—we want 'im bad."

"What for?" asked Mills desperately, without lowering his voice.

The other made an impatient gesture for silence, but his words were arrested by a clamor in the yard. There were shouts and curses and the sound of blows.

"We've got 'im, Charley," shouted some one triumphantly.

The smaller man rushed out, and Mills followed swiftly. There was a blackness of moving forms in the open, and some one struck a match. The man called Charley stepped forward. Mills saw the face and hand of a man standing upright, brilliantly illuminated by the flame of the match; and on the

ground three men, who knelt on and about a prostrate figure. One was busy with some cords. In the background stood Mills's Kafirs. The match burned down to the holder's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Well, Dave," said Mills, "what's the meanin' o' this game o' yours—comin' to a man's *kia* in the middle o' the night and ropin' his mate out o' bed?"

The man who had lit the match laughed. "That you, Jack?" he said. "Well, you wouldn't be so ready to call this bloke 'mate' if you knew what he'd been up to."

"The—swine!" commented Charley.

"Get a lantern," commanded Mills to the Kafirs. "What d'you mean?" he asked of the tall man.

"He shot a woman!" said Dave. The tone was eloquent of the speaker's rage and disgust.

Mills stared open-mouthed. "A woman!" he gasped.

"A woman," replied Dave. "Shot her, as bold as the devil, on the street, in the daytime, and did a bolt for the bush. Every man that could put foot to the ground is out after him."

A Kafir arrived then with the lantern Mills had designed for the Frenchman, and by its light he was able to see the faces of the men. They were all known to him. The man who was cording the prisoner's arms had seen his daring work at Mandega's. He knelt on the prostrate form as he worked, and the Frenchman's face showed like a waxen mask on the ground. Blood was running from a deep cut on his cheek.

"I save yo' life, Jone," he gasped.

"Shut up!" snapped one of the men, and struck him on the mouth.

"Here," protested Mills; "go slow, can't you! There's no call to 'bang him about."

They stared at him with astonishment. "Why, man," exclaimed Char-

ley, "didn't we tell you he shot a woman?"

"What's that he said about savin' your life?" demanded Dave.

"He did," explained Mills. He told them the story, and they listened without sympathy.

"It was a bloomin' plucky thing to do," concluded the trader. "I'd ha' bin dead by now but for him, and I owe 'im one for it."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' he isn't plucky," said the man who had been tying the Frenchman's arms, as he rose to his feet. "He's the dare-devillist swine alive, but he's done with it now."

Dave came round and clapped Mills on the shoulder.

"It's worked you a bit soft, old man," he said. "Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have us let him go after shooting a woman, would you?"

"Oh! stow it," broke in one of the others. "If it wasn't that 'e's got to go back to Macequece to be shot, I'd blow his head off now."

"I'm not asking you to let him go," cried Mills. "But give the bloke a chance, give 'im a run for it. Why, I wouldn't kill a dog so; it's awful,—an'—an'—he saved my life, chaps, he saved my life."

"But he shot a woman," said Charley.

That closed the case,—the man had committed the ultimate crime. Nothing could avail him now. He shot a woman—he must suffer.

"Jone," moaned the Frenchman—the cords were eating into his flesh—"Jone, I saved yo' life."

"Why couldn't you tell me?" cried Mills passionately; "why couldn't you trust me? I could ha' got you away."

"That'll do," interrupted Dave, thrusting Mills aside. "We'll trouble you for a drink and a bite, old boy, an' then we'll start back."

Mills led the way to the *skoff kia* in silence. There was food and drink still on the table, and the men sat down

to it at once. The Frenchman lay in the middle of the kraal, bound; his captors' weapons lay at their feet. He was as effectually a prisoner as if their five barrels were covering him. Mills stood moodily watching the men eat, his brain drumming on the anguished problem of the Frenchman's life or death without effort or volition on his part.

"Got any more *poosa*, old boy?" asked Dave, setting down the whisky-bottle empty.

"Yes," said Mills thoughtfully. "Plenty." He shouted for a boy, and one came running.

"Go to the store-hut," ordered Mills slowly, "and bring a bottle of whisky." He spoke the "kitchen-Kafir," that every one in Manicaland understands.

"Yes, baas," said the native.

"But first," said Mills, still speaking slowly and quietly, "take a knife and cut loose the man on the ground. *Quick!*" The last word was a shout.

Dave sprang to his feet and stood motionless. The others were arrested in the action of rising or reaching their weapons. From the wall beside him Mills had reached a revolver and held them covered. The barrel moved over them, presenting its black threatening mouth to one after the other. It moved in jerks, but not without purpose. It held them all subject, and the first movement doomed.

"Jack!" cried Dave.

"Shut up!" commanded Mills. "Don't move now. For God's sake don't move. I'll shoot the first one that does."

"He shot a woman," they protested.

"He saved my life," said Mills. "Are you all right Frenchy?"

"Yais," came the answer, and with it the ghost of a laugh.

Mills did not look round, and the steady remorseless barrel still sailed to and fro across the faces of the men in the hut.

"Clear out, then," he shouted. "I'll

only give you five minutes. You shot a woman. And, Frenchy—"

"Yais, Jone."

"This makes us quits, see?"

"Ver' good, Jone. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Frenchy."

Dave ripped out a curse and shifted slightly. The barrel sprang round to him, and he froze into stillness.

"Don't do that again, Davy," warned Mills.

"You'll catch it hot for this," snarled one of them.

"Very like," replied the trader.

He counted a liberal five minutes by guess. He dared not look away from his men. At last he spoke.

"It was up to me, boys," he said with a sigh. "I couldn't do no less. If it 'ad been a man 'e shot I'd ha' kept you here all day. But I've done enough, I reckon, seein' it was a woman."

He dropped the revolver to the ground.

"Now!" he said.

They sat round and stared at him. For full a minute no one spoke. Mills gave them back their eyes gloomily, leaning with folded arms against the wall. Then Dave drew a long breath, a very sigh.

"Well, Jack," he said, shaking his head, "I didn't think it of you,—I didn't, indeed. A skunk like that! a woman-shooter, and a Frenchman!! You didn't used to be like this."

"We're quits now, him and me," answered Mills. "He saved my life, and I'm satisfied. So if you've got anything to say—or do—then get it over."

Charley burst out at this in a fuss of anger. "You ought to be shot," he shouted. "That's all you're fit for."

"Charley's right," growled one of the others.

"Oh, cut it off," cried Dave impatiently; "we're not going to shoot Jack. But I guess we won't say we've lost the Frenchman yet."

He lowered his brows and turned his eyes on Mills.

"You an' him's quits, Jack," he said.

"What do you think about it?"

Mills looked up slowly, like a man newly awakened from a dream.

"You might get a shot at him from the path," he answered musingly. "That is, if he's keeping north. I'll show you the place."

"You don't think we'd have a chance of catching him?"

"Not a ghost," replied the trader decisively. "Once you get into the kloof, he's lost. All you can do is to wait till he breaks cover down below, an' try a long shot. By God!" he cried with sudden energy, "I'll try a lick at him myself. We're quits now, the—the woman-shooter!"

He snatched a rifle and led the way, the others tumbling after him. Some hundred yards beyond the kraal the footpath dipped abruptly towards the valley, and at an angle of it there was to be gained a clear view of the bush beneath, where it surged at the foot of the hill and ran down the kloof; at the lower part of the kloof it ceased, and the ground was bare red earth for a space of some thousand yards. Mills sat down on a stone. Dave squatted beside him, and the others grouped themselves on adjacent boulders.

The sun was well into the sky by now—it was about six o'clock in the morning. The air was of diamond, and the chill of the night had already passed. The men glued their eyes on the bare patch and waited.

"Funny game you played up there," whispered Dave to the trader.

Mills nodded without speaking.

"I'm not blaming you," continued the other. "I reckon I understand, old boy. But are you going to shoot at him?"

"I am that," was the reply.

"Well, I hope you get him," said Dave. "The chaps'll forget the other

business then. They didn't like it, you know—nobody would."

"It's not because I care for them or what they think," began Mills.

"I know it's not," interrupted Dave. "You know all the ranges, I suppose?"

"Nine hundred yards to that black spot," said Mills. "The spot's a bit of a hole in the ground. Twelve hundred to the big boulder."

He rose off the stone he was sitting on and lay down on the path, belly-under, and ran up the back-sight of his weapon with care. Flinging back the bolt, he blew into the chamber and thrust a cartridge in; tested the air with a wet finger, and wriggled the butt home into his shoulder. Dave watched him in silence; Mills was, he knew, a good shot, and he was now preparing, with all the little tricks and graces of the rifle-range, to pull trigger on the man he had risked—nay, almost thrown away—his life to save from the consequences of an unspeakable crime.

"Ah!" breathed Mills, with an artist's luxurious satisfaction.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Down the valley a figure had broken from the bush, and was plainly to be seen against the red ground. The men on the hill flopped down and prepared to shoot.

"Don't fire," Dave warned the others. He was watching Mills. The trader's face bore no signs of his recent mental struggle. It carried no expression whatever save one of cool interest, just touched with a craftsman's confidence. His barrel was steady as his head. The little figure below was moving over the rough ground towards the black spot. They could see its legs working grotesquely, like a mechanical toy.

"So," murmured Mills. "Now just a little farther. So!"

He fired.

There was no leap into the air, no tragic bound and sprawling tumble. The little figure in the valley fell where it was, and never moved.

Mills jerked open his breech.

"I'll bet that took him in the spine," he said.

Perceval Gibbon.

IN PRAISE OF THE SPADE.

When our hostess has presented me with charming vagueness as a digger in the Levant, and we are between fish and fowl, you are sure to ask, dear lady, for what do I dig, and, with a glance at my hands, if it be not a tedious labor in that climate. And no sooner is it avowed that I dig vicariously, and (with some shame) that I could not do the spade-work myself for half a day, you pass to a question which embarrasses me not a little, why so do I spend my time? I might frame you platitudes on the absolute value of all knowledge, or that relative importance which a knowledge of antiquity has in

the understanding of modern life; but I suspect, if ever you give a thought to ancient history at all, that it seems to you, as to an old sceptic of your sex whom I knew once, by-gones that had best be by-gone. Nor may I reply, with garbled irreverence, that I dig because I am ashamed to beg; for apart from this, that I am not in fact ashamed to beg (or little enough digging had I done), it must not be implied that I dig to live,—*suggestio falsi!* Neither lucre, alas, nor much meed of fame is to be earned by such a spade in a society which bears hardly with archæology as an academic pastime for mild men, mis-

trusting it the while not a little for an officious inquisitor of family traditions. Therefore I usually take refuge in a change of subject, to your manifest relief, and indeed to my own; for in that company, and beneath those lights, I might convince myself as little as you. And, indeed, it is not till I find myself in the desert, and under the stars which crowned the Egyptian Goddess of Night, that I feel equal to justifying the digging trade.

Have you ever felt the lust of loot, the fierce joy of treasure trove, and reaping that you did not sow? It is akin to the joy of all sportsmen, of the waiter on chance, or even of a skilful gambler, who may play with Fortune while she plays with him. Loot has supplied on occasion the dominant passion to all sorts and conditions of men in all ages, from the warfare in the dawn of time to that concerted triumph of civilization which we lately witnessed in China. The desire of it has covered the sea with pirates, and the land with filibusters. There are certain periods of history during which it supplies the one sufficient key to recorded human action,—those recurring epochs of mercenary militarism, when all the best blood of the best nations in the world was poured out under alien banners; when men made a trade of fighting as naturally as they till or huckster now; when not honor or discipline, any more than patriotism, outweighed the instinct to preserve what had been gained by bow and spear. So it was in the Hellenistic age after the death of the great Alexander, when the manhood of Macedonia and Greece roamed the world year in and year out, cumbered with a growing booty, and depositing it under the shadow of every king in turn. So too it was in that mediæval epoch of the Grand Companies, and of our early wars with France. Hope of loot is stronger than even a certainty of hardship and death.

It fed the Roman legions in the West with Gauls and Germans, long after Italy had ceased to man them; and in the Eastern Empire it supplied the vital element to a long series of mercenary corps from the Varangian Guard to the Mamelukes of our grandfathers' day and the Mamidieh Horse of our own. Place civilized men for however short a time without the scope of their own social code,—and how many will keep within the Decalogue? If few unchain the animal in them to rape or slaughter, yet fewer will hold their hands from a general loot.

I find not a little of this natural joy of thieving in the pleasurable excitement of a digger's life. Whatever his scientific purpose, and however certain it be that what he may find shall not be converted to his own pecuniary gain, I suspect his actual emotion, at the moment when a breach is made in a virgin and furnished sepulchre of old time, is not to be distinguished from that with which French and British soldiers once entered the Summer Palace of the Manchu Emperors. It is a joy without prevision of any sequel, a joy of instantly possessing oneself of a treasure ready made, the first joy of the finder of a nugget, the joy of loot.

Not too noble a joy, you will say, dear lady. I grant it you; but on an Egyptian mound I am not concerning myself with the nobility or even the morality of a digger's joys. At best they are all somewhat egotistic. But simply as joys, right or wrong, I would expatiate on them without prejudice. Some of them may not easily be conceived to pertain to archaeology. Not that I suppose one of your sex to want understanding of the gambler's joy; nor again of the second joy (which indeed includes the first) the joy of acquisition and possession. But you may wonder how these joys should ever come to one who grubs vicariously in damp mould for broken things that are often enough

of no beauty or intrinsic value; and the more since the digger is seldom licensed to impound anything he finds, but must hand it over to some impersonal administration, in which he has no part or lot.

Know, however, that the digger, like every discoverer, does realize himself sufficiently in whatsoever things he finds, to have a great and keen joy of them. First in that they are his, being trophies of his own bow and spear, found by means fashioned by himself to that end, by men trained to a difficult labor under his eye, found perhaps as a result of his happy reasoning or surmise, or at any rate as the result of a chain of circumstances, in whose forging he has been chief smith. And this further—there is in a sense an actual proprietorship of the scientific substance, if not the material value, claimed by the discoverer and accredited to him by the courtesy of nations. As he has had first sight and knowledge of his finds, so it is always conceded that he shall be first to acquaint others with their nature, usually enjoying for a term of years the exclusive right to their study. And in the event of anything of novelty or great excellence among them being taken by science for a type, this will be associated more or less with his name, if not so indissolubly and grotesquely as might a new variety of herb or beast by the coupling of his genitive in barbaric Latin. In fine there is sufficient identification of a digger with any object that his laborers reveal, for the gambler's anticipation of possession and the complacency of secure acquisition to arise within him and endure reflection. And perhaps after all he is seldom conscious of any very definite lust of possession, but only desires success, to escape miscarriage of his prophecies and plans, and to hold his head high among his rivals.

This joy of self-realization some, that

I have known, have had far more right than others to feel; but I have never observed the corresponding measure in any digger's joy, certainly not in my own, for I derive as keen a pleasure from my most facile fortune as the most laborious of trackers. And so do all who follow the molish trade. You might suppose a digger would plume himself in inverse ratio to the bulk of what he finds, and take most pride in the tiny and delicate things which a touch of the pick-head annihilates and no eye but the most vigilant and best instructed may spy in the dust or slime, —scraps of evanescent papyrus, for example, or friable clay-sealings, of less than a nail's breadth. And so diggers speak and write of themselves. But, believe me, at the moment of discovery the swelling and strutting is all for the huge immovable things, those landlord's fixtures of antiquity, which an elephant could not crush, nor a blind man fail to find,—the altars, the thrones, the colossal statues. And a world, which has little time or mind for small print, or small pictures, or any sort of minuteness, encourages us by basing what approval it can spare on these gross things.

Clear out some great temple in Herculean fashion, shoot all the records of its history, that have fallen from the walls and become embedded in the slow rising silt, to the river or the rubbish mound,—all, at least, that your diggers, better instructed, have not privily rescued and sold to the first comer—and you will have praise from more than the guide-books, and be held blameless, even if the new-bared pillars totter and fall, or the new stripped walls be defiled and defaced. But turn over the silt, sifting it laboriously to note the position of the smallest jetsam of antiquity it contains, and probing it even to the secrets of the foundation stones, and thereafter leave it to protect and support what it has established

for centuries,—and where will be your honor?

And now for the most subtle and exquisite of a digger's joys, one, however, which varies infinitely in quality with the circumstances under which discovery is made, and the sensitiveness of the discoverer. Few persons, diggers or not, appear altogether insensible to the mystery of antiquity. It seems to touch a chord in the nature of all women, but the chord vibrates most in the nature of some men. At its dullest the sensation is not greatly different from any idle curiosity of the brain; but in imaginative temperaments it can stimulate a yearning hunger of the soul, unlike any other. I could conceive that with a feeling of a like kind, seeing the spirit of a dead man, one would crave a word from the silent lips. For fragments of antiquity suggest the veil which is drawn over dead life, and awake an insatiate desire to lift its hem and see ages that were, and the life of men now dust,—life one with ours, but most unlike it, led by beings who were our fathers, but are strange to us as men from another star. Sometimes in the opening of a forgotten desk or a long closed room, one seems in everyday life to catch a momentary glimpse behind this veil; but the digger has the better chance. If he never break into a hidden chamber and see a crowned and sceptred king crumbling to dust at the breath of the upper air,—so all good Alexandrians believe that Arab masons, working in the basement of the mosque of the Prophet Daniel, once saw the great Macedonian—he will let the first light into many a tomb and be first to take up the lamp that the last mourner laid at the feet of the dead. In a sealed sepulchre of hard rock one may even find the bearers' footprints in the dust of the floor.

Once, and once only, have I felt this sensation to the full; and not for a min-

ute only, to be presently dispelled by the light and the movement of day, but for days together. It was in the lower hall of the cave on Mount Dicte, in fretted stalactite aisles whose dim niches still held undisturbed the votive offerings placed in them by reverent Cretan suppliants, dead and gone three thousand years. But you have heard that tale, and I need but add now that it was the one experience in real life which has given me as keen a thrill as any fantasy in romance,—any fantasy of a surviving society or a sealed sanctuary of a bygone age, discovered beyond mountain, forest, desert, or sea, by some strayed tracker. The demand for such tales is nearly as old as man. Legends of ancient kings, not dead but entranced in secret chambers, seen suddenly by an intruder to his own undoing; legends of mountains in mediæval Christendom, that opened and closed on pagan orgies, and the yet living gods of the heathen Greeks; legends of lost Atlantis, of the Wandering Jew, of Rip Van Winkle,—all these owe their ever-green fascination to the sense of mystery of antiquity. This gives awe and emotional efficacy to saintly relics; it keeps folk-lore stocked with buried fanes, paved in silver and roofed in gold, where priests still offer the burnt sacrifice or the mass, and with drowned abbeys, whose bells chime through the waves on vigils and festivals. And, though you know it not, it inspires you, dear lady, when I show a relic of antiquity, to ask me at once how old it may be, and to pitch your interest high or low according as I allow it a millennium more or less.

Perhaps it is not over good for weaker brains, this mystery of antiquity, this glimpse into the world of Anamnesis. It seems to fill all such with some vague assurance that the veil that hangs beyond the grave, as well as that which hangs before the tomb, may be lifted altogether. You must have met,

—for who has not?—one of those readers of futurity by the half comprehended lore of the past, fatuous gropers in prophecy, Anglo-Israelites, Pyramid-Maniacs, men crazed by symbols and numbers. One such I recall now, who has gone where he may learn the secrets that he never wrung from the pyramids. He once made a journey of near a hundred miles in Egypt, good part of it on foot, unattended, with too much tumult in his poor brain to let him catch a word of the vernacular or even the value of the current coinage, of which his donkey-boys and native entertainers robbed him at every turn. And all to ask me and others how many steps we counted on a certain pyramid. He had tramped the last six miles out into the desert at high semi-tropic noon, most fearfully clad in silk hat, voluminous woollen scarf and frock coat, to whose tail-buttons was slung a telescope; but he would neither eat nor drink till he had asked that momentous question about the steps. And when we owned that we had never counted them at all, and indeed were not over sure which was the pyramid in question, we had all the ado in the world to induce him to break bread in our company. And the only atonement we could make was covertly to send packing the rascal boy who had guided and fleeced him, and to put the poor old gentleman, whether he wished it or no, in charge of a trusty Bedouin of our own, who saw him safe again to the rail-head.

Into the joy of mystery I have little doubt, dear lady, you can enter to the full. But even should you belong to the practical and matter-of-fact minority of your sex, you may still sympathize with it as a joy of discovering relics of your own racial childhood. You cannot but have some sense of collective egotism, the same in kind as that passion which impels some men to spend their lifetime in elucidating their

proper genealogy, and all to inquire curiously about the initial phase of their own lives for which their memory is blank. Who has not cross-examined his mother on her memories of his babyhood and childhood? Who has not lingered over the yellow letters he first penned and first received? Collective egotism is only less universal and cogent than individual, because the self is more diffused. An interest less intimate will be felt in the records of one's family than of oneself, in those of the city than of the family, in those of the nation than of the city, in those of the world than of the nation. But some collective egotism we all have, you, I, and the rest.

Such are what I may call proper Joys of the Spade. But, for all their intensity they are not those which go for most in the choice of a digger's life, for they depend on his success and the measure of it in a lottery whence far more blanks than winning tickets are to be drawn. But there is yet another pleasure, less essential to the trade, but a far surer outcome of it.

The digger on classic soil is in a position of peculiar advantage, not easily to be shared by those who follow other callings. In the search for ground, whereon to ply his spade, he must go up and down the land and to its inmost recesses, wherein since husbandmen, shepherds, and woodcutters are his only guides to success, he will come into contact with the most simple and primitive folk, and be forced to learn enough of their speech and habit of thought to maintain direct communication with them. Moreover he is an employer of labor, not working for his pecuniary gain, but hiring the peasants to the lightest and most interesting work known in their lives; and albeit he may have command of official funds and usually of official help, he is not himself of the Government, or one before whom the mask must be always worn.

Lastly his general education and his special training make him sensitive and observant, beyond perhaps other men who come to equally close quarters with the poorer folk.

His, then, will be the animal joy of reversion to racial childhood, being nothing less than the satisfaction of that instinct of treachery to civilization which possesses all healthy children and takes their fathers to a tent on Thames bank, or to a yawl on the East Anglian Broads, or to an Alpine shelter, and yourself, dear lady, to whom no better amateur savagery is permitted, to the precarious pleasures of a picnic. For which unreasonable desire, strongest in the Anglo-Saxon kindred, let me say in passing that I have often tried to find reason. If it be more than some obscure instinct of heredity, perhaps it is a purely egotistic passion, a phase of the universal lust for realizing the self. That combination and division of labor, which are found in civilization, are more satisfactory to the community than to the individual, who in the ruder life alone finds exercise for certain of his natural powers. To kill his food and himself prepare it; to rise and lie down with the sun; to be self-sufficient, dispensing with the service of another's hands; to have neither roof, nor couch, nor abundant clothing,—to find that he can live thus and live well, subtly elates the natural man, giving him pride of himself and assurance that he will stand foursquare to every wind of chance. The less our

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clothing of civilization the higher our spirits, and we should probably stand happiest before heaven as Adam stood ere he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And the natural man rejoices too, to be relieved from the pressure of a complex social code and the infinite trifles of observance which go for so much in the duty to one's neighbor in that higher life of yours. No sooner, therefore, has he left his own soil, than he always sloughs as much of its convention as he dare, and indulges in many a petty barbarism among hospitable foreign folk.

But there is still a greater joy; for a digger is so placed that he watches at his ease strange human societies, unvelled and unashamed, in the setting of mountain and stream which has made them what they are, and among the visible records of their predecessors and their parents in the land. I do not mean that the digger usually does, or indeed can, live with these societies as they live. His trade is too remote from their intelligence, the energy he must use too foreign to their nature. But he can live beside them and breathe their simple natural atmosphere, and therein find full compensation for a life which otherwise might not come quite kindly to a young Briton, sound in wind and limb. For, be his training and theory what they may, the racial instinct for physical emulation will out in the Anglo-Saxon, who in his heart probably seldom sets most store by the fame of a scholar.

D. G. Hogarth.

THE PILGRIM.

Where is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose?

"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no more?

"Sleep is the golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray."

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

THE CASE OF THE ABBE LOISY.

There are events which force even the most retiring of mortals to speak out. I have too long been the close friend of the Abbé Loisy, not to feel constrained to bear my little, utterly spontaneous witness, now that special trouble has come upon him. Though from the first, in 1890, I was aware of a difference of temperament between us, though I did not and do not think all his actions wise, nor all his opinions true, yet the man was a very man. The ever-growing breadth of his learning, the penetration of his critical sense, his delightful simplicity, humor, and

utter freedom from pedantry and rhetoric, his grand historic outlook and apprehension as to the spiritual-mental requirements of our times; the inspiring courage with which he pressed on to what could not fail to swiftly bring grave opposition, all this in and for the Christian, Catholic, Roman Church: this made me gladly proud to work so largely with this little peasant's son, who was so nobly willing to sow in tears that, after storms, mistakes, and inevitable confusion, others might reap in joy.

And now, after some thirteen years

of dull or violent opposition from the many and warm support from a few, has come the censure of Rome herself. For we have now Decrees of the Congregation of the Index and of the Holy Office, putting five of his writings upon the list of prohibited books, with a covering letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State, written by command of the Holy Father. This letter goes considerably beyond the structure of the Holy Office, since the latter refrains from all specific censure, whereas the letter alleges frequent errors, and gives some description of their nature. It is clear, however, that the vaguer censure of the Holy Office is the most weighty of these three documents, as, indeed, the Cardinal's letter itself implies. Three classes of his books are involved: the sketch of Biblical History, written against Renan; the two little volumes of Religious Philosophy and Apologetic, directed against Harnack; and two volumes of a specialist character, the "*Études Évangéliques*," and the Commentary on the Fourth Gospel.

Now it is certain that he, and we his friends, have labored hard, in various ways and degrees, for the further improvement of historico-critical method, and for its application to the literary-historical phenomena and products of religion; yet all this, within and for the Church, of which the Officialty is a necessary and the regulative part. And as he will no doubt respectfully submit himself, and condemn whatever may be reprehensible in these writings, with the obvious and due reservation of his self-respect as an historian, and of adhesion to the general historical method and its legitimate applications, so do I, for my own person also. In doing so I would explain a little, how I think the whole complex matter stands.

I take, then, the condemnation to be, primarily, a shielding of the great majority amongst us who, utterly unprepared for the methods and more or less

assured conclusions which the historical labors of two centuries and more have been slowly maturing and sifting out, have been or may be upset by such large speculation and bold attempts at a Catholic synthesis of the historico-critical facts as are contained in the two recent little books, and, in a lesser degree, in the "*Religion d'Israël*." To such minds the whole might readily spell sheer error and destruction. This distress of mind was deeply painful to us all; and Authority could not but take disciplinary cognizance of it. Yet, if we would be just to the Abbé's action, we should remember that he was certainly not writing for this class, but for another which, as truly extant, has, since the late Renaissance, been, alas, largely and increasingly alienated from the Church. These men of the learned and liberal professions, whether Catholic or not, the Church cannot but preach to them also; and in this world, accustomed, alas, not to such reverend criticism but to destructive scepticism, his work has—I have much documentary evidence before me—done solid, spiritual good. It is more difficult to explain the censure, in so far as disciplinary, passed on the two specialist books, especially the "*Fourth Gospel*." For a large-octavo book of well nigh one thousand pages on so immensely complex a subject, would seem safe against reaching the non-specialist class. And the books could not but, as epoch-making, continue to be studied by the specialists whom they concern. No doubt the Decree of the Holy Office is doctrinal in its drift; yet, since its non-specification of particulars cannot fairly be taken as incriminating the whole, we seem to be directed to conclude that we specialists must use these books with due caution and criticism; they contain hypotheses and theories which, if pressed from a scholastic standpoint, we cannot reconcile with the faith.

Now, if we realize how little of an eccentric is the Abbé, how he is but attempting to consistently apply those same methods which even his fullest opponents cannot entirely shake off, and that, even already, appreciable portions of his teaching, which in 1893 cost him his professorship, have been adopted by strict Catholic theologians, we can, I think, find three fairly close parallels to this great contention in the past. Take the infiltration and irruption of Aristotelianism into the Church, about 1150 and before. St. Bernard (died 1153) clenches his denunciation of Abelard by "another Aristotle." In 1210 the Archbishop of Sens, in a Provincial Council, orders that "neither Aristotle's *Physics* nor their Commentaries be read in Paris, publicly or secretly." In 1215 the Papal Legate there forbids the study of the *Metaphysics* and the *Physics*. Yet, in 1229, the Dominican *Magistri* of Toulouse decide that "students are free to attend there lectures on the *Physics*, which had been condemned in Paris"; and in 1254 the *Metaphysics* and *Physics* get officially adopted at the Paris University. Soon after, Aristotle has become "the precursor of Christ in things natural"; and for St. Thomas he is simply "the Philosopher." A new philosophical interpretation of religion had taken the place of the old; yet religion itself remained as true and operative as ever. Take the controversy as to the authorship of the Dionysian writings. In Constantinople, in 533, they are held to be by a disciple of the Apostles. And from the time of St. Maximus Confessor (died 662), they were universally held to be by the Areopagite, St. Paul's convert, mentioned in Acts xvii. 34, at a date of about A.D. 53. St. Thomas has incorporated the whole of these works, and Dionysius furnishes the fundamental literary form of Catholic Mystical Theology to this day. And though already Valla (died 1465), and

then Erasmus (died 1536) uttered doubts as to their authenticity, a bitter and impassioned controversy raged around them for four centuries, down to the later Archbishop Darboy and Père Dulac, S.J., in 1845 and 1865. Yet now the greatest living authorities are Father Stiglmayr, S.J., and the secular priest Dr. Hugo Koch, who both, with the formal *Imprimatur*, prove Dionysius to be based throughout upon the Neo-Platonist heathen philosopher Proclus (died 485), and to have been written between that year and 515. The date and literary source of the great Mystical authority have been shifted by four centuries, and from St. Paul to Proclus, a shifting far beyond anything required in the Old Testament, let alone the New; yet Catholic Mysticism, which, for its forms, was for a thousand years directly based upon it, has lived on, as true and deep as ever. And take Copernicanism. Here we have the declaration of the Holy Office, published February 24th, 1616. Galileo's proposition, "the sun is the centre of the world and without local motion," is declared by all the theologian members to be "foolish and absurd in philosophy, and formally heretical, inasmuch as it expressly contradicts Holy Scripture in many places." And his proposition, "the earth is not the centre of the world and not motionless," is declared by all to be "subject to the same censure in philosophy, and to be at least erroneous in the Faith." On February 25th the cardinals of the Inquisition approved this declaration; and the Pope ordered Cardinal Bellarmine to admonish Galileo to abandon his opinion. On March 5th the Congregation of the Index suspends the book of Copernicus, published in 1543, till it be corrected, and entirely forbids and rejects all others which teach the same doctrine. And the second trial in 1633 ended on June 22nd, with Galileo's formal retractation of his "Dialogo," pub-

lished five months before, as "false and altogether contrary to Scripture." None of these decrees were *ex cathedra*; yet they were undoubtedly doctrinal, and cannot, by their authors, have been held to be other than irreformable. Indeed, up to 1820 the Roman censorship disallowed the earth's movement as a thesis, and not till 1835 were the books descriptive of Galileo's discoveries removed from the Index. Yet the triumph of Copernicanism has been complete. In no branch of scientific investigation have Catholics, indeed Jesuits, done better, during these last fifty years, than in planetary astronomy. The very centre of our visible universe, and all our picturings of God's dealings with man have here, for all educated minds, been reconstructed beyond recall; yet the Faith is still the central "light of all our seeing."

Now, if the Church had undoubted rights and duties of a moderating, disciplinary kind, in these three great debates, which lasted one, four, and two centuries, and if only when, within such philosophical, historico-critical, inductive-science matters, the authorities became absolute and doctrinal, grave perils for all concerned arose: it is clear that the same unchallengeable rights and duties, but also the same deep dangers, are with us still and now. And again, necessities every whit as pressing as Aristotelianism and as Copernicanism are working now within and upon us all. These are, as then, both mental and spiritual. The former lies in the unescapableness of the historico-critical method, for all thinking men, and for Catholics in particular. You can, if you know how to not think at all, escape from thinking in the categories that have been matured, ever since the Renaissance, in application to all history. You can, if you are an Illuminist, try and do, religiously, without history altogether. But you cannot escape, *qua* human being, from

thought and the pressure of facts and of logic; and you cannot, as an historical Christian, escape from history. The methods that have resuscitated the Roman Forum, reconstituted the *Liber Pontificalis*, and given us a fine Commentary on the Book of the Judges, cannot but apply to the analysis and reconstruction of that primitive Christian literature and phenomenal history, which is the most entrancing subject-matter for every fully alive and believing man's mind and heart. Not one of the four groups of men indicated but has made mistakes. Yet not one but has produced work and has exercised an influence, which are in good part abiding. And in the general aim and substance of their labors, the first group involves the last, and each has got a self-consistent method and a fruitful faith, only if it finds room for the toil of the other three. The late Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, and Père Alfred Lapôtre, S.J., have admirably brought out the hopelessly vicious circle in which those theologians are entrapped, who must and do appeal to this and that, as part of phenomenal history, yet will not allow that same document or fact to be examined and tested by the universal historical method. Here escape is possible only at the cost of sterilizing unreality of mind, and of a corrosive, even if silent, scepticism.

For the spiritual necessities here come in with terrible force. I take them to be three: action, sincerity, self-crucifixion. Systematically discourage, amongst those endowed with the great gift of Faith and with latent powers of thought and investigation, all mental activity, or turn the latter into merely repetitive, archæological channels; and man, made for eating his bread in the sweat of his brow, and for ever reacquiring and reconstituting truth for himself at the simply inevitable risk of error, will soon be empty, shrunken,

with the horrible pain of a barren contraction all about him; his lower nature will then as readily predominate, as if it had lost the precious anchor and unique motive of Faith. For myself I have been taught, by a bitter experience which nothing could justify me in repeating, that though, alas, I could cease to believe, though possibly I could cease to think upon subjects of religion; that, as long as I do believe, I cannot cease to study, with the best methods procurable, the historical and psychological sides of the very realities and of that life which I love and try to live by, from which I spring and to which I go.

And then there is that queen of the intellectual virtues—perfect sincerity of mind, which, surely, is a kind of fruitful virginity of soul. I long tried to reach truth, directly through orthodoxy, and feel very sure that, for many, this is the only way. But I found, for my own case, that I was thus losing both truth and orthodoxy, and with them, all fruitfulness as well. Since I have been taught, by saintly spiritual leaders, to try and find orthodoxy through ever increasing, ever toilsome, self-renouncing sincerity of mind, and to gladly will that the majority, largely without doubt much better than myself and with idiosyncrasies other than my own, should, at best, just simply bear with me: I have found interior strength and a joyous love of the Catholic Church. And lastly, there is the ever fruitful Cross of our one Master—Christ. I take it that only he, amongst those who vividly realize and manfully face the facts and warring claims of our times of dimness and transition, will keep the Faith, who has so deeply learnt and who so universally applies the lesson of the crucified, as to instinctively shrink from and distrust any conception and practice of life or of knowledge, which would not include, and not exclude, much friction, conflict, growth,

mystery, and pain. The full peace and harmony for which we thirst, stand nowhere before these things, but everywhere behind them; not only does sense ever at first seem to contradict spirit, but the phenomenal everywhere, if taken with brutal frankness, seems to obscure or even to contradict the metaphysical realities, in and through which alone we truly live. Yet in both cases the lower cannot be got rid of, since, indeed, it is the divinely intended material and occasion of the growth and deepening of our higher selves. Here our grand Catholic tradition of feeling and seeking, of action and recollection, of noble attachment and heroic detachment, comes in with an amazingly vivid renovation of its inmost truth. The inclusion and proper utilizing of the phenomenal, determinist-seeming facts and method of science, within the total activity and growth of human personality, so as to feed, check, purify and render fruitful the metaphysical and spiritual convictions and interpretations of the soul, which, in their turn, alone give full meaning and value to that phenomenal series: all this has for men of faith and study become more and more inevitable, urgent, difficult, crucifying. Yet it brings with it the sure fruits of the accepted Cross, a humble, humiliating creative power, and a peace which no man can give or take away.

And if Abbé Loisy's learned work and influence seem destined, in their substance, to live on amongst Biblical specialists, and this, according as time and further study improve his own efforts, and develop within its students the latent necessities of this complex subject-matter: we can already, I think, see pretty clearly in what class of figures he will be reckoned in that earthly copy of our Father's house with many mansions, the Catholic Church, his birthplace and his home. He will be reckoned with Pascal, so great and helpful in his philosophy, in spite of the

vivacious exaggerations of his "Provincial Letters," and of his moral rigorism, the latter unshared by my friend; with Fénelon, that winning apostle of Pure Love, in spite of the excessiveness and misleading terminology of some passages of his "Maximes des Saints"; with Mabillon, who, though now rightly quoted on all occasions in proof of the combinableness of deep Catholic piety and critical research, had, with tough volition, to push his epoch-making labors through endless opposition; and with Cardinal Newman, who, though he has done more than any other dozen men put together for again turning the minds of Englishmen towards the centre of Catholic unity, was for years suspected and denounced. And it will never be difficult to combine deep gratitude and considerable docility towards the intrepid renovator of Biblical studies amongst us, with a full readiness to ad-

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mit his liability to mistakes and to obscurity. For have we not, even in St. Thomas, some difficulty in proving him correct as to the Immaculate Conception? And St. Augustine's doctrine as to Grace, is it not all but Jansenist? And were not writings, attributed at the time to Origen, actually condemned by a General Council? And does not the Second Epistle to St. Peter tell us that "in Paul's Epistles are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction?" And yet, what would the Church be without the massively just and comprehensive Aquinate, or without the soaring ardors of Monica's great son, or without the bold large outlook of him who learnt from Didymus the Blind, or, above all, without him of Tarsus, the greatest missionary and perhaps the deepest of all earthly knowers and lovers of Christ Our Lord?

Friedrich von Hügel.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS.¹

We are growing richer in letters and journals with decent rapidity. But a little while since Mr. Rowland Prothero gave us the last of his 500 new Byron letters; later still we have had the correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox; and now from the Shades comes Mr. Thomas Creevey, M.P., gossip and past-master in the use of other people's houses. The two sets of letters I have chosen from my own reading to put by Mr. Creevey's make an odd contrast with them, by the bye: Byron, with his world-wide interest and stormy passions, and Lady Sarah, with her romantic history and indestructible fascination, make up a strange trio with Mr.

Creevey, shrewdly calculating the minor probabilities of politics, and proud of the imitations with which he could enliven a dinner table. But neither of them would have disdained his company, nor would he have been in the least put about by theirs. For if he had not a great soul, he had an amusing observation, and if circumstances led him to live habitually in the society of the great, he was never a snob, but took people on their merits, as he saw them for the moment. It strikes me, I am afraid, as a remarkable fact that Creevey, a man "of no origin," as the pleasant phrase was, whose talents were not really important in politics,

¹ "The Creevey Papers": a selection from the correspondence and diaries of the late Thomas

Creevey, M.P. 1768-1838. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Published by John Murray.

and who was a poor man to boot, was able to live where "dukes were two a penny," so to speak, and to have for friends so many of the social and political lights, without condescension on their part or subservience on his. I fear it seems to me remarkable, considering that he was without any extraordinary force of character, or the genius that will always upset the prepossessions of ordinary men, and I doubt if a contemporary Creevey, neither rich nor well-advertised, could easily hold such a position. The difference, if it exists, I take to lie in the fact that in the time of Wellington and Grey there still prevailed an idea of caste which made such men a Creevey's technical superiors, but left them free to meet him on terms of absolute equality on the ordinary occasions of life; whereas nowadays, such men, clinging consciously or not to a distinction which is professedly abolished, would be more inclined to intimate the distinction in their attitude—or, rather, not men of character and capacity, like Grey and Wellington, but inferior men of their position in life, whom Creevey frequented as easily. Were the contemporary Creevey rich, he might, perhaps, marry into their families with less difficulty than his fore-runner, how rich soever: that is another question. But I will not pursue this excursion into the lesser philosophy of social life; it is easy to be prejudiced against one's times. It is clear, however, that Thomas Creevey had a simple self-respect, and was never anything of a parasite. I find him a great deal more independent (for example) than Thomas Moore.

Unfortunately, however, good qualities of character are not the best recommendations for a letter-writer to posterity. It is pleasant to respect Mr. Creevey for his independence, but for us it is far more important that he was very indiscreet, a considerable scandal-mon-

ger, and apt to be both violent and malicious in his dislikes. When the Princess Charlotte died, and all the Royal Dukes had to start a-marrying, the Duke of Kent sent for his friend Creevey in Brussels, expatiated on the situation, and appealing to Creevey's own feelings in regard to Mrs. Creevey, pointed out the painfulness of his position in regard to Mme. St. Laurent, a lady with whom he had lived for twenty-seven years. Pathetic, in his way, this elderly gentleman, who had done no harm, and merely because of his birth might have to break up his establishment and revolutionize his habits, and at least one would have thought the conversation confidential. But Mr. Creevey greatly increased his reputation for amusing talk by repeating it to his friends. Again, when he was staying with Mr. Lambton (afterwards Lord Durham), no delicacy prevented his describing his host in a letter as a "stingy, swindling, tyrannical kip." I admit the provocation to have been severe: Lord Durham had not given Mr. Creevey enough to eat at dinner. His violence is usually reserved for his political opponents, for he was a partisan after the manner of the day, and among those on his side for Brougham—I shall come to a pretty example later on—but old friendship did not prevent his glancing pretty sharply at faults when he saw them. (He looked with a tolerant eye, however, on the faults of his own youth: "About twelve years ago he wrote to me to inquire the character of a mistress who had lived with me some time before, which mistress he took upon my recommendation"—and, by the way, Charles Greville tells us that he left his papers to his mistress; but in this matter it is enough to say that, not being a Puritan, the fashion of the period did not force him to pretend to be one.) That of the moral faults which help to make him entertaining. He was also intensely inquisitive. When

he heard that the correspondence of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert had been burned, "Oh dear! oh dear!" says he, "that I could not have seen them," and the destruction of George's letters to Lady Jersey was "damned provoking" to him. He would not have burnt Byron's diary, you may be sure. He was sometimes rather an old woman in the sort of tattle he would gravely repeat by letter, such as Lady Grey's complaining that her daughter-in-law took down her remarks in a journal: that again is to our advantage. He had a strong, though not a delicate, sense of humor. After persons and politics—and in regard to both his judgment was shrewd within the limits of his prejudices, and his observation always quick for details—he dwells most on houses, furniture, and the like, in which he was curious, like Horace Walpole; he was very severe on the new Buckingham Palace; but he knew nothing of pictures, and could go to Petworth without noticing the Romneys, though that, as his editor says, was a general deficiency of his time. His style is entirely colloquial. There, I think, he has an advantage over Croker, with whom Sir Herbert Maxwell compares him. A fine literary sense brought to the service of letter-writing, and thoroughly bent to it, the gift of Horace Walpole, is one thing; to write letters in the manner of essays, which is largely Croker's way, is another. Neither Croker nor Creevey is to be mentioned as a letter writer with Walpole, but Byron, who at least approached him, and who could write good enough "literary" prose when he chose, was content to be colloquial in his letters, and Creevey was well inspired to be so also. I attended pretty closely to his slang, and in general to his use of phrases, having a fa^d for the niceties of my native tongue in its progression. Slang which occurs in Lady Sarah's earlier letters—i. e., in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the eigh-

teenth century—is not in Mr. Creevey's—no "grubbing up" a conversation, or "lending a tascusa." In fact, his slang is quite modern. His acquaintances are often "chaps," and "Croker had made a damned rum figure" in the House. His swearing, for which I noticed that a reviewer censured poor Creevey, is all damns, a word I have heard in my time from people by no means pariahs, the reviewer will be surprised to hear. A lady who had gone astray was "known to be a 'neat 'un.'" "Carnarvon never uttered," is an aposiopesis I had thought was of only the other day, and so "really beyond" and "really too" smack of the eighteen-eighties. The second Mrs. Tanquerays of the period (as Lady Darlington, and the wife of a son of his friend, Lord Sefton) are poplollies, or pops. "Wouldn't touch it," is used in the sense of not responding to praise, &c., &c., a slightly different use from our own, but these two expressions, and the aforementioned "kip," are almost the only obsolete slang. And so much for the qualities of the letters and diaries.

Their interest is chiefly in their content, and I think the best plan by which I can give an idea of that is to name some few of the more notable persons who figure in the volumes, and to repeat something of what he says of them. Of Creevey's own life it is enough for my purpose to say that he was born in 1768, went into Parliament for a pocket borough in 1802, and from that time until his death in 1838, was intimate with the Whig chiefs, especially with Lord Grey, and with the Whig society, and knew in a way nearly everybody else.

The whole of Charles Fox's career is familiar, but in most of the entertaining, intimate records which we have of him he is an uncontrolled young man, offending every one by his gambling, his debts, his innumerable excesses, and conciliating every one by his wit, his

manners, and his friendly humanity. So in Selwyn and Walpole; in Lady Sarah he is also a charming boy. It is a little odd to find him in Creevey's earliest letters become "Old Charley." (He had always been "Charles" to his friends; "Charley" belonged to the wider circle of admirers. We all know Charles's and Charlies, and it would be a congenial exercise to discriminate between the names, but I forbear.) Of course he fascinated Creevey also, who calls him this "noble animal," and "amiable creature," and so shows him in his last years still the unaffected, kindly genius he had always been, distinguished by sheer force of intellect, in all else the natural friend to all pleasures and frailties. It is good to know that in 1803 "you would be perfectly astonished at the vigor of body, the energy of mind, the innocent playfulness and happiness of Fox. The contrast between him and his old associates is the most marvellous thing I ever saw—they having all the air of shattered debauchees, of passing gaming, drinking, sleepless nights, whereas the old leader of the gang might really pass for the pattern and effect of domestic good order." Constitution, partly or mostly, but also the essentially innocent soul, the native childlikeness of that lovable prodigy, I like to fancy; it is pleasant to have the record. Pitt, of course, is "the fellow"; the useful working of our glorious party system, which ensures that half the politicians shall belittle any great man on the other side, was in strong force.

The Royal Family was honored by affording Mr. Creevey a great part of his anecdotes, jokes, and reflections. I cannot but think there was something heartless and unamiable in the manner in which the letter writers and diarists of the period speak of it. Of course, the extreme reverence of our attitude to the Crown, which is a creation of Queen Victoria's later years, must not

be looked for. It would have seemed un-English to Creevey's contemporaries. I can understand, also, the contemptuous references to the first two Georges, who were despised as foreigners of an inferior social civilization, and were unkindly men. George III., too, who in many ways claimed respect, was naturally hated for his successful fighting in politics; it is natural that Brougham should refer to him as the "old ruffian" in writing to Creevey, and that "the gentleman at the end of the Mall" should be his most impartial description. But George the Fourth, though he might not claim respect, might reasonably complain (as he complained to Croker) of ingratitude and unkindness towards him personally. The Whigs thought he threw them over. Good: a reason for opposition to him. But, as well as courting them politically, before he was Regent, he had shown a great deal of genuine personal kindness to individuals. Creevey, for instance, was entertained over and over again at the Pavillon; Mrs. Creevey was complimented with Mrs. Fitzherbert's confidences, and so on. (It is hardly necessary to mention that Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage was regarded as regularizing her position, or that even when she had ceased to live with the Regent, she was "received" in English society.) But as soon as it was clear that the Regent intended not to dismiss his father's Ministers his "folly and villainy" became clear to Mr. Creevey, and from that time onwards poor "Prinny," as they called him even after he was King, is handled mercilessly and at times brutally, both by Creevey and his correspondents. It was the mode of the time, and it was unfair, because if the Royalties were fair game for criticism, as of course they were, they were also entitled to ordinary pity and sympathy, and in the main, they were all, George and his brothers—perhaps one should except

the Duke of Cumberland—very human and good-natured people. But "Prinny has let loose his belly, which now reaches his knees; otherwise he is said to be well"—(Lord Folkestone to Creevey in 1818: George had given up stays)—is a fair specimen of their treatment, and it is rather coarse-fibred. There is, however, a deal that is amusing in all this abuse of Prinny. As, for example, the Duke's attacking him for *swearing*—of all things in the world. "By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is," the Duke is made to say in Creevey's journal. "Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him." A touch of Creevey's humor here. It was Lord Thanet who called George the "bourgeois gentilhomme," a phrase which, as Creevey said, would have annoyed him more than "our fat friend." His brothers were treated with the same unkind raillery, and yet they seem to have been homely and unaffected. It was a tradition, no doubt, this hostile attitude, perhaps better than servility. A few stories, however, of William's genuine, though undignified, kindness are related pleasantly, and Creevey, like the rest of the world, was conciliated by Victoria's virgin modesty and grace; there is a picture one can see of her struggling to get off a tight glove when he was presented to her at Brighton. George's singing has often been mentioned (and criticized), but I had never heard before of his lending his vocal assistance to the band in the Pavilion, "and very loud, too," Mr. Creevey says. All this early part about him shows at least a pleasant host, and the pumped-up indignation about Queen Caroline might have been less bitter. Still, he was certainly bringing the monarchy down with a run, and when one reads that Dr. O'Reilly, who attended him on his death-bed, said that "with common prudence he might

have lived to a hundred," one reflects that perhaps his excesses were for the best.

Creevey's conversations with Wellington are most life-like. Croker's tell one infinitely more of military and political points; but he never gives us the "real thing," the Duke, as he really spoke, in all his bluff sincerity and unconsciousness. Creevey started by undervaluing him as a political opponent, but he was brought round by the Duke's good sense, or, perhaps, a little by the great man's friendliness. One enjoys his saying, just after Waterloo, "By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there." Creevey, discreet for once, omitted this sentence in sending home a report of the conversation, thinking it might sound vainglorious, and rightly perceiving that the Duke had no thought of himself at all. He showed "no triumph or joy," but spoke of the affair as a piece of business done, a grave business which had cost so many lives, just, in fact, as Englishmen like their generals to speak, even to the Duke's plainness. "It has been a damned serious business; Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life." Surely if ever a good Englishman spoke it was then.

There is not much to say of Creevey's friends, unless one were to dive into the smaller politics and pick up very minute pearls indeed of added information. He was at home with Grey, and Lord Sefton, and the Twelfth Duke of Norfolk, whom he calls "Barney" or "Scroop." It was Sefton who offered him a dinner in London whenever he dined nowhere else; Grey, with whom he stayed several weeks at a time. With Holland House he was sometimes familiar, sometimes at feud, resenting Lady Holland's bullying ways—one remembers Melbourne's "damned if I'll dine with you at all!"—and I think en-

joying the overtures she would make for his recall. The people he cuts at in passing are legion. He was friends with Brougham at first, nominally so till the end, but, like many other men, soon began to suspect that brilliant eccentric of double-dealing and rapidly arrived at his "low lying dirty shuffling villainy." To Macaulay I was pleased—it would be tedious to explain why—to read that he took a great dislike. "Yesterday I dined at Stanley's. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Gordon were the only performers after dinner, and two more noisy, vulgar fellows I never saw. Fitzroy Somerset, Kempt, McDonald, and I settled that between ourselves afterwards." He disliked Lord John Russell, and was of opinion that D'Orsay was "as ultra a villain as either city," London or Paris, "can produce." That I was sorry to read, but, after all, it is more amusing to read censorious than eulogistic judgments, is it not? Creevey gives you a great many.

Useless to extract many more of the interesting points: how he travelled in the earliest railway, and was terrified by its twenty miles an hour; how a balloon drew out the members from the House of Commons, so that there was a count-out, and Brougham, who had been preparing a speech all day, could not deliver it; how Lady Holland described Lady C. Lamb's notorious "Glenarvon" to Mrs. Creevey, and gave her the key, and the like. I am reminded by this that one sometimes needs a key to Mr. Creevey, where Sir Herbert Maxwell has suppressed names. For his editing in general I offer my humble praises. The book did not require the extraordinarily thorough annotation which Mr. Prothero has given Byron's letters. I think that Sir Herbert might have given occasionally the least bit more of information, for the sake of readers who are not well "up" in the period; Hobhouse, for example, is mentioned several times, and it

would have added to their interest to be told that he was Byron's most intimate friend; or when Queen Adelaide's refusal to receive the Duchess of St. Albans (relict of Mr. Coutts) is related, they might have been told that she had been Mrs. Mellon, the famous actress. Mr. Creevey will make his way to other than the well-informed. In the main, however, Sir Herbert's identifications and dates are all that is required, and his interspersed narrative is excellently to the point. But I am not sure that his suppressions are always wise, quite sure they are not always logical. He speaks of a "severe system of selection," and sometimes gives initials only—once, when all that is said is that certain people were *talking* scandal. Creevey died in 1838; was any one likely to be aggrieved? It is assumed that the King does not object to scandalous stories about his great-uncles, or even about his grandfather; and if that is so, need his subjects be supposed more touchy? In one place Creevey gives the parentage of Captain Garth, which Sir Herbert Maxwell makes "the Duke of . . .," and the "Princess —," and then remarks that he would "hesitate to withdraw the veil," if Madame de Lieven had not done so. Withdraw the veil indeed! I know I am on more slippery ground if I add that the suppression of coarse phrases, the "terms too little equivocal for modern taste," does not meet my approval. My reasons are that these books are produced for grown-up people, who would not be supposed to be in danger of adopting offensive terms into their own conversation, that the very omission gives a disproportionate importance to mere fashions of speech, that the terms in question may be interesting for the history of language, and that since we do not expect contemporary notions of taste in other respects, when we read long dead authors, it is foolish to force our contem-

porary taste upon them in this respect. But I have argued the matter before, and know that I am alone in my opinion. No one ever says or writes anything coarse now, or can endure that his grandfather ever did so either. Be it said that Sir Herbert Maxwell is less squeamish than most other English editors. I take leave of my pleasant gossip a little saddened at the end. For though we may dig up more of his life, I doubt if any one living is preparing a rivalry with him. We push more, and have less leisure generally, it may be, but I fancy that the Creevy type of man, the man who was in, and of, the most important political or other life of the time, but had leisure from his own advancement to observe and write down, is too scarce. Also, I fancy, that the society he describes, where social gifts were still valued for

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their own sake, and money was less of an open sesame anywhere, must have been more agreeable, on the whole, than any general society we are likely soon to see again. . . . I began by noting our increasing richness in old letters and diaries; I will end by hoping that the increase may continue. When we see, I forget how many thousand, new novels come out every year, novels which are, for the most part, the superfluous creation of imaginary duldards in a world that is full of real ones, we may surely find room for more of these genuine records of interesting life.

Could you melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples—

Could we exchange the novels of
Messrs. A., B., and C. for another Wal-
pole, or even another Creevey!

G. S. Street.

WHAT THINGS ARE CONTRABAND OF WAR?

Contraband is a term of positive law, and even its primary sense denotes something prohibited by ban or edict. The final emancipation of legitimate neutral commerce was the outcome of centuries of struggle, carried on, on the one hand, by neutral individuals striving to trade unhindered by war, and, on the other, by belligerents, striving to weaken their opponents by depriving them of the benefits of maritime commerce, whether carried on in their own ships or in those of neutrals. From the very beginning of that struggle, it was understood that such emancipation should never extend to the illegitimate neutral commerce involved in the transport of such commodities as are capable of being immediately used by one belligerent in the prosecution of hostilities against another. That self-

evident principle of self-preservation so far antedated the birth of modern international law, that several Roman Emperors imposed heavy penalties upon the sale of arms, iron, or other necessities to the barbarians, and, as a perpetuation of that idea, the Popes, in their time, by edict or interdict, put under the ban of the Church such Christian traders as trafficked with infidels in weapons and munitions of war. In that way the term *contraband* came to be applied to the commerce in prohibited articles. Long before there was any consensus of opinion between nations as to what articles should be considered *contraband*, the power to define their character was admitted to reside in the Sovereign of the country prohibiting their importation or exportation.

By the first quarter of the seventeenth century, ideas upon the subject of contraband had so far crystallized, that Grotius was able to distinguish between those things which are useful only for the purposes of war, those which are not so, and those which are susceptible of indiscriminate use in peace and war. "There are some things," he says, "which are of use in war alone, as arms; there are others which are useless in war, and which serve only for the purposes of luxury; and there are others which can be employed both in war and peace, as money, provisions, ships, and articles of naval equipment. He is on the side of the enemy who supplies him with the necessities of war. The second class of objects gives rise to no dispute. With regard to the third class, embracing objects of ambiguous use (*ancipitis usus*), the state of the war must be considered. If seizure is necessary for defence, the necessity confers a right of arresting the goods, under the condition, however, that they shall be restored unless some sufficient reason interferes." No higher tribute to the comprehensiveness or permanency of Grotius' classification can be found than that embodied in the fact of its substantial reproduction by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1866, in the following form:—"The classification of goods as contraband or not contraband has much perplexed text-writers and jurists. A strictly accurate and satisfactory classification is, perhaps, impracticable; but that which is best supported by American and English decisions may be said to divide all merchandise into three classes. Of these classes, the first consists of articles manufactured and primarily and ordinarily used for military purposes in time of war; the second, of articles which may be, and are, used for purposes of war or peace, according to circumstances; and the

third, of articles exclusively used for peaceful purposes. Merchandise of the first class, destined to a belligerent country, or places occupied by the army or navy of a belligerent, is always contraband; merchandise of the second class is contraband only when actually destined to the military or naval use of a belligerent; while merchandise of the third class is not contraband at all, though liable to seizure and condemnation for violation of the blockade or siege."

Almost from the outset, the fact was recognized that contraband cannot be limited to arms and munitions of war, that it must be so extended as to embrace a larger list of articles, which may or may not be contraband according to the greater or less intimacy of their association with warlike operations. In that way, a wide field for controversy was opened up between two sets of disputants, each prompted by motives of self-interest to insist upon an expansion or contraction of the list of contraband, according as the one or the other plan best served their own purposes. Great Britain, as the possessor of the greatest sea power, has naturally stood forth as the representative of the idea which favors not only a long list of contraband goods, but also a policy of severity in dealing with those who attempt to traffic in prohibited goods. Against that policy, upheld in the main by English jurists and statesmen, have been arrayed the continental jurists, who have advocated a short list of contraband articles and a lenient method of dealing with those who offend in doubtful cases. Between the two stand the statesmen and writers on international law of America, who, in the drafting of treaties and State papers, have inclined as much to continental models as, in the making of judicial decisions, they have inclined to English precedents. Nothing, however, like uniformity in practice or con-

sistency in principle can be attributed to any one of the disputants. The conflicts between jurists as to the application of the principles involved have not been more marked than the inconsistent practices under which the same State has not only enforced one policy at one time and another at another, but has actually placed conflicting lists of contraband articles in different treaties almost at the same moment.

If arms and munitions of war are contraband by the common consent of nations, it is no extreme extension of principle to associate with them the materials out of which, and the machinery by which, they are fabricated. While such is not the accepted usage of all nations, it is certainly the general practice of Great Britain and the United States so to regard them. On the same general principle, saltpetre and sulphur have generally been included in the contraband list, and in the same category must be placed the materials necessary in the manufacture of the other various kinds of explosives created of late by the ingenious hand of modern invention.

In some of the treaties of the seventeenth century articles of naval construction were expressly included, while in others they were expressly excluded. In the absence of express treaty stipulation, such articles were not then contraband under the general law of nations. Sharply as Great Britain and France have disagreed as to naval stores, they have united in regarding horses as contraband. In 1870, Count Bismarck complained that the "export of horses from England under existing circumstances provided the enemy of Prussia with the means of carrying on a war with a power in amity with Great Britain.

Although the introduction of the use of coal into vessels of war began early in the last century, the Crimean War was the first maritime struggle of im-

portance in which such vessels were propelled by steam power. Thus, confronted by new conditions, Great Britain, after stopping coals on the way to a Russian port, applied to them, as an article *ancipitis usus*, her doctrine of conditional contraband. When the question again rose in 1859, in the war between Austria, on the one hand, and France and Piedmont, on the other, the Foreign Office warned British merchants that "it appears, however, to Her Majesty's Government that, having regard to the present state of naval armaments, coal may, in many cases, be rightly held to be contraband of war, and, therefore, that all who engage in the traffic must do so at a risk, from which Her Majesty's Government cannot relieve them." When the royal neutrality proclamation, issued upon the outbreak of the American Civil War, came under discussion in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham remarked that coal might be contraband, "if furnished to one belligerent to be used in warfare against the other," and Lord Kingdown said that "if coals are sent to a port where there are war steamers, with a view of supplying them, they become contraband."

With regard to provisions, Vattel says, "commodities particularly useful in war, and the importation of which to an enemy are prohibited, are called contraband goods. Such are arms, ammunition, timber for shipbuilding, any kind of naval stores, horses, and even provisions, in certain junctures, when we have hopes of reducing the enemy by famine." Money, metals, cotton, and clothing, although not in themselves contraband, may become so under circumstances substantially the same as those that impart to provisions a noxious character. While money may be lawfully sent to a belligerent country for the purchase of goods or for the payment of debts, its consignment for the purpose of assisting bellig-

erent operations authorizes its treatment as contraband.

Before the principle was settled that the damage to a belligerent from contraband trade results from the nature of the goods conveyed, and not from the fact of transport, it was the ancient practice to confiscate both ship and cargo. The milder modern practice of confiscating the contraband goods only is one of the notable developments of international trade in the seventeenth century. A relic of the earlier practice survives, however, in the rule which still condemns the vessel if the contraband cargo belongs to

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its owner. If the owner of the contraband articles is part-owner of the ship, his share in her is also forfeited. If a neutral vessel is bound by a treaty of its own country to abstain from the act in question, the vessel is condemned for the act, although the cargo be not the property of its owner. If there is a resort to fraudulent devices, such as false papers and false destination, for the purpose of defeating the right of search, or deceiving the searching officers, the vessel becomes subject to confiscation as well as the contraband cargo.

CLASSICAL AND MODERN LITERATURE.

The good old English principle that classics should be the basis of a liberal education is one to which we heartily assent and which we grieve to see impugned, as it often is of late. But from one point of view the great authors of antiquity have suffered from being made school-books, and from having been forced on the young who have not yet attained the years that bring the critical—not to speak of the philosophic—mind. Byron gives expression to a feeling which is almost universal among boys, and which often survives boyhood, when in a fit of half-laughing spleen, he writes—

Now, farewell, Horace, whom I hated
so,
Not for thy faults but mine.

Any one who has been much engaged in examining cannot fail to have observed that the average school-boy suspects a rendering which seems to him

too natural and sensible. He is accustomed to think of the Greek and Latin writers as dealing mainly in what he would call "rot." It is true that such a view was more likely to present itself to the youthful mind a generation ago, when great scholars—like Hamlet's statisticians, who thought it "a baseness to write fair"—despised the art of translation and presented the great thoughts of the ancients in the vile attire of modern journalese. The late Mr. Paley put into the mouth of the Awful Goddesses (*Æsch. Eum.* 154) "there is present for me to feel the severe, the very severe, chill (smart) of a hostile public executioner"; and the same excellent scholar admonishes us on *Choëph.* 175 that it matters little whether we translate "heart-surge of bile" or "bile-surge of heart." The recent and very striking reform in the art of translating, due mainly to Professor Jebb, will do much to mitigate the contempt of the school-

boy for the ancient poets, but it will be hard to convince them that there is not a great gulf fixed between ancient and modern literature. Even editors shrink from what seems to them to be too modern a point of view. Tennyson finely wrote in the "Eagle" fragment—

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

The same picturesque epithet is applied to the sea by Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* (1408) by the consent of the MSS., but the editors from Stanley to the last editor in the Clarendon Press series give the colorless *ἐνρᾶς* "flowing," and regard the picturesque *ἐνρᾶς* "wrinkled" as an obvious error of the copyists. The difference in quantity in the first syllable of the two words gives no reason for believing that the vigorous epithet is spurious; why then should not the poet here show an eye for nature, when it is he who has given us that jewelled phrase "the myriad-rippling laughter of the sea" (*Prom.* 90), and "the brooding crag" (*οἰόφρων πέτρα*) in the *Suppliants* (795)? Again Virgil describes the ships of Æneas making their way up the Tiber in the words:—

viridesque secant placido æquore silvas;

but the commentators are very unwilling to ascribe to the poet the meaning that the prows cleave the mimic groves reflected in the stream. One cannot help wondering whether the time will ever come when some literary compatriot of Macaulay's New Zealander will emend out of the text of Tennyson his "netted sunbeam," his "sands marbled with moon and cloud," and his "blasts that blow the poplar white." Is not this, by the way, the idea that underlies Horace's epithet of *alba* for the poplar?

Now, the truth of the matter seems to be that literature is after all one whole, and that the same features re-

cur in widely diverse periods and places. It is curious to observe how often a familiar modern sentiment can be traced to a very ancient Greek source. Shelley was not the first poet who "learned in suffering what he taught in song." An ancient grammarian Aristides tells that Alcman "being himself greatly under the tender passion became the inventor of love-poetry." Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" maintained that "the poor in a loomp is bad"; Alcæus declares that "money makes the man, and no pauper is good or honorable." The sentiment of the beautiful North Country ballad in which the mother says to her child—

The wild wind is ravin', thy minnie's
heart's sair,
The wild wind is ravin', but ye dinna
care

has its exact counterpart in the exquisite fragment of Simonides, where Danaë sings over the infant Perseus, "The salt spume that is blown o'er thy locks thou heedest not nor the roar of the gale; sleep, babe, sleep the sea, and sleep my sea of trouble. Bacchylides has anticipated a well known song of Burns when he says that a man well advanced in his cups "straightway is a warrior laying topless towers low, and soon will be king of the world." Literary criticism would seem to be essentially a modern art, but we have not only the admirable parodies of Aristophanes in the *Frogs* and *Thesmophoriazuse*, but even we find Timocreon, a very early poet, travestying a rival bard, who had a certain mannerism, which seemed to him absurd. Simonides had written—

Be this the song of Alcmena's son,
Of Alcmena's son be this the song.

Timocreon produced a rival ode beginning—

A silly song came to my ears willy-nilly,
Willy-nilly it came this song so silly.

There is nothing new under the sun—not even the modern nursery invocation of fair weather. The primitive Greek child chanted ἔεχ' ὦ φίλ' ἦλιε, just as the modern child cries, "rain, rain, go to Spain," and we have in the songs of the children's games, preserved among the early melic fragments, all the true notes of nursery literature. Among the most interesting is the formula in the ritual of blind-man's buff, perhaps the most ancient of existing games. The boy who is blindfold is to say (in anapaestic verse), "I go a-hunting a brassy fly," to which the others are to reply in the same measure "A-hunting thou goest but shalt not come nigh."

The same coincidences could be shown between early Latin literature and modern poets who certainly were not borrowers. Space forbids more than a couple of examples. When Shakespeare wrote—

What in the captain's but a choleric word
That in the soldier is flat blasphemy,
he certainly had not in his mind the Ennian—

Palam muttire plebeio est piaculum;
and Shylock's indignant question—

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

is quite independent of—

Quem metuunt oderunt quem quisque
odit perlisce expetit.

There is a kind of literature which would seem to be quite divorced from ancient thought—that of sad introspection. The Greeks, as has been said, were neither sick nor sorry; but to this

rule there are striking exceptions. every one will recall the μή φῶναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον of Sophocles, and there are many such reflections in Æschylus, notably one in the *Agamemnon* where sickness is said to be "next-door neighbor of buoyant health."

It has often been alleged that ancient literature is in one point sharply contrasted with modern. It has been said that the ancients did not commune with Nature as the moderns do, and Matthew Arnold traces to a Celtic source the modern sympathy with the magic and mystery of Nature. Professor Hardie's *Lectures on Classical Subjects*, briefly reviewed in *The Pilot* on December 26th, 1903, include a very instructive and charming essay on this subject, in which he shows that the "Pathetic Fallacy," as Ruskin calls it, which seeks in Nature moods answering to the moods of mankind, was present to the minds of the ancient poets. Theocritus claims for his own fellow-poets a communion with Nature, "we are not the first to whom beauty reveals itself as beauty, we men of women born who see not what to-morrow may bring forth." Communion with Nature does not necessarily demand detailed descriptions or minute study of phenomena, and on the other hand the minutest descriptions do not show sympathy with Nature unless they subserve the pathetic fallacy. Nature must be personified—

Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

is not a clearer example of the pathetic fallacy than the Æschylean "brooding crag," the Catullian "insentient winds that cannot speak to us nor hear our cries," or the Lucretian "greedy hills" that have usurped their share of the fair earth. When Homer says that the arrows fell like snowflakes he does not thereby show any sympathy with Na-

ture, even though he proceeds to a perfect picture of a wintry day, but when Virgil tells how Dido "failed to draw the quiet night into her blood," we feel the poet's communion with her in a mystic and personal aspect. Lord Lytton's—

The day comes up above the roofs,
All sallow from a night of rain

is as mournful as Tennyson's—

On the bald street breaks the blank
day.

But Meleager's—

Why dress yourselves with smiles, ye
meads, in vain?

has not any pathos because the question is put for the frivolous reason that the meads are so much less radiant than Zenophyllé.

From one point of view the ancient and the modern world are indeed sharply contrasted in their attitude towards Nature, and herein the ancients seem to us to have shown a wise discretion. They both agree in drawing from the external world illustrations of mental states. Sometimes, indeed, in ancient poetry these analogies are almost grotesque, as when Apollonius Rhodius compares the fluttering heart

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of Medea to rays of light reflected from the troubled surface of a tub of water, or Virgil likens the frenzied Amata's fierce unrest to the gyrations of a top whipped by boys, but boys (be it observed) of high position, for the top is whipped "round great empty halls." But the process is never inverted in ancient poetry, unless we take into account phrases like "quick as thought." Now in modern poetry such an inverted comparison is quite common. Shelley compares a rock clinging to the side of a ravine to "a wretched soul" which—

hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life.

To Browning the black thorn boughs, dark in the shade "but bright in the sunshine with coming buds, are like the bright side of a sorrow." And in the "Princess" of Tennyson there is a very striking figure of this essentially modern kind—

Let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and
leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope,
and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling
water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in
air.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

SOLACE IN NATURE.

When Fortune had no smile for you, and joy seemed out of reach,
And you and Happiness, alas! were very far apart,
Did you ever stand at twilight on some quiet, wave-washed beach,
And let the sea's soft monotone speak comfort to your heart?

When life had lost its savor, and chill disappointment fell
On the cherished plan or project that you had gladly made,
Did you ever bend your footsteps to some green and tranquil dell,
Where the trees grow leaves for healing, and birds sing unafraid?

The Most Corrupt City in the World.

When Death had cast its shadow, and a loving voice was still
 That had been as tender music to the sunshine of your day,
 Did you ever take your sorrow to the moorland or the hill,
 And let the whispering breezes charm your bitter tears away?

For Nature, sweet in silence and passing sweet in speech,
 Has a word for every trouble and balm for every smart;
 But to find her gifts of solace, which are well within our reach,
 We must come as trustful seekers, and draw very near her heart.

E. Matheson.

Chambers's Journal.

THE MOST CORRUPT CITY IN THE WORLD.

Notoriously bad as have been municipal conditions in New York City under Tammany Hall rule, they have been and are now being surpassed in another American city to whose affairs comparatively little attention has been given throughout the United States and in Europe.

Whatever New York's exact rank as a plundered city has been accounted—and by reason of its commanding position it has not lacked an unenviable pre-eminence—however universal a by-word its low political tone has made it at various times, it at least revealed its self-redeeming powers at the election of 1901. Strongly entrenched as were the Tammany forces which gorged upon New York City's huge resources and its budget and other expenditures of over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year, public sentiment, irresistibly aroused, proved a more telling factor than they. Despite Tammany Hall's efficient, almost military organization, its command of an army of not less than forty-six thousand city employes, and its invidious uses of a campaign fund of many millions of dollars, the elements of decency triumphed. The same and

later elections disclosed a different but, sad to say, not altogether unexpected result in Philadelphia, only ninety miles away. There the worst administration—considering all aspects—that any city of democratic institutions ever knew, worse in many respects than even the sway of the unforgettable Tweed, who, with his accomplices, stole over one hundred million dollars from New York City in 1868-71, have obtained additional leases of power under circumstances so revolting as to bring shame to every conscientious believer in republican institutions.

Philadelphia—the “City of Brotherly Love”—founded by William Penn in a spirit of philanthropy, the birthplace of the Declaration of Independence, the memorable spot where was drafted and adopted the Constitution of the United States, now holds beyond possibility of dispute the ignoble palm of being the most corrupt city in the world. All other American cities have made distinct progress towards something approaching higher civic ideals. It was only because of a fatuously divided opposition that five years ago Tammany Hall was restored to mastery. Though between 1898 and 1901 this organiza-

tion reduced political brigandage to an elaborate system more cunningly scientific than ever before, discarding the clumsy methods of remoter years, and though its blackmail extortions alone have averaged upwards of twenty million dollars a year, it no longer has been able to avail itself of old-time facilities for the rolling up of enormous fraudulent pluralities. Stricter laws and vigilance have tended to minimize that evil, and popular temper, constantly alert, has been abundantly able to check many schemes of plunder coming to public notice. Chicago, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and some other "boss" ridden cities of a few years ago, have risen from the muck of political theft, until now, still far removed as they are from that fairly idealistic state which can come only from the slow maturing, elevating processes of gradually developing finer moral standards, they have ceased to present their former scenes of outright spoliation. Until 1902, St. Louis, it was thought, deserved to be listed among fairly well governed American cities. This belief has been shattered by recent proceedings in the St. Louis criminal courts. So clearly was it shown that the Municipal Assembly for years had regularly trafficked in public franchises for venal ends, that a number of its members together with rich "promoters" have been convicted of bribery and sentenced to prison, while other persons inculpated are under indictment awaiting trial. The details of this mass of corruption are disgusting enough; yet the very fact that summary and condign punishment has been inflicted upon those so far proven guilty shows that the people of St. Louis are quick to resent rascality, and at once precludes the placing of that city on the low plane of Philadelphia, where notoriously corrupt dignitaries rule and thrive unmolested. In the Old World Naples and Constantinople have

been noted for rampant administrative corruption. Naples, for many years, was the prey of a political organization which skilfully imitated Tammany methods and plans. Controlling all the city officials from mayor down, it not only profited by extravagance in contracts, but blackmailed in every possible way, going even so far as to examine monthly the books of merchants in order to determine the amount of tribute to be levied. It terrorized the population, and actually succeeded in subsidizing certain local newspapers to prevent disclosures. The Government intervening, it was found necessary to remove the mayor and nearly the entire police force, and to substitute men of probity. Laying aside doctrinal differences, Socialists, Monarchists, and Clericals united at the elections a year ago and swept the corrupt band out of power. Naples, therefore, takes its place, for the time at least, among the regenerated. As for Constantinople, it can well be dismissed from present consideration. It obviously makes no pretensions to rule by popular suffrage; and as Georges Dorys tells in his work *The Private Life of the Sultan*, its authorities have tacit permission from their capricious master to rob right and left so long as they serve him satisfactorily.

Alone of all the great, at least the largely populated, cities of the world enjoying the benefits of electoral laws, Philadelphia has been retrograding year by year, reaching in 1902 such a depth of incorrigible iniquity as seems scarcely possible. With all the national traits of effusive declamation of patriotism, the jaunty fatalistic optimism with which American judgment is so heavily streaked, American cities have been so misgoverned within the last few decades, so yoked to the tyranny of party "machines," so held under the despotic rule of vulgar political "bosses," that the cynical observer is

not unprepared to receive with belief, even expectancy, a new series of revelations. But, beside nearly all that has gone before, the narrative of enormities set forth here will appear well-nigh incredible, not so much in doubt as to whether perverseness can go so far—unfortunately base natures have furnished ample historic precedents—but in sheer disinclination to think that the legally free people of a legally free city tolerate such conditions. This record, covering the last few years and ending with the elections in 1901 and 1902, when fully forty to sixty thousand (or, as some authorities estimate it, eighty thousand) fraudulent votes were stuffed in the ballot-boxes, is but a fragment of the whole. The "bosses" ruling Philadelphia have not scrupled to show themselves contemptuous enough of public opinion, so secure are they in the possession of illicitly acquired power. Their arrogance, springing from repeated failures to dislodge them, is not moderated by any of those politic degrees of prudence which even the most callous pillagers often affect. Most of their ambitious robberies, such as the seizing of public franchises involving millions upon millions of dollars, necessarily became at once public knowledge, since they had to get the sanction of the Legislature of Pennsylvania and of the Philadelphia Councils—a representative local legislature composed of two branches, the Select and the Common Council. The law-making proceedings of these bodies cannot escape publicity. But it is entirely within reason to suppose that in bureaucratic secrecy, a multiplicity of lesser jobbery has been transacted. Defiant as knaves may be, it is not their game to do the telling. Could the accumulation of all the looting projects, great and small, be massed, the story would be only the more elaborate, not the more impressive.

Philadelphia is the third largest city

in the United States. Its population of 1,293,697, by the census of 1900, is exceeded only by New York City's 3,437,202 and Chicago's 1,698,575. The chief textile centre of the Republic, its limits are thickly dotted with all manner of other manufacturing interests. Yet its municipal affairs receive little notice elsewhere in the United States; so little that it is doubtful whether throughout the breadth of the nation there is any concrete conception of what has been going on there. Philadelphia is looked upon as a dull, "slow city"; popular interest is more concerned with its relics of revolutionary days than with its modern happenings. This absence of widespread attention is in singular contrast with the microscopic focussing lavished upon New York City. The metropolis, the financial stronghold of the Western Hemisphere, the radiating centre of a maze of influences and forces, New York City's most unimportant incidents are chronicled broadcast with an astonishing wealth of detail. In comparison Philadelphia is ignored, doubtless in obedience to popular currents; apart from curtailed news accounts or more extended treatment of some sensational event there, its flow of political and social life seems to be screened from outside view. If, then, the facts given here are but meagrely known to the bulk of Americans, they certainly will be more novel to Europe.

The political complexion of Philadelphia is the opposite of that of New York City. The latter, in its present area, has a normal Democratic majority of over a hundred thousand; Philadelphia, by a vote which, subtracting frauds, would still be overwhelming, incessantly iterates its attachment to the Republican Party. In New York State there are peculiarly balancing, wholesome conditions. It is what is known in political phrasing as an Independent State. Both "party ma-

chines"—the American colloquialism for political organizations conducted dictatorially by recognized powerful personages known as "bosses"—have their hide-bound enrolment, their steadfast supporters, whose interest rather than whose principles it is to stand by the actions and nominations of these organizations, no matter how intolerable the one or offensive the other to the body of unattached citizens. But, happily, there is a large class that, scorning the claims of party tyranny, oscillates vigorously according to varying issues and the character of the candidates presented, irrespective of partisan considerations. This class, constantly self-assertive, is potent enough to change the result at any time; the mere knowledge of this fact has often a salutary influence in compelling the "bosses," as a matter of policy, to make better nominations and to refrain from committing excesses that otherwise they would have no compunction in imposing upon the commonwealth. With refreshing frequency New York State has alternated from the Republican to the Democratic column. Political spirit of this kind, frequently shown, not only infuses a higher tone into political life, but prevents any one party from engendering that more corrupt indifference to public interests bred of long continued dominancy. Having control generally of the law-creating powers of the State through their majority in the Legislature and in the Governor's post, the Republicans make it a partisan point to check the designs of Tammany Hall as much as they can when that organization is in power in New York City. The undying aim of each "machine" being to keep the other out of the spoils of office entails a constant vigilance, a mutually aggressive suspicious attitude, like that of two armies ever manœuvring for advantage. This, too, has a most gratifying tendency in holding down corruption from assum-

ing that more formidable form it would were one party unrestrictedly in sway in both State and City. Moreover, even when the Democrats perchance control the Legislature, the Democratic feeling outside of New York City towards Tammany Hall is so pronouncedly one of prejudice, often bitter resentment, that anti-Tammany Democrats are only too willing to declare against Tammany intrigues.

The State of Pennsylvania presents no such counteracting features as does New York State. Since the Civil War it has been almost invariably Republican, the rare exception being the election of a Democratic Governor in the eighties. Its many manufactures, stupendously enriched by the high protective tariff enacted by the Republican party, throw their whole weight against Democratic doctrine, and a vast array of workers in shop and factory, taught to believe that their own profitable hire and the prosperity of their employers depends greatly upon the tariff-fostering, do likewise. The free-silver movement of 1896-1900, whether judged rightly or not, served to drive thousands upon thousands of Democrats of free-trade ideas into the Republican ranks. Past associations, sentiment and interest all have an added effect. The glory of the Republican party of old, which brought about the abolition of negro slavery, still exercises a mighty influence; its traditions fascinate a generation that as youths lived in the days of the great struggle when Lee invaded their State; when the Confederacy met its irreparable setback within their own borders on the bloody fields at Gettysburg. Men inherit political predilections; in Pennsylvania, the most unprogressive, the most fossilized of States, masses vote as their fathers voted before them, linked to the Republican party by ancestral ties, often indisposed to, and often incapable of, appreciating new times and

new lines of thought. The Republican party being so long supreme in Pennsylvania, the interests of a wide ramification of political, commercial, and social classes have become wrapt up in it. These sometimes chafe under misgovernment; but the fear always presents itself to them that a political upheaval might mean a more direct loss of dollars—direst of evils!—and rather than invite this fancied deprivation, they prefer to stand by their cheque-books and let government go on as best it may. This is certainly an absurd, mischievous, dangerous view—the forerunner of ugly times—but that it is the view of hosts to whom the immediate glitter of the dollar piles is the main consideration is undeniable. Lastly, the criminal classes, always siding with power, use their energies for the Republican party in Pennsylvania as they militantly support Tammany Hall in New York City.

Thus the Republican "machine" in Pennsylvania has only to nominate men, no matter how subservient or openly crooked, and they are certain of being elected. The same men who arrogate over the State "machine" hold the Philadelphia "machine," which is but a segment of the whole, within their fingers. Composed of unemotional, calculating, unprincipled party workers bound together by self-interest, the "machine" makes a thorough trade of politics three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Nearly all its active men are either office-holders or get their subsistence otherwise from politics. The "machine" holds and "picks" primaries and conventions without the remotest considerations for public welfare. It can do this with impunity. The generality of voters, absorbed in their everyday pursuits, too indolent, too gelatinous, or too ignorant to understand the real full duties of freemen, take no concern in practical politics. Leaving

the important business of primaries and conventions to the professional politicians they think their duty well done if they sally forth on election day and, cattle-like, vote for the "regular" candidates provided for them by a small clique. That over, they self-complacently return to their work, giving no thought to politics until the next election day; while all the while the men to whom politics is livelihood itself keep up a ceaseless activity and repeat the farce of "government for, of, and by the people" year after year.

This melancholy system is in operation in many States and cities, but owing to absence of any likelihood of successful opposition in Pennsylvania, and especially in Philadelphia, its perniciousness there is uncommonly marked. The character of the leaders of the Pennsylvania Republican "machine" may be gauged from the career of the principal "boss," United States Senator Matthew S. Quay. Several times within the last dozen years he has been charged with actual malfeasance in offices he has filled. In April 1899, thanks to the exertions of powerful financial enemies whose political ambitions he had foiled, he was brought to trial on the charge of misuse of State funds deposited in the People's Bank, but was acquitted, as perhaps was to be expected of a man to whose favor nearly ever State office-holder owed his position. Some lesser "bosses," animated by various motives, joined the financial magnates in hostility to him; and it was only after a stubborn political fight that he was re-elected to the United States Senate under reiterated charges of legislators having been bribed to vote for him. By the narrowest vote in the United States Senate—his seat having been contested—was he allowed to re-enter that body—a body many of whose members were themselves elected by known corrupt means. Senator Quay became more

powerful than ever in Pennsylvania; and the minor loyal "bosses," nearly all of whom richly deserve terms in prison for fraud or theft of some kind, have found their power increased with his.

Measures granting new powers to the city administration of Philadelphia as to that of other State cities, must pass the State Legislature and receive the Governor's approval. The Executive and a majority of the State Legislature and the administration of Philadelphia are not only of the same party but of the same stripe. The honors and emoluments of office-holders having come from the "machine's" manipulations, they regard office solely as a means of obeying their masters and of getting rich at suspiciously lightning speed. There being no hostile party at the State Capitol to block the programme of the Philadelphia administration, collusion is a simple, riskless matter. The free-booters at both Capitol and City work together most harmoniously, and with a singleness of purpose eloquently proving that each has been "taken care of"—a euphemistic phrase implying that for every vote an equivalent has been given in the form of stocks or good currency. In New York the Republican Legislature frequently sent committees to investigate Tammany Hall's mismanagement of New York City, thereby bringing to light valuable disclosures which, acting on public opinion, have turned elections. This is seldom or never done in Pennsylvania touching the conditions in Philadelphia or any other Republican city.

Furthermore there are in New York City genuine opposing political parties. In Philadelphia, the so-called Democratic organization has been for many years merely an auxiliary of the Republican "machine." Destitute of real influence or prestige, the alleged Democratic leaders are nothing more than Republican henchmen in disguise. Their offices and money besides have come

from the Republican machine, whose purpose has been to keep alive a pretended opposition and so shut out the possibility of a sincere reform movement. Now under the election laws of Pennsylvania the majority party and the minority party having the highest number of votes alone have the right to be represented by inspectors of the elections, apparently to guarantee an honest vote. This means, of course, the Republican and Democratic parties; but the inspectors of the latter being, as I have said, virtually a part of the Republican "machine" in everything but name, there has been absolutely no bar to the Republicans stuffing the ballot boxes full of fraudulent votes; the inspectors of both parties would certify that the votes were cast as counted. In addition there is no such strict registration law in Pennsylvania as there is in New York, Massachusetts, and other States. In New York no voter is allowed to cast his ballot unless he has previously registered. Further, to prevent frauds, the Republican Legislature in New York several years ago enacted a law creating a State Election Bureau, whose hundreds of deputies, with a rank equal to that of sergeant of police, have the right to go into any election polling place and arrest any one suspected of fraudulent voting. This law has served to efface, to a very great extent, Tammany Hall's old-time opportunities for fraudulent voting; and a still severer lesson was taught ten years ago when a number of Tammany inspectors of election were sent to long terms in the State's prison for offences against the election laws. In Pennsylvania the situation is radically different. That State's constitution expressly provides that no citizen shall be ineligible to vote because he has not registered; This provision has made fraudulent voting easy; under it creatures of the "machine" can vote in different places thirty-five or forty times each a day under

different names, as many of them do with the connivance of the election inspectors.

All these concatenating conditions I have recounted, operating for many years, have made stupendous thefts of public money and other property and frauds at the elections an easy matter. If, by some miscalculation on the part of the "machine," there was an arrest here and there, the officials, being all seasoned "machine" men, would consistently fail to take action against their own henchmen; and if a Public Prosecutor, or as his official title reads, District Attorney, occasionally, to the surprise of the "machine," turned out to be independent and self-conscious of duty, he was foiled in a variety of ways. There were the judges, nearly all of whom were put into office by the "machine." Should proceedings come to trial, it was seen to that certain if not all the jurors were "well disposed."

I shall not advert at length to that memorable monument of corruption—the Philadelphia City Hall. Twenty years ago I passed under its unfinished sculptured arches, through its long marble corridors, resounding with the noise of the chisel. I saw the huge blocks being lifted into position for the massive façades and towers. It had then been in process of erection for eight or nine years; and the citizens were beginning to tire of the long delays and the prodigal expenditures. Many, many a twelve month passed seeing it ascend with infinite slowness. At last a few years ago its external form was completed, and a gigantic statue of the benevolent William Penn was mounted on its highest tower. External, I say, for though the building is occupied, tinkering is still going on inside. From the date of its planning, over thirty years ago, it has been in the hands of a self-perpetuating Commission, whose ingenuity in for ever devising new necessities for drafts on the City Treas-

ury is unexcelled in the annals of any municipality. That City Hall, superfluous in many respects, has already cost over twenty millions of dollars, and there is no telling to what sum the actual, ultimate, aggregate cost will amount. Well could Dr. Albert Shaw, author of various works on municipalities, say several years ago in contrasting it with the successful completion of the splendid St. Louis City Hall, costing only two million dollars: "Whatever one may say about New York under Tammany, Philadelphia must stand as the colossal type of corrupt administration, not only for the United States, but for the whole world."

But the City Hall scandal is only an incident in the general list of details. When Dr. Shaw made this statement, far greater projects of barefaced robbery were still to be unfolded.

It is quite beside my present purpose to hark back to conditions in the early eighties when, as Mr. George Vickers wrote in his curiously entitled but otherwise accurate work, published in 1885, *The Fall of Bossism*, twenty per cent. of the vote cast in Philadelphia was fraudulent; when certain officials individually extracted from the City Treasury not less than two hundred thousand dollars a year; when as Mr. Vickers wrote: "A period of six or seven years as Receiver of Taxes or City Treasurer, it has been demonstrated, is sufficient to elevate a man from a condition of poverty in an humble building owned by somebody else, to a state of affluence on a fashionable street in an imposing establishment owned by himself." That was thought to be the golden day of political "prosperity"; judged by events since 1897 it was only the modest beginnings.

By 1897-1898 the politico-financial "bosses" and leading spirits of the "machine," their greed growing with each successive proof of their security, began to reach out for new and larger

agencies of spollation. Within half a century many public franchises had been given away with practically no returns to the city. With the growth of population these had become of incalculable value. No richer prizes and no more fertile sources of corruption have been known in the United States than the private ownership of public utilities such as street-car lines, gas, electric and waterworks, telephone and ferry privileges. Not only have they yielded their owners, at the expense of the public, hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars in profits upon the original investment, but in nearly every instance of private ownership of virtual monopolies, vast issues of "watered" stock, representing nothing more than present or prospective earnings, has been created. By reason of its dividend-paying properties, this fictitious stock at once has become as definitely valuable as the really legitimate stock which was primarily based upon the cost of construction, equipment and operation. A company which spent, say, a million dollars half a century or less than that ago in outlays, will now have forty, and often far more than that amount represented in the issued stock. All this is done under form of law; it is a gross swindle of the people from whom the truly stupendous sums that thus go to enrich a few have to come ultimately; and in future ages it will be looked upon with the same wonderment which we now bestow upon the historical descriptions of the oppressive institutions of feudal days. No perspicacity is needed to see from whence the fortunes of hundreds of American millionaires have come; and it is not a matter for wonderment that these beneficiaries, always seeking further privileges or intent on suppressing hostile legislation, should be very willing to spend some of the millions so easily gotten, in debauching various public bodies and officials.

Though it had given over to private hands the franchise monopoly of scores of the streets for surface-car lines, the city of Philadelphia, for nearly sixty years, had owned and operated its gasworks. Inefficiently managed as were these works—for reasons I shall state later—and looked upon by the "machine" as simply a part of its rightful spoils for the distribution of places to supporters regardless of qualifications, yet no politician so far had dared venture the suggestion that the city should cease its control of the gasworks. So continuously had the people suffered from the extortions of companies dealing in public utilities that they were impatient of any new proposal involving the surrender of more city property. Mayor Warwick, a "machine" tool, himself recognized this feeling when in his second annual report he declared that "the gasworks are a most valuable asset, and should never pass from the absolute control of the city," and that "whenever such a property passes into private hands, it in time becomes an extortionate monopoly." These words were fine enough; yet his pen was scarcely dry before—in deference to the "bosses"—he transmitted to the City Councils an ordinance providing for the lease of the gasworks to the United Gas Improvement Company for a period of thirty years.

The Municipal League, a vigilant organization composed of the few public-spirited citizens in Philadelphia, protested that should the lease be granted, it would be, to all purposes, beyond the city's power at the end of that time to regain possession; that it would not only be difficult to get the money for the repayment of the Company for the amount expended in improvements and for "watered" stock, but that if the venture were profitable, the influence of the Company, increasing with its capital and the number of its employes, would be used—and reasoning from ex-

perience used successfully—against the city's exercising its option. The Municipal League stirred up much popular indignation; but counting upon the improbability of any triumphant reform movement, fortified as the "machine" was by the election laws, subservient "Democratic" allies and its unhindered fraudulent vote, the "bosses" paid no attention whatever to this outburst of feeling.

They had one plausible reason at least for this. It was in the action of "eminent respectability"—an element whose sinister influence more than any other is responsible for most of the political depravity in America. They it is who are sowing the whirlwind that a future generation is to reap. In every town in the land this type is met with. Regular church-goers posing as patterns of civic and domestic virtues, lauded as paragons of commercial integrity, a glamor is thrown incessantly about them. Their pretentious ebullitions of patriotism; their Fourth of July and Washington's birthday rhetorical orations; their philanthropic attitude, giving a library here or building a hospital there—all seem to single them out to the superficial observer as persons of real distinction. Surrounded by this halo, newspapers, which they either own or subsidize by means of advertisements or actual payments of money, and other newspapers, incorruptible but sycophantic, harp unceasingly upon their reputations, and present their slightest sayings to the crowd as those of oracles. The names of dozens of these men I have in mind; yet no theft of public franchises, no passage of special discriminating laws, no low cunning to use corrupt political "bosses" and forces in their aims, fails to reveal their open or cloaked activities. The literal but not apparent instigators of trouble to come, they are now cringed to as "distinguished financiers" or "prominent business men."

These were the sponsors, enveloped in their sanctimonious garb of "respectability," who now came forward to lend the weight of their names and the force of their sophistical arguments to the gasworks robbery. Pointing to their endorsement as showing the drift of public opinion, the City Councils rushed the ordinance through, and the mayor, without the semblance of a public hearing, hastily signed the measure. So was given as a practical gift to a private company the absolute control of a public utility worth, as it undoubtedly will be made by means of extortionate rates and "watered" stock, probably fifty million dollars, if indeed not more, during the thirty years of the lease.

The particular sort of "arguments" that unquestionably actuated the councilmen to pass this ordinance was indicated a few days later when, intoxicated by the success of the gasworks scheme, the majority of councilmen made an audacious attempt to give over the city's water-supply works to a private company for a period of fifty years. The measure was passed in the Select Council with wondrous ease, but in the Common Council Walter W. Stevenson, one of the few honest members, rose in his seat and openly charged that he had been offered by a lobbyist, one Peter E. Smith, five thousand dollars for his vote on the ordinance. Common rumors of bribery and definite charges of bribery are very different things; the "machine" could ignore the first in its jamming through of the gasworks ordinance; the other, being specific, demanded, if only for an appearance of decency, serious consideration. It was thought wiser to postpone the waterworks ordinance indefinitely. On Mr. Smith's trial, the inevitable "technicalities," so common in trials of influential politicians and lobbyists, intervened to prevent conviction. Another councilman, Louis J. Walker, admitted on examination that

he had been paid five hundred dollars in cash by common councilman Charles Seger, in the latter's saloon, for the signing of a favorable committee report, and that he was offered subsequently five thousand dollars for his vote on the ordinance. None of those implicated in the bribery charges have had to make the acquaintance of a prison cell.

There seems to be no doubt that for years a conspiracy was afoot to mismanage the gas- and water-works to such a point of deterioration that the public, driven to the last stages of disgust, would look upon private ownership as the lesser evil. Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the Municipal League, pointed out these designs in an article in the *American Journal of Sociology* for March 1898, and cited the statement of a well-known Philadelphian; and Dr. Milo R. Maltbie, editor of *Municipal Affairs*, made a similar statement in the issue of that journal for June 1899.

But gasworks, however wretchedly managed, entail only inconvenience, and not perceptible fatalities. The state of the waterworks touches the very physical existence of the people. The water-supply was allowed to become not only filthy, but to be poisoned with the dye wastes and excrement of many mills and towns emptying their refuse into the Schuylkill, from which Philadelphia gets its water. An appalling mortality for years has been the result. Within a period of four months in the early part of the year 1899 there were 6524 cases of typhoid fever and 927 deaths. Through the years 1900, 1901 and 1902 there has been a constant epidemic of disease. The average death-rate has reached the abnormal total of seventy

per thousand¹—a rate nowhere equalled in the great civilized cities in non-epidemic times. "For every case of typhoid fever somebody ought to be hung" Dr. Maltbie quotes as the statement of an eminent English sanitarian, and he estimates that for typhoid fever alone the cost of medical attendance and other associated necessities to the people of Philadelphia has amounted to at least nine hundred thousand dollars a year. But this is only a hint of what the aggregate would have been did the entire population drink city water. Thousands upon thousands, though paying their water tax, would not taste the noxious stuff, depending upon daily supplies of spring water which were brought from the country in great quantities and retailed from door to door by private companies.

When again in 1899 organized bodies of representative citizens joined with certain open-spoken newspapers and journals in repeatedly demanding remedial action, the City Councils were as corruptly disposed as before. There were not wanting dozens of "prominent men" who came forward to argue against any agitation that would announce to the world the raging of a typhoid epidemic. Their mainstay was the usual selfish, cold-blooded grounds so often displayed by money-grubbers to whom human life and civic duty are nothing beside per cent. and per cent. "Trade would be driven from the city; commercial buyers and tourists would patronize other cities; an irreparable wrong would be done to business interests." The City Councils, as a final consideration, cared nothing for indignant expressions of righteous public opinion. Notwithstanding the scandals of 1897 the "machine" had won at the elections

¹ This estimate, well to be regarded as startling, was made in a paper published on the subject at the time. It is enough to tax one's credulity. Allowing for the greatest

exaggeration, one fact is patent: that the rate of mortality in Philadelphia has been and is excessive.

in the fall of that year and in 1898; in the United States the most palpably corrupt politicians always have a cheerfully brazen way of pointing to a triumph at the polls, no matter how obtained, as their "vindication." So that when an ordinance to purify the city's water-supply came before the City Councils in 1899, it was defeated in the Common Council by a vote of 24 to 13; the conspiracy was still alive evidently for the subversion of the city's water-works. The *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia's most conservative newspaper, thereupon denounced the unyielding councilmen as "truly public enemies contending against the most vital public interests, such as the prosperity, health and lives of the community, as would be armed alien foes in the city's streets."

It was only much later, after the most provoking delays costing thousands of human lives and millions of dollars losses, that the City Councils graciously consented to pass an Act appropriating a sufficient sum for the purification of the water-supply; and even this sum, it is freely charged, is being disbursed extravagantly among favored contractors.

Facing all these conditions day after day, year after year, it was natural enough that even so thoughtful, restrained a public citizen as Philip C. Garrett should have written in a letter: "We have reached a state of things in which jobbery and robbery seem to stalk with such effrontery in public places that it is beginning to seem to be the duty of every good citizen to strike in every way that is most effective at the dominant party in our city until it is deprived of power." And even the erudite Wayne McVeagh, a former Republican Attorney-General of the United States, a man of foresight and comprehensive judgment, a man who more than once has sounded to Americans a warning of the convulsions Time will

surely produce if popular discontent is not met in a spirit of good faith—Wayne McVeagh exclaimed in exasperation: "Sometimes I think that we have the most abandoned and ignorant specimens of humanity God permits to live in and to represent our city."

That was several years ago, when it was thought that the superlative in administrative pollution had been reached. It was only the milder precursor of what was still to be heaped upon the supine inhabitants of Philadelphia.

For years Philadelphia had been pillaged by monopolies, not only created by official sanction, but in which high officials and every corrupt personage whose "influence" was desired, were listed as stockholders. It was customary even to bribe indirectly the editors of various newspapers; some of these, be it said to their credit, had character enough to scorn bribes. One of the monopolies which dominated Philadelphia through its control of the "bosses" was the National Electric Company. Seeking to extort still more money from the city on its contracts, it secured favorable action by the City Councils in 1899. The means to which it resorted were divulged sufficiently in an article published in the *Evening Telegraph* of Philadelphia in April of that year. In this article was incorporated an authentic copy of an agreement signed by C. F. Kindred, a well-known political leader whose name was unpleasantly in the water-works scandal. The document set forth that Mr. Kindred agreed to deliver to one H. Somers one hundred thousand dollars in full paid stock of the Company provided the ordinance became a law. At the same time the *Evening Telegraph* made public an affidavit sworn to by its financial reporter, George F. Turner, detailing that on May 10, 1899, he—Mr. Turner—had been notified that one hundred shares of National Electric Company stock, worth ten dollars and fifty

cents a share, had been allotted to him. In England such a charge would have meant an immediate investigation; it fell flat in Philadelphia. The consequences of the granting of monopoly privileges to the National Electric Company have been two-fold: the city government is now paying fifty per cent. more for electricity than the price offered by a responsible company which sought competition, and private consumers must pay whatever the Company asks without chances of redress.

In the year 1899 other monopolies which had grown rich out of all proportion on the tribute levied upon the city, grew still more grasping, seeing that there were no obstacles that could not be dissipated by the use of "proper arguments"—that ironical American phrase denoting so much of evil import. The asphalt monopoly, composed of a combination of contractors, had been threatened in 1898 with some competition from the Trinidad and Bermudez Company—an independent concern which was sufficiently buttressed with funds to expect tender favors from the city officials. The combination, however, proved the victor. What "inducements" it privately brought to bear must be left to conjecture, but it shrewdly gave the administration a good excuse for accepting its bid by lowering its charges to \$1.04 per square yard for resurfacing, and \$1.22 for new work—rates which in themselves yielded high profits. The very next year, 1899, the independent Company found it convenient to join the combination; when the bids for that year were opened it was seen that the lowest bid, that of the monopoly, was \$2.75 for new work, and for re-surfacing, \$2.40. Here was an increase over 1898 of \$1.36 per square yard for repairs and \$1.53 for new work. As about \$1,500,000 was expended for asphalt in 1899, the opportunities of the asphalt monopoly are

evident, for they have grown greater, if anything, since three years ago.

In the same year, 1899, the City Councils passed an ordinance awarding a contract to one Michael O'Rourke, allowing him \$234,500 for repairing 500 streets with cobble, granite block, or rubble, despite the offer of another responsible contractor to do the work for \$150,000. Mr. O'Rourke got another contract stipulating to him the sum of \$275,000 for street repairs—making a total of \$510,000, "which is at least three times the amount the work could be done for properly," according to the Annual Report for 1899 of the Board of Managers of the Municipal League. A garbage collecting monopoly, known as the American Product Company, having suppressed competition, named its own charges. These in the year 1898 had been justly enough a subject of scandal; but in 1899 the monopoly raised its prices to \$358,000, being \$27,300 more than its own bid for 1898. Its extortions in 1902 are such that Philadelphia is paying for the disposal of its garbage 50 per cent. more than the borough of Manhattan, New York City, and 100 per cent. more than the borough of Brooklyn—both of which places, having a population of about 2,000,000, were from 1898 to 1901 under Tammany control. The gasoline monopoly is another Philadelphian product which has grown year by year until it now seems to defy competition and extermination. That bribery has been done in getting its contracts was specifically charged by Mr. David H. Newbold, a Baltimore contractor, who, in a statement made public a year ago, named \$40,000 as the sum given for influencing the awarding of a single contract.

During all this saturnalia of corruption, including an organized system of blackmailing brothel and saloon keepers and others, the brazen assurance, the sonorous pretentiousness of the city

officials have been of a degree astounding to a stranger, but quite familiar to one who knows how, for public consumption, the plundering politician habitually exudes the most perfervid expressions of patriotism, the loftiest notes of purity of purpose. I shall give a specimen or two. At the opening of the International Commercial Congress in Philadelphia in 1899, Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge, the worst mayor Philadelphia has ever had, unctuously referred to the city as one "with a name significant of brotherly love and with a history that speaks of the lessons of liberty and points to a higher civilization." It was in Philadelphia, the mayor went on to tell in carefully rounded sentences, "that liberty was proclaimed throughout the land; here the immortal Declaration of Independence was first pronounced; where Washington's farewell address, a monument of lofty patriotism, was read; where the Constitution of the United States, a document famous in every nation and in every clime as the highest exponent of liberty, was framed"—and much more to the same effect. And United States Senator Boies Penrose, one of the beneficiaries and leaders of the Republican State "machine," expatiated upon the founding of Philadelphia "in a spirit of goodwill and justice to all men; here were laid the seeds of civilization upon a basis of philanthropy, of benevolence, of a horror of war, and a love of peace." The *North American*, now Philadelphia's most progressive newspaper, took a less pleasing view, when it said a little later—May 15, 1899: "This paper believes Philadelphia to-day the most plundered municipal corporation on earth. Its commerce, its transporting facilities, and many of its public franchises dealing with the necessities of life, are largely controlled by corruption and dominated and manipulated with the sole view of gratifying the cu-

pidity of a few rich men and a few potential politicians."

The elections in 1899 and 1900 were but a repetition of the many that had been held before. It was conservatively estimated that not less than thirty thousand fraudulent votes were cast, some observers even placing the number at fifty thousand. One man admitted that he had voted the Republican ticket thirty-seven times in the election of 1899. "It is well-known," says the report for that year of the Municipal League, "that the police force had its orders to assist vigorously in the election of the city candidates approved by the Administration. The methods they used ranged from mild persuasion to clubbing and false arrest."

The year 1901 brought a final pitch of corruption such as made the thefts of former years, in the language of Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, "seem decent and respectable by comparison."

Mr. Albert Johnson, a brother of Mayor Thomas L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, owned and operated numerous trolley electric street car lines in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Seeking an entrance into that city for his system, Mr. Johnson found that fully one hundred and eighty miles of streets were as yet unused for street cars, and for the franchise of operating on them he offered to pay the city a good bonus, to charge no more than three cents a passenger (the present rate being five cents), and to give free transfers at intersecting points. His proposition opened the eyes of the "machine" politicians to new possibilities. They saw in it a hitherto unappreciated scheme of plunder on the one hand and of striking a blow at one of the principal owners of the Union Traction Co. in Philadelphia, a man who had made himself pestiferously active in opposing Mr. Quay's re-election to the United States Senate.

Without any previous public an-

nouncement two Bills, drawn to cover all purposes, were introduced into the Senate of Pennsylvania at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of May 29, 1901. One of these Bills made changes in a prevailing statute dealing with street railways so as to allow the widest powers to new Companies (plans for which had already been perfected in secret); the other Bill gave such powers of eminent domain on the streets as was necessary for either underground, elevated or street railways to any incorporated Company having the permission of the City Councils. Within five minutes after their introduction, these Bills were reported from Committee; by 8.15 o'clock they were printed and on the desks of the Senate, and by 9 P.M. passed on first reading. Notwithstanding the next day—May 30—was a holiday (Memorial Day), the Bills passed second reading. A day later they were passed finally, and were sent to the lower branch of the Legislature for concurrence. There thirty amendments were offered by the few determined but powerless anti-"machine" men. One of these amendments provided for three-cent fares; another that no franchise should be sold until the road was built; another secured to the city of Philadelphia the right to purchase the roads; another limited the duration of the franchise to twenty-five years. Every amendment, however, was jeeringly defeated and debate cut off, though not before Representative Coray, an able man of integrity, mocked the unscrupulous Republican majority by reading from the platform of a previous Republican State Convention some paragraphs beginning "We decry the use of money in politics;" "We are against the granting of exclusive franchises covering public comfort and conveyances; Corporations enjoying public franchises should be made to pay for them." These "prin-

ciples," as United States Senator Quay termed them, had been recommended by that dignitary himself according to his written statement at the time—Quay, by whose orders these Bills were now being whipped through the Legislature. The lower branch passed them, and they were promptly signed by Governor Stone.

"The bribery of the Legislature was open, undenied," said Lieutenant-Governor Gobin of Pennsylvania, referring to the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1901, according to that reliable weekly *City and State* issue of September 19, 1901.

I never heard of anything like it, and never knew a time when it was so open and barefaced. Why, everybody seemed to know it. People in the streets talked about it, and pointed out this or that man who had received so much for his vote on this or that Bill. The knowledge of it was not confined to the politicians by any means. Every one seemed to know and to talk about the prices paid and who got them, and neither side seemed to be afraid of the other. Why, even the men who bought the votes talked and laughed about it, and the men who received the money talked about it among themselves.

In line with this authoritative statement, *The Press*, a Republican newspaper of Philadelphia, averred that over a million dollars had been spent in corrupting the Legislature of Pennsylvania. One may be inclined to dispute *The Press's* exact estimate—the amount might have been more or less—but no one seriously thinks of controverting the charge itself of indiscriminate corruption.

This being so of the Legislature, it is not the less so of the City Councils of Philadelphia. No sooner had Governor Stone signed the Bills than a number of Philadelphia and other State politicians made applications for fourteen charters covering as many electric car lines. Their certificate of incorpora-

tion, prepared before the Bills were even introduced into the Legislature, placed their total capital at seven million three hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars—an altogether misleading valuation, for in the course of years, with the profits from "watered" stock and from the operation of the roads, the real valuation would amount to many times that sum. A special meeting of the City Councils was called hurriedly to act upon the applications. The Municipal League protested, but unavailing. The ordinances were passed, one councilman objecting to debate in this wise: "It's a hot afternoon. Let's pass the Bills and go home." While the ordinances were in Mayor Ashbridge's hands for final action, Mr. John Wanamaker, a well-known Philadelphia and New York merchant, sent a letter to the mayor offering to pay the city two million five hundred thousand dollars for the franchises. "The mayor," says Mr. Woodruff, "received this letter while at the ceremonies incident to the opening of the new United States Mint. On recognizing from whom the communication came, he threw the letter into the crowd. Immediately after the ceremony he went back to his office in the City Hall and began the work of signing the ordinances. . . . By midnight they were all signed." So were given away as a gift to a few men, without any returns to the city, franchises worth many millions of dollars. The roads have thus far not been built. The owners of these new franchises have "pooled issues"—as the saying is—with the company that hitherto has had a street car monopoly of Philadelphia—the Union Traction Company. Thus Philadelphia is more at the mercy of monopoly than ever.

This exploitation of the city of Philadelphia was only one of a number of similar acts during 1901. There was, for instance, not to mention other mat-

ters of spoliation, the granting without restriction and against the protest of all wide-awake respectable citizens, of monopoly privileges worth at least five million dollars to the Keystone Telephone Company.

All self-respecting citizens were now at last roused to fury. A determined movement sprang up to suppress the "machine" at the polls. Under the name of the Union Party, decent Republicans and Democrats united and carried on a vigorous campaign. The election was for various city and State officials, such as recorder, controller, district attorney, State treasurer, judges, and others. Against the Union Party was the Republican "machine," with its appalling resources in point of funds and frauds, and the Democratic "machine," which, as the creature of its brother "machine" and financial backer, nominated its own "ticket" so as to make a divided opposition. To the dismay, but not to the disheartenment of all who sought good government, the Republican "machine" won by an average plurality of thirty-five thousand in a total vote of two hundred and forty-one thousand and thirteen, the Union Party receiving a little over one hundred thousand votes.

I cannot do better here than give two elucidating post-election statements on the manner in which the election was held:

The Union Party and their allies [said Mr. Tustin, Chairman of the City Committee of the Union Party] have polled over 100,000 genuine honest ballots. These represent the judgment of independent, liberty-loving citizens who prefer the honor of their city and their country to mere partisan politics. . . . Every thoughtful citizen who attended the polls on Tuesday observed the office-holders lined up and driven like sheep to the booths, and, in many cases, saw the ward or division boss accompany them clear into the voting compartment to make sure that they

obeyed their taskmasters. In addition to this, never before in the history of Philadelphia has there been so much intimidation and so much fraud. In nine wards where the elections were farcical, 5500 more votes were cast than for the late President McKinley, who, a year ago, polled the enormous majority of 115,000 over W. J. Bryan. . . . The magnificent vote of 100,000 independent citizens shows that the public conscience has been thoroughly aroused. . . . All the causes that made the Union Party a necessity still exist and will continue to exist in a greater and greater degree until the authors of all this corruption are deposed from power.

The other statement is one set forth in *City and State*:

One explanation of the success of the "machine" last week can be put in a few words: intimidation, purchase, fraud, and hide-bound partisanship. . . . If intimidation or coercion could not be used on a voter, it was a simple matter to resort to other methods. . . . The threat to raid a cigar store or a barber shop where a slot machine was kept, if the proprietor was suspected of friendliness for the Union ticket—little things like these had quite a "persuasive" influence in keeping voters in line for the regular ticket.

Having again proved itself secure against an unavailing opposition, the "machine" continued, in 1902, its enormities both in administrative measures and at the elections. Corrupt and exorbitant contracts for city needs and supplies were heaped upon one another with such an assurance as came only from the knowledge that popular patience was impotent, or if not impotent, was reduced to such a state of debauchery that it would tolerate any excesses. It was believed that, from the very limitations of the opportunities, no more public franchises could be had for the present. But the vigilantly corrupt ever see new avenues for plunder invisible to ordinary sight. A Bill

was passed by the Council, granting, as a free gift to a few politicians and financiers, a perpetual franchise to build a subway electric railway on many of the most profitable streets in the city.

The two elections held in 1902, one in February for lesser city officials, the other the General Election in November for Governor and associate State officers, mayor, congressmen, and other posts in city, State, or national government, were but repetitions of preceding elections in point of frauds at the polls. To dwell upon them in detail would be a superfluity, for each new election in Philadelphia presents the same consistent practices and abuses as were witnessed in other elections. A trifle in extent the enormities may vary from year to year, but the general result is in keeping with previous records. It has been ascertained on good authority that, at the election in November, 1902, fully 60,000 fraudulent names were in the voting-lists, and that from 60,000 to 80,000 votes credited to the Republicans represented fraudulent voting and ballot-box stuffing.

Within the last few years Philadelphia has been robbed directly and indirectly, if all the different, devious methods are considered, of an amount probably not less than one hundred million dollars, and possibly far more. Tweed's robberies were done thirty years ago, when civic ideals as applied to municipalities were less understood than now. Tweed was overthrown and sent to prison; and his associates fled to the four quarters of the earth. The Philadelphia thieves were never more powerful than they are to-day; the end of the domination is apparently still remote. Well may the world contemplate this "City of Brotherly Love" with justifiable disgust and horror.

Gustavus Myers.

THE SHIPS OF LOVE.

Alas, the sea. Alas, the empty sea.
 The desolate disenchantment of the sea,
 When dreaming darkness lifts and brings the light
 And all the fleet of Love is out of sight.

But who shall sing the wonder of the sea,
 The great, mysterious magic of the sea,
 When on the deeps the heart thought empty lie
 The golden galleons of Love's argosy.

The Pilot.

Ethel Clifford.

JAPANESE RELATIONS WITH KOREA.

When a great and powerful nation is determined to take possession of the territory of another which is insignificant and weak; when it conscientiously believes that, in order to secure its safety and future material development, the incorporation of the weak within its dominions is essential; when, on the other hand, a third nation, also great and powerful, is decided that this incorporation will constitute a menace to its own safety, and is determined that the weak must either remain independent or be appropriated by none but itself; when the first is flushed with the unbroken success of a long career of territorial expansion, achieved sometimes by diplomacy, but as frequently by force of arms, and has, in public at least, unbounded confidence in its military strength; when the third has equal confidence in its strength, is actuated by the most fervid patriotism, is high-spirited, of unquestioned valor, of absolute unanimity, and throughout two thousand years of history has never known defeat—then an *impasse* is created from which the only outlet is war. Russia has decided that the coast line of Korea is essential to the completion of her own Asiatic littoral. On the eastern coast of

Siberia her harbors are closed by ice and useless to her throughout the winter. The coast of Manchuria is ill provided with harbors; even that of Port Arthur is of insufficient depth and dimensions to afford adequate shelter to a fleet or even to single battle ships of the present-day tonnage. That of Korea, on the other hand, has several harbors which fulfil every naval requirement. Pre-eminent among them is Masampho (called Douglas Inlet on the English charts), in the extreme south of the peninsula, almost directly facing the Straits of Shimonoseki, and less than sixty miles distant from the Japanese island of Tsushima. It is capacious, deep, sheltered, and capable of being rendered impregnable to attack from the sea at little cost either of money or engineering skill. It is free from ice all the year round. It is less than 900 miles distant from Liaoyang, a station on the Trans-Asian railway, and for 300 miles of this distance a railway, constructed by Japanese, is already far advanced on the road to completion, so that it could speedily be brought within the effective sphere of Russia's military land system. Its possession would give any strong naval Power holding it almost complete command of

the Chinese seas, providing a secure basis from which effective blows might at any time be struck at either Japan, China, or our own Far Eastern Colonies. To Japan it would, in the hands of an aggressive Power of unbounded covetousness, be a perpetual danger. It is no wonder, therefore, that, considering this port the key of Korea, and Korea again the key of Asia, Japan has determined that neither must fall into any hands but her own—that this condition must forever be the very foremost plank of her foreign policy—and that that policy must be maintained at all costs and at all risks so long as a single Japanese fighting ship or man remains. It seems impossible that either Power can now withdraw from the position it has publicly assumed. For Russia to do so at the dictation of a Power hitherto believed by all Chinese to be infinitely weaker than herself would be to inflict a blow upon her Asiatic prestige for which she would have to pay dearly in the enhanced difficulty of guarding her Siberian frontier, coterminous with that of China for 3,000 miles, against predatory Chinese bands. For Japan to do so would be merely postponing an evil day, when she would either have to fight on far less favorable terms than she can now do or undergo a complete effacement as an influential Power in the Far East. There seems to be no escape from war between the two Powers, and in all human probability the first blow will have been struck before these lines see the light of publicity.

Should this anticipation, so far as the fact of the outbreak of war, apart from the time at which it takes place, prove correct, it will be the fourth foreign war in which Japan has engaged, and of every one Korea has been the subject. In the mythological days of her history Japan is said to have successfully invaded Korea and to have re-

ceived the submission of its king, who declared that until the rivers flowed backwards he and his kingdom would for ever remain tributary to Japan. In this fact the Japanese hold implicit faith, though its date was long prior to the commencement of authentic history, and the miraculous incidents that are gravely alleged to have accompanied the invasion are sufficient to throw doubt on the whole story. Fourteen hundred years later Korea was a second time invaded, and in regard to this invasion we are treading on firm historical ground. Japan was then ruled by Hideyoshi, a great and successful general, whose ability had raised him from low degree to the position of Regent of the Empire. Absolute in Japan, he resolved to crown a long and unbrokenly successful military career with a second conquest of Korea, which was invaded by his troops in 1592. During the following six years the whole country was overrun and devastated from end to end. The Koreans, utterly inexperienced in war, armed only with primitive weapons, even then accustomed to rely for protection on China, could offer but a feeble resistance to the Japanese veterans, fighting with firearms and led by skillful and experienced generals. Assistance was sent to them from China; but the Japanese, though meeting with some slight reverses, were finally victorious everywhere, and the whole of Korea was prostrate before them. In 1598 Hideyoshi died, and the Japanese withdrew, but they left behind them a ruin from which Korea has never recovered. That, prior to that invasion, her people must have possessed a high degree of industrial and artistic skill is shown by the spoils brought back by Hideyoshi's soldiers, some of which are now among the principal ornaments of the beautiful temples at Nikko. Not only were the productions brought back, but the artists themselves, and Korea, having

lost all her experts, has since then attained no higher level of industry than the manufacture of very fine matting, paper, and rather coarse brass work, and Korean art is a non-existing quantity. So deeply did the iron sink into the soul that the bitter memory of all the long-continued horrors of that invasion still lasts among the Korean peasants, who to this day speak of the Japanese as "the accursed nation."

From the beginning of the seventeenth century Korea regularly sent embassies with tribute to Japan. But at the same time she always acknowledged the suzerainty of China and looked to China for protection from foreign foes, even for help in domestic troubles. Her religion, law, custom, and thought were always in sympathy with those of China. In 1871 Japan started on her career of Western civilization, ostensibly, never in actual reality, flinging entirely aside at one *coup* every principle that had heretofore guided her. News of her action reached Korea, who not only refused to send further tribute but openly and insultingly taunted Japan with her desertion of Chinese civilization and her adoption of the manners and customs of the despised Western barbarians. When this became publicly known an outburst of indignation caused the entire Samurai class of the people—none other was then of any political count—to clamor for a third invasion of Korea. But every interest of Japan was in favor of peace. Her resources were exhausted by her own revolutionary war; a new and inexperienced Government, ignorant of even the elementary details of international politics, and hated by a substantial section of its own people, was in office; the death knell of her old military system was already being rung, and as yet there was no new one to replace it; and facilities both of land and marine transport were entirely wanting. Wise

councils prevailed. War was not declared and Korea was left alone. The nation was, however, deeply indignant, and so far did discontent proceed that a rebellion broke out in one of the southern provinces. Continental diplomatists in Japan had at that time little knowledge of the country; scarcely a single member of the staffs of their legations had any of the language. One worthy member of the corps, reporting on the condition of affairs to his Government, stated that so great was the outburst of patriotic feeling that he scarcely ever passed through a street of the capital without meeting a Japanese who was crying at the top of his voice, "Koree! Koree!" which means, he wrote, "To Korea! To Korea!" and who was always surrounded by many sympathizers. "Koree," more properly "Kori," is the Japanese word for ice, the taste for which in summer had just then sprung into existence, and the bellicose patriots of the worthy diplomatist, who himself gravely told what he had written at a dinner party at the British Legation, were ordinary hawkers calling out their wares. The diplomatist's accuracy and perspicuity were on a par with those of many subsequent critics of Japan, English not excepted.

Korea was left alone in her hermit-like seclusion. Nothing was known in Tokio as to what was occurring there except to the Japanese themselves, who always maintained a small settlement at Fusan, the most southern port, and they would not tell. Even then, thirty years ago, rumors of Russian activity began to gain currency, and reports were circulated that the Russians had established a basis in Korea. In 1861 they had attempted to do so on the Japanese island of Tsushima—had in fact landed, planted a flag, and erected buildings—when they were politely requested to "move on" by an English man-of-war. It was now said

that they were repeating this course at Korean ports, and another English man-of-war was sent to investigate the actual condition of affairs. It was the lot of the present writer, who was then on the staff of the British Legation, to be sent with her, and the outlying islands and southern ports were examined. No Russians were found anywhere. The Japanese settlement at Fusan was visited, and its condition recalled in some degree that of the old Dutch settlement at Desima, in Nagasaki, where for 200 years a few members of the Netherlands Trading Company were suffered by the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty to reside and trade under very humiliating conditions. The few Japanese who were at Fusan were virtually close prisoners. The resident stated that he had not been outside the limits of the settlement for over six months. Trade was represented by an occasional junk from Tsushima, and all traffic with the natives was carried on on the outskirts of the settlement, the neighboring Korean town being forbidden ground. In the man-of-war, which remained in the harbor for a few days, there was naturally a desire to visit this town, but strict instructions had been given to the commander to carefully avoid everything that might entail the risk of a conflict with the natives. The Koreans are, perhaps, the most expert stone-throwers in the world, and their skill in that respect would put even a Belfast Orangeman to shame. When we were told that huge piles of stones were collected on the road to the town, with which to welcome us if we endeavored to approach it, our curiosity had to remain ungratified. Later on in the same year (1875) an incident occurred which became the *proxima causa* of the opening of Korea to the world. A gunboat, while surveying the coasts, was fired on by a small fort. The fire was

promptly returned, and a landing party destroyed the fort, and brought away with it spoils of war in the shape of guns, banners, drums, &c., all of which were exhibited in the military museum at Tokio. The insult to the flag had been most amply revenged, but once more the pride of the Japanese people was keenly roused and punitive measures called for. Japan was now in a very different position to that of 1871, and felt herself able at all points to impress her will upon such a power as Korea. A great expedition was prepared, though it was much stronger in appearance than reality; two of the ablest members of the Government, a great soldier and a still greater diplomatist, accompanied it; but when it reached Korean shores diplomacy took the place of force, and a treaty was concluded by the terms of which two ports were opened to the trade and residence of Japanese subjects. Other nations soon followed Japan's example, and Korea was at last open to the world.

Throughout all the negotiations she had been treated both by Japan and the other nations as an independent kingdom, with which diplomacy was to be conducted on a footing of perfect international equality. But, while assuming or consenting to this equality *vis-à-vis* Japan and European Powers, Korea still clung to China's suzerainty, and China retained a controlling influence in her affairs, both foreign and domestic, an influence which was invariably exerted to keep the Koreans within their old limits of narrow-minded conservatism and prejudice. Japan was not fortunate in many respects. Rowdies of the worst class—and a very offensive and truculent class it is, *pace* the politeness and suavity that are so eminently characteristic of the Japanese people in general—were to be found in numbers at the open ports, and their treatment of the docile,

broken-spirited natives was not such as to soften the traditional hatred of the latter. In 1882 the legation at the capital was attacked and burned by a mob, and the Minister and his staff, which included a few policemen, trained to bear arms, did not escape without loss of life. Their cool courage, however, kept them together, and the majority succeeded in reaching the coast, twenty miles distant, where they were rescued by an English man-of-war that fortunately happened to be surveying in the neighborhood. The legation was soon rebuilt and occupied, but for its protection from that time Japan claimed and exercised the right of maintaining a force of troops in the capital, just as in the early days of her own foreign intercourse England and France had both stationed troops in Yokohama to secure to their countrymen resident there the protection which could not be relied on from the tottering Government of the Shogun. This right was recognized by China, and by a convention arranged between the two countries in 1885 it was agreed that both should have the privilege of stationing troops in Korea, but that due notice should be given by each to the other of any intention to exercise it whenever it became necessary.

The history of the succeeding nine years is one of constant bickerings between the two countries. Japan was neither well nor judiciously served by her representatives at the capital of Korea. China was, on the other hand, always represented by an able, determined, and astute agent, who maintained a controlling voice in all matters of internal Korean policy. Throughout this period the Korean Government showed no improvement on what it had been when the country was opened to foreign residence. It continued hopelessly corrupt and at the same time weak and vacillating, its sole

guiding principles being the selfish ones of personal or family aggrandizement. All important offices were exclusively held by members of the Queen's family, who were devoted to the interests of and ready to obey any orders that emanated from China. The Japanese, already recognizing how deeply the welfare of Korea affected their own national security, were earnestly anxious to promote salutary measures of reform in the administration, but found every effort thwarted by Chinese interference. The wretched people, ill-governed, taxed beyond all limits of endurance, and ruthlessly plundered by extortionate and unscrupulous farmers of the revenue, were on several occasions driven into open insurrection, but in every instance the outbreak was suppressed either by the Government itself or by the aid of Chinese troops. At last, in 1894, a more serious outbreak than usual occurred, and a fresh force of the best Chinese troops, a portion of the army efficiently drilled and well equipped at Tientsin by Li Hung Chang, was promptly sent to crush it, notice of its despatch being at the same time communicated to the Government of Japan, as required by the terms of the Convention of 1885. Japan's patience was now exhausted. She, in her turn, also sent troops, who occupied the capital, insisted that the suppression of the rebellion should be accompanied by a thorough reform of the administration, in order to assure future peace, order, and good government, and definitely refused once and for all to recognize China's continued suzerainty. The China and Japan war followed. Everywhere, both on sea and land, Japanese arms were victorious, and when peace was made one of its conditions was the acknowledgment by China of the absolute independence of Korea. Her active interference in the internal affairs of the kingdom was at an end along with her suzerainty, and

Japan, raised to the position of a great Power by her victories and the evidence she had given of military strength, deficient in no detail of skill, organization, and valor, at last seemed to have within her grasp a free field for promoting in Korea those reforms which had proved so much to the advantage of her own progress. Ill-fortune, however, continued to pursue her, and new difficulties arose in place of those which had been caused by China.

After the conclusion of the war the King of Korea turned to and placed his reliance on Japan. The hatred of the powerful family of the Queen, the members of which found themselves threatened with the loss of their offices and all the cherished opportunities of illegal enrichment which those offices gave, on the other hand, continued in an intensified form, and the influence of the family was still strong enough to constitute a serious obstacle in the paths of effective reform. Japan was once more most unfortunately represented at the capital by a soldier who showed himself entirely destitute of tact, foresight, or even the most ordinary discretion. What share he had, how far he was directly responsible for what occurred, is not publicly known, but that he had some was evidently recognized by the Japanese Government itself, as he was removed from office and has since never been employed again in any official capacity. Be that as it may, an outbreak occurred in the Korean capital in 1895. A party of Korean malcontents, accompanied and aided, if not actually led, by Japanese soldiers, broke into the palace and murdered the Queen and a great number of her relatives. All the gruesome details of this unhappy incident, as great an outrage on humanity, as ruthlessly and cruelly perpetrated, as the recent murder of the Queen of Serbia, are told in full in Mrs. Bishop's admirable book on Korea. Its direct

consequences were that the King, terrified both by the Japanese in his capital and by a section of his own subjects, fled for refuge to the Russian Legation, and from that moment Japanese ascendancy was at an end, and Russia, as a dominant factor in all the details of Korean politics stepped into the place that was formerly occupied by China. The Minister who had served his country so ill was replaced by Baron Komura, at the present moment Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose diplomatic ability was as conspicuous as the lack of it in his predecessor. But it was too late.

The possibility of Russian aggression in Korea has always been contemplated by Japan, ever since she began to direct her attention to foreign politics. When the collapse of China as a military Power was followed by the Russian occupation of Manchuria, and at the same time the Trans-Asian railway was completed, what originally appeared to be only a contingency of the remote future became a present and immediate danger. Japanese statesmen have never allowed any mistake to become current as to their views on Korea, which have had the hearty and unanimous support of the people and their parliamentary representatives and of the press. Whatever differences may prevail as to internal affairs there has never been a shade of discord as to this element in their foreign policy. Failing her continued independence, Korea must come under the protection or into the possession of Japan, and of Japan alone. Russia was now within easy striking distance of Korea, and the actions of her agents have showed that they are ready to take every advantage of all opportunities offered to them to extend their country's dominions by foul or fair means. History repeats itself, and there is a curious similarity between the events antecedent to the China-Japan war of 1894

and those which have gradually led up to the present crisis. Just as before the war the Chinese agent was all-powerful and able, by his own strength of character, backed by what was believed by all the world to be a great military Power, to impose his will upon the timorous, ignorant, and dishonest Government, so in recent years the most influential figures in the capital have been the Russian representatives, always able, determined, and unscrupulous, steadfastly pursuing one well-defined object, backed not only by a great military Power but by the personal gratitude of the Korean King (now Emperor) for protection in the past and relied upon by him for a continuation of that protection in the future. Japan has not again fallen into the errors of entrusting her interests to incapable agents. She has sent her best men to Korea; but it would require not one but many decades to wipe out the memory of the unhappy event of 1895, and her representative has always been in the cold, while that of Russia is freely admitted to the innermost confidence of the King and his ministers. But as she had done with China so Japan, struggling against all difficulties, has earnestly endeavored to come to terms with Russia by diplomacy, and to secure Korea's safety by peaceful measures.

With those objects in view she has concluded two formal conventions with the Russian Government, the first arranged in May 1896 between the representatives of the two empires at the Korean capital, one of whom was Baron Komura. It provided that, pending the establishment of order, each Government might maintain in Korea a maximum force of 800 troops for the protection of its legation and existing settlements at the capital and at the principal open ports, and that the Japanese might, in addition to this, maintain a further force of 200 gen-

darmes, to be stationed in small detachments at various points along the telegraph line from Fusan to the capital, these 200 gendarmes being thus spread over a distance of nearly 300 miles. This telegraph was originally erected for military purposes during the China and Japan war, and its continued maintenance on the conclusion of the war was sanctioned in proper official form by the Korean Government. Russia has heretofore had no settlements and few subjects in Korea, and not even a pretence of commercial interests. She has, therefore, never had any occasion to avail herself of the terms of the Convention. Japan has, on the other hand, important settlements at every port open to foreigners. The aggregate number of resident Japanese, engaged solely in industrial or commercial pursuits, exceeds 23,000. They have large vested interests in real property, three-fourths of all the foreign trade and shipping are in their hands, and if the purely commercial interests of Japan in Korea are far subsidiary to her political they are by no means of an insignificant nature.

By the second convention, concluded at Tokio in 1898 between Baron Nishi, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Baren Rosen, the Russian Minister, both Governments "definitely recognized the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and mutually pledged themselves to abstain from every direct interference in its internal affairs;" and that of Russia further pledged itself "not to obstruct the development of industrial and commercial relations between Japan and Korea." All these undertakings of both conventions were faithfully observed by Russia, as long as it suited her to do so, and that period lasted only until her military resources in the Far East reached a stage of development which she thought would enable her to meet Japan on equal terms.

When the Korean king was, under the circumstances already described, a refugee in the Russian Legation in his own capital in 1896, it appears that a concession was granted by him to a Russian subject for cutting timber in the valley of the river Yalu, on the north-western frontier. This concession, obtained under circumstances sufficient to vest it with very grave suspicion, has never been made public; its exact terms are unknown, and nothing was heard of it till the summer of last year, when Tokio was startled by the news that large numbers of Chinese laborers had been drafted from Manchuria across the Korean frontier, and that timber-felling on an extensive scale under Russian direction was begun. Further news soon came that the laborers were being followed by soldiers, both of the regular infantry and Cossacks, who, it was alleged, were necessary to protect them from the mounted Chinese bandits that infested the wild districts in Manchuria immediately to the north of the Yalu. Land was required to provide quarters for the soldiers and Russian settlers, and though the sale of land to foreigners outside the limits of the recognized settlements is forbidden by Korean law a large tract of many hundred acres in extent was purchased, it was said, from the Korean owners. This land is situated at Yong Ampho, a riverside port on the Yalu, about fifteen miles from its mouth. Substantial dwellings, sawmills, and other buildings were promptly erected on it, the river frontage embanked, and every intention displayed of creating a large settlement. A little further up the river, on the Manchurian side, is the port of Antung, which has been opened to foreign trade and residence by the treaty signed by China and the United States on the 8th of October last, the ratifications of which have just been exchanged. A small island lies in the

river midway between the two ports, so that the crossing is easy, and it was at this place that the Japanese invading army first entered Manchuria from Korea in the war. Yong Ampho is capable of being made into an excellent harbor at little cost; it is, in fact, said to be one of the ten best harbors in Korea. If its possession is combined with that of Antung, on the opposite bank of the river, and now, like the rest of Manchuria, in Russian occupation, the estuary and entire length of the Yalu can be closed to all approach from the sea. A fort was soon erected on the highest part of the acquired land, guns were mounted, and a garrison established in it. A second fort was commenced on the Manchurian side, on a cliff commanding the river, a few miles further up. The timber-cutting was at the same time extended far beyond the limits contemplated in the original concession. The Korean Government in vain protested strongly against these proceedings. The local governor of Wiju, the most important frontier town and the capital of the prefecture, who was ordered to stop the illegal sale of real estate, reported that the Russian methods rendered him powerless—that the Russians simply took possession of the land in the first instance, with or without the consent of the native owners, and went through the form of buying it afterwards. The Russian representative, in answer to the Korean protests, declared that the "valley of the Yalu" included not only the line of the river itself throughout its entire length, but all its tributaries and all the adjoining districts, and that a concession to cut timber implied the privilege of exercising every operation incidental to it, in no matter how remote a degree. He claimed, therefore, the right to construct railways or roads, erect telegraphs, acquire land for building purposes without any specific licence from the Korean Govern-

ment to do so, and to take whatever military measures appeared to be prudent for the protection of the Russian settlers engaged in all or any of these works.

Japan had before her eyes the object lesson of Manchuria. Russia had, commencing with the leasing of a small portion of the Liao Tung peninsula, gradually extended her military occupation over the whole of Manchuria. It was true that she had promised to evacuate it on specified dates, but when the time came for the fulfilment of the promises, made with every formality that can bind a nation, they had been disregarded with cynical effrontery. Garrisons, instead of being withdrawn, were strengthened; forts and barracks were built in the best strategic positions—hastened on by working day and night—and every indication was given of an intention to make the occupation permanent. Might not the same happen in the case of Korea? From the small tract of land leased at Yong Ampho—illegally leased, it may be, but securely occupied under the lease—would not Russia gradually, as she felt herself strong enough, extend herself southwards throughout the entire Korean peninsula?

As Japan had done with China nearly twenty years previously, so now again she appealed to diplomacy. The Japanese Minister urged the Korean Government to declare both Yong Ampho and the town of Wiju, further up the river, open to foreign trade and residence. The interest which all foreign nations would then acquire in the district would be an insuperable bar to its becoming an exclusive sphere of Russian influence. He was strongly supported both by the British and United States representatives, but the Russian Minister promptly interfered and peremptorily forbade it. The Government, absolutely under his influence, though at first very ready to act upon the advice

which had been given to it, lost courage and yielded, and the district was not opened. Both the conventions that have been quoted were thus violated by Russia in their most essential items. She had stationed troops in Korean dominions without a figment of pretence that they were necessary for the protection of existing settlements, and she had acquired land in places not open to the residence of foreigners in defiance of the provisions of Korean law. In both respects she had outraged the sovereignty of Korea as an independent kingdom, which she had solemnly bound herself to recognize. She had then impeded the development of Japanese trade and industry by arbitrarily preventing the opening of new ports and undisguisedly exposing her intention to reserve an entire district for the exclusive occupation of her own subjects and to close them forever to Japanese enterprise. All these facts were duly chronicled in the Tokio press, and the spirit of the Japanese was deeply moved, but at the same time the entire nation exhibited a degree of patience and self-restraint which testifies to the existence in their character of a phase heretofore unsuspected even by those who know them best. Their national pride was already outraged by what had occurred in regard to Manchuria. A small portion of it had been ceded to Japan in 1895 as part of the spoils which she had fairly won in war. From that she had been forced to withdraw by Russia and the two European powers that acted in conjunction, on the ground that her occupation of the Manchurian littoral was prejudicial to the continued peace of the East. Japan had then no choice but to submit. She was exhausted by the war she had just concluded, her military magazines depleted of stores, and her ships, after six months' continuous buffeting in the winter seas of North China, in no state fit to face fresh enemies. But the hu-

miliation then sank into the hearts of the nation, and when, a few years later, Russia not only took possession of the very district from which Japan had been ejected, but plainly evidenced her intention of absorbing the whole province of Manchuria, a bitter sense of injustice was added to the humiliation.

Japan has great commercial interests in Manchuria, both actual and potential. It is a country eminently suitable for the residence of her subjects, whose yearly increasing numbers demand fresh outlets for their industry. But these interests are shared by all the Western nations—England, the United States; and Germany—who are the chief competitors in the trade of the Far East, and Japan is now ready to forget the past and to ask nothing more for her own people than the full enjoyment of the commercial rights and privileges that are granted by treaty to her and other nations. If the safety and independence of Korea can be adequately secured she has no mission to act as the general champion of the world in regard to Manchuria, and she is willing on these two conditions to recognize the special interests which Russia has already acquired, which involve among them the efficient military protection of the railway to Port Arthur. But the safety and independence of Korea are of vital moment to her own national existence. Every menace to them is a direct menace also to her material and political interests, far beyond what it can be to those of any other Power, and she can assent to nothing which will either directly imperil them now or threaten to do so in the future.

There were, of course, exceptions to the general calm with which Russian proceedings were received. In June certain professors of the Imperial University of Tokio, all well known and distinguished men, issued a violent

manifesto in which they urged the adoption of force for the immediate expulsion of Russia from Manchuria, if that expulsion could be obtained in no other way. If the Russians acquired possession of Manchuria, they said, how could the independence of Korea be secured? and if Russia ever became mistress of Korea would Japan not be the next object of attack? The Diet, on its meeting, gave signs of restiveness, and the press has had its loud-voiced Jingoes. But the professors received no support from the nation; their bellicose suggestions were unreservedly condemned in the leading journals; the Diet was promptly silenced, and the majority of the press—all the leading and most representative journals—have counselled negotiation with Russia as long as negotiation gave the slightest hopes of success. There is, however, a limit to all things, including the patience of the most long-suffering nation. While the negotiations have been protracted by Russia to the very extreme limit of ordinary diplomatic courtesy Japan has, at the same time, seen her steadily strengthening her military position, adding to her already large and powerful fleet in Eastern waters, pouring reinforcements into Manchuria as fast as they could be transported across the continent, concentrating her troops in strong strategic positions, and in every sense more firmly closing her grasp on the whole of the district which she had solemnly promised to evacuate, and everything that she did was believed in Japan to be preparatory to an ultimate march on Korea. The wonder is that Japan, in the face of the continued provocation she has received, has not struck before. Now she may perhaps be driven into striking the first blow; but even if that be so the war will on her part be as purely defensive as any that has ever been waged in history, and will be entered upon by her with the utmost re-

luctance, actuated by no selfish motives of aggression, only as the very last resource for the preservation of what she considers essential to her national safety. No nation can be more anxious for peace, but if guarantees for the future immunity of Korea from

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Russian aggression, more substantial than covenants and treaties, cannot be obtained without war, then war must be undertaken, no matter what its cost, no matter how uncertain its outcome or the terrible wide-world issues it may ultimately involve.

Joseph H. Longford.

THE FAR EAST.

BOOKS ABOUT CHINA, JAPAN, RUSSIA AND KOREA.

It is only natural that there should be at the present moment a large demand for books about the Far East—books new and old,, books dealing with politics, race questions, national resources, manners, religions, and topography. There is perhaps too great a tendency to study politics in preference to topography, manners and customs rather than the inner life of the people. But in order to understand the aims, ideals and hopes of statesmen it is necessary to understand also the people whom they represent. Japanese, indeed all Oriental, are far different from Western ideals, and this must be borne in mind by all those who would grasp the meaning and the probable future of the history that is now being made in the Far East.

The following list of books, with occasional comments, does not pretend to approach completeness, but it is given in the hope that it may prove useful to those of our readers who desire to increase their knowledge of the Far East.

JAPAN.

Historical Development:—

"Japan in Transition," by S. Ramsome. (1899. Harper.) A comparative study of its progress since the war with China; a sound, useful work.

"Advance, Japan," by J. Morris.

(1895. Allen.) General history and present condition, social and military. "The New Far East," by Arthur Diósy. (1900. Cassell.) Useful for the understanding of political conditions.

"A History of Japan," by Sir F. O. Adams. (1874. King. 2 vols.)

"The Real Japan," by Henry Norman. (1893. Fisher Unwin.)

"The Story of Japan," by David Murray. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Japan," by Dr. David Murray. (1894. Story of Nations Series. Fisher Unwin.) Only the later chapters are "topical."

"Japan, our New Ally," by A. Stead. (1902. Fisher Unwin.)

"Japan and China: Their History, Arts, Science, Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions, and Literature," by Capain F. Brinkley. (1903-4. To be completed in 12 volumes. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"Feudal and Modern Japan," by Arthur May Knapp. (1898. 2 vols. Duckworth.)

"A Maker of the New Japan: The Life of Joseph Hardy Neesima, Founder of Doshisha University, Japan," by Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., Professor in Doshisha. (Revell.)

"A Maker of the New Orient—Samuel Rollins Brown," by W. E. Griffiths. (Revell.)

"What Will Japan Do?" by J. Morris. (1898. Lawrence and Bullen.)

The Japanese Point of View:—

"Japan and the Pacific," by M. Inagaki. (1890. Fisher Unwin.)

Japanese Social Life:

"Things Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain. (1902. Murray.) May be counted as an "essential" book.

"Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by E. S. Morse. (1888. Sampson Low.) A fascinating book.

"Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Gay and Bird.)

"Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul. 2 vols.)

"Kokoro: Japanese Inner Life," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Gay and Bird.)

"Out of the East: Studies in New Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul.)

"Kotto: being Japanese Curios," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Macmillan.) No one can understand Japan and the Japanese who has not read Lafcadio Hearn.

"Queer Things About Japan," by Douglas Sladen. (Second edition, 1904. Treherne.) A picturesque account of Japanese life and manners.

"The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

"Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," by Mrs. Bishop. (1900. Newnes. 2 vols.) A brilliant book; a peep into the "interior."

"The Heart of Japan," by C. L. Brownell. (1902. Methuen.) A clever view of Japanese daily life.

"The Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic," by Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. (Revell.)

"Japanese Physical Training," by H. Irving Hancock. (1904. Putnam.) Shows how the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living has made the Japanese one of the healthiest, strongest and happiest races.

The Art of Japan:—

"The Ideals of the East," by Okakura. (1903. Murray.)

"An Artist's Letters from Japan," by J. La Farge. (1897. Fisher Unwin.) Admirably written; pictures seen with the eye of an artist.

"Japan and its Art," by M. B. Hulsh. (1888. Fine Art Society.) An excellent book in every way.

General Books of Travel:—

"From Far Formosa: The Island, its People and Missions," by George Leslie Mackay, D.D. (New and cheaper edition. Oliphant, Anderson.)

"The Gist of Japan: The Islands and their people," by the Rev. R. B. Peery. (Revell.)

"Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1891. Osgood.)

"Seas and Lands," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1894. Longmans.)

"Japan As We Saw It," by M. Bick-ersteth. (1893. Sampson Low.)

"Around the World through Japan," by Walter Del Mar. (1903. Black.)

"Gleanings from Japan," by W. G. Dickson. (1889. Blackwood.)

"On the Coasts of Capay and Cipango, Forty Years Ago," by William Blakeney, R.N. (1902. Elliot Stock.)

A record of surveying service; most useful for the understanding of the naval situation. Good charts and maps.

"Lotus Time in Japan," by H. Finck. (1895. Lawrence and Bullen.)

"A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement. (1903. McClurg.)

"Handbook for Travellers in Japan," by Basil H. Chamberlain and W. Mason. (1903. Murray.)

Anglo-Japanese Life:

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Fraser. (1900. Hutchinson. 2 vols.) Very good and informative.

"First American Envoy in Japan," by T. Harris. (1895.) The beginning of the New Japan.

"Eight Years Work and Travel in Japan," by E. G. Holtham. (1883. Kegan Paul.)

"Half-Hours in Japan," by Rev. H. Moore. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)

"Rambles through Japan," by A. Tracy. (1892. Sampson Low.)

"Rambles in Japan," by Canon Tristram. (1895. Religious Tract Society.)

"On Short Leave to Japan," by F. E. Younghusband. (1894. Sampson Low.)

"Three Rolling Stones in Japan," by G. Watson. (1903. Arnold.)

"Japan and Her People," by Anna Hartshorne. (1904. Kegan Paul.)

- "Among the Gentle Japs," by Rev. J. L. Thomas. (1892. Sampson Low.)
 "Verbeck of Japan," by W. E. Griffis. (1900. Revell.)

FICTION.

- "The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (1903. Long.)
 "A Japanese Marriage," by Douglas Sladen. (1902. Black.)
 "Kakemonos," by W. C. Dawe. (1897. Lane.)
 "A Sugar Princess," by A. Ross. (1900. Chatto.)
 "Kotaka," by J. Morris. (1885. Wyman.)
 "My Japanese Wife," by C. Holland. (1895. Constable.)
 "Mousmé" (*sequel*), by C. Holland. (1896. Constable.)
 "Wooling of Wistaria," by O. Watanabe. (1903. Harper.)
 "Out in China," by Mrs. Archibald Little. (1903. Treherne.)
 Mrs. Archibald Little tells one of those minor tragic tales which happily are not all tragedy. It begins with a misunderstanding—a case of mistaken identity—which time in conjunction with an Eastern setting nearly succeeds in developing into an unpleasantly familiar type of story of domestic infelicity. We need hardly add that the "local color" is true to fact.
 "Fairy Tales from Far Japan," by Miss Ballard, with Notes by Mrs. Bishop. (Religious Tract Society.)

KOREA.

- "Corea," by Dr. W. E. Griffis. (Allen.) New and revised edition, bringing history up to 1897. A standard chronicle of Korean development. Ancient and mediæval history; political and social life; modern and recent history.
 "Korea and Her Neighbors," by Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). (1898. Murray. 2 vols.) A narrative of travel, with an account of the recent vicissitudes and present position of the country. Needs no commendation.
 "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain," by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish. (1894. Philip.) An account of a journey in 1891.

- "Life in Corea," by W. R. Carles. (1888. Macmillan.)
 "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. J. S. Gale. (1898. Oliphant, Anderson.)
 "Corea, or Cho-Sen, the Land of the Morning Calm," by A. H. S. Landor. (1895. Heinemann.)
 "Quaint Korea," by L. J. Miln. (1895. Osgood.)
 "A Forbidden Land," by Ernest Oppert. (1880. Sampson Low.) Corea, with an account of the geography, history, and commercial capabilities of the country.
 "Korea," by Angus Hamilton. (1904. Heinemann.)
 "Every-Day Life in Korea," by the Rev. Daniel L. Gifford. (Revell.)
 "Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea), by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

Books on the Far East (giving valuable statistics and information relative to Korea, Japan, &c.):—

- "The Awakening of the East," by P. L. Beaulieu. (1900. Heinemann.) Siberia (Railway, &c.), Japan, China, &c.
 "The Far Eastern Question," by Valentine Chirol. (1896. Macmillan.)
 "Problems of the Far East," by Lord Curzon. (1896. Constable.) Japan, Corea, and China. Most useful.
 "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," by J. C. Hannah. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
 "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," by Henry Norman. (1895. Fisher Unwin.) England, France, and Russia in the Far East, with chapters on Corea and Japan. Full of information.
 The Progress of India, Japan, and China in the 19th Century," by Sir Richard Temple. (1902. Chambers.)
 "From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling. (1900. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.)
 "The Path of Empire," by George Lynch. (1903. Duckworth.) The author was present at Japan's last naval review, crossed over to Korea, to which he devotes several chapters. His book deals mainly with the Siberian Railway.
 "The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfill. (Fisher Unwin.)
 "The Russian Advance," by the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper.)

A work on the conflict of the various national interests in the Far East. Senator Beveridge has made an extended tour through China, Japan, Siberia, and European Russia, studying people and methods. His observations on the development of Russian and German influence have a significance for traders, and he is unsparing in his criticism of the apparent apathy of both the Anglo-Saxon Powers in relation to the vast political and commercial problems of Asia.

"In the Uttermost East," by Charles H. Hawes. (Harper.)

An account of investigations among the natives and Russian convicts of the Island of Sakhalin, with notes of travel in Korea, Siberia, and Manchuria. The author is the first English traveller to explore the northern interior.

"Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend. (New Edition, with an additional chapter. Constable.)

Studies presenting the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe.

"Things Chinese: or, Notes connected with China," by J. Dyer Ball. (1904. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Murray.)

"The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900," by F. H. Skrine. (C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press.)

"The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future," by Fred T. Jane. (A new and completely revised edition, 1904. Thacker.)

The Academy.

"The Break-Up of China," by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper.) An account of its commerce, currency, waterways, armies, railways, politics, and future prospects.

"China in Transformation," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)

"The 'Overland' to China," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)

"China's Only Hope." An appeal by Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by the Rev. S. I. Woodbridge. Introduction by the Rev. Griffith John, D.D. (Revell.)

"China in Convulsion: The Origin; The Outbreak; The Climax; The Aftermath." A survey of the cause and events of the recent uprising, by Arthur H. Smith. (Revell. 2 vols.)

"Korean Sketches." By the Rev. James S. Gale. (Revell.) A Missionary's observations in the Hermit Nation.

"East of the Barrier, or Sidelights on the Manchuria Mission," by J. Miller Graham. (Oliphant Anderson.) Social habits and national characteristics.

"Stanford's New Map of the Siberian Railway." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

"Stanford's Map of Eastern China, Japan, and Korea." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

IN GUIPUZCOA.

By MRS. WOODS.

II.

THE SHRINE OF LOYOLA.

In the immortal *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* of Dicky Doyle, there is a picture of the kind of conveyance in which our fathers travelled over Europe in the days when Queen Victoria was young

and they were all in love with her—the days before the big expresses were thundering up and down and across the continents. It is a high diligence, piled with luggage and human beings, and on its topmost peak the heroes may be observed, flattening themselves in unseemly terror, as the stout German team sweeps them towards a tunnel of

inadequate proportions. On the top of just such another diligence we found ourselves in the second year of King Edward, in the province of Guipúzcoa, the country of the Basques, on the road from Arona to Azpétia. But, the day being a holiday, our diligence was more completely covered with human beings than that historic one; and there were a good many local Brown, Jones, and Robinsons on the topmost peak, which happened—regrettably—to be my box. We also were, if not quite unmanned, nervous and distressed, not because our team were bearing us recklessly onward, but because they could not get on at all. It was at the first hill that the horses struck. There were five of them, it is true, but they were only Spanish horses, which are to ours as a peseta to a shilling. Wedged in ourselves by this undue weight of passengers, we sat gazing thoughtfully at a rocky bank beneath, on which it seemed likely we should soon be lying, with the luggage and a crowd of persons on the top of us. For the driver had jumped down and the team were all five turning round to look him in the face. The other passengers, with their clean, round, holiday faces beaming from under their round caps, were enjoying the fun and shouting encouragements in the Basque tongue to driver and horses alternately. It was a long time before one of them thought of relieving the horses of his weight, but at length two or three dropped to the ground, and the hapless animals broke into their usual hand-gallop, uphill and down, the top-heavy vehicle swaying behind them. Fortunately, passengers and packages were for the most part bound for the nearer villages and hamlets, and their load diminished rapidly.

The villages of this mountain valley, down which the Urola flows, are squalid even when they are called towns, and the great brown mass of a church

will stand up imposing at a distance, and strangely incongruous electric lights hang in the narrow old-world streets. I remember near Cestona a picturesque mediæval bridge leading to a green jalousied villa, gay in a garden of lilacs. And at the entrance of the narrow ancient bridge stood an electric lamp-post which would have done honor to the Avenue de l'Opéra, while another lamp reared its head from among the blossoms under the villa windows. Æsthetically these particular lamp-posts were not to be praised, yet in this remote spot they set one questioning whether England is not really the most backward among the civilized countries of the world.

More than once as the Madrid express has rushed through Guipúzcoa, I have thought its banks set with primroses, its orchards full of blossom, its mountains, the dwarf woods and meadows of their lower slopes bright with the emerald of spring, their gray barren heights towering above, too beautiful to be left so summarily behind. But it must be confessed that Guipúzcoa is inhospitable. The hotels of Zaraus are closed except for three summer months, those of Zumarraga are bad, and to say that the hotel at Loyóla, to which we are bound, is good is to tell a falsehood. Nevertheless, the French guide does say so. The huge bathing establishment of Cestona, the—mistaken—pride of the neighborhood, this Guide admires expansively. We passed it in a pleasant spot indeed on the banks of the river, large and replete with every modern ugliness. But *à quoi bon?* It was like the Zaraus hotels, closed.

So we came to Azpétia, a somewhat larger and also more picturesque *pueblo* than those through which we had passed. The market-place was seething with people, for not only was it a holiday, but a circus was there. The ubiquitous circus! I saw it last on a

Welsh mountain side, and here it was among the mountains of Guipúzcoa; the same round tent—somewhat smaller; the same vans behind—somewhat less ornamental; the same smell of wild beasts, certainly quite as strong; and probably the same clown inside. The scene at the entrance, however, is not the same. The crowd, male and female, presses up the steps, climbs up sideways, pushes, crawls, wriggles up through competitors, slithers under partitions, till the pale keepers of the door summon to their assistance two Civil Guards, who have been standing under the Arcade, looking at the show with a grand pretence of indifference. The Civil Guard is the Policeman Picturesque. He wears a long dark cloak thrown gracefully about him, over the scarlet collar of which his black moustache shows glossy and superb. His fine eyes flash from the shade of a cocked hat which would add dignity to a commander-in-chief. I have expressed my admiration for him before, but it breaks out again every time I cross the frontier, and at a busy railway-station, or on the other side of a quiet country bridge, catch sight of him once more, and compare him with the French *douanier* or *gendarme* a few yards off. For the French official has neither the obliging manners and fine physique of our Policeman, nor the gravely splendid appearance of the Civil Guard. And here at any rate the Civil Guards are quite equal to the occasion. They repulse the enthusiastic mob without violence, and get the ladies through with a firmness and chivalry worthy of policemen. The band strikes up, the show begins; but not for us. Our freshly horsed diligence reels through the crowd, pressing it back upon itself, knocks down but does just not kill a peasant, and so dashes out of the town along the green level mountain valley of Iraurgi, in the direction of Azcoitia. At a turn of the road a

great domed building, the stone of it pale in the sunlight, comes into view against a wooded hillside: the church and seminary of Loyóla. There is something almost startling in the appearance of this Palladian edifice, so metropolitan, so clear-cut, severe, in the midst of the remote and rural mountain valley. The dome of the Church of St. Ignatius rises between two long straight wings of the same prison-like architecture as the Escorial. Concealed behind one of these is the Holy House in which, in the year 1492, Inigo Loyóla was born to parents little suspecting how portentous an infant was this, which made its entrance into the world so modestly, at the tail of eight sons. Portentous truly in more ways than one, for Inigo Loyóla is the only son born in the course of all the ages to the ancient, mysterious Basque race, who has left any visible mark on the face of the world beyond their own busy, prosperous little country. In the eyes of the great majority of that world beyond, the mark is a sinister one; but no majority vote has yet succeeded in wiping it out.

Tradition says that the future saint's mother, in devout imitation of the Blessed Virgin, bore him in the mule-stable. It was formerly customary in Spain to have the mule-stable under the living-rooms of the house; and it was the only part of the Tower of Loyóla left standing when Henry IV. of Castile caused the *casas torres* of the nobles to be destroyed. This he did with a view to discouraging the continual faction-fights wherewith the Basques, like other mountain races, beguiled the tedium of a country life. Such remains of a *casa torre* may often be passed unnoticed to-day, guarding the passage of some old bridge. They have been roofed over, and present the appearance of nothing more interesting than a rude square house of stone. The Loyóla family are said to have received the

royal permission to rebuild theirs on condition it was of brick. So above the rough stone of the old fortress rises a tower of fine brickwork, crenellated and with tiny flanking tourelles. In the gloomy little court-yard where it now stands it is impossible to get a complete view of it, but in the days when it stood in the sunlight, by the bright river and amid the pleasant greenery of wooded hill and field, it must have been as picturesque a castle as any of the Rhineland. The arms of the Loyóla family carved over the doorway—two wolves with a cauldron between them—are typically Basque. For the decorative stone coats of arms which give distinction to the prison-like houses of the towns, will usually be found to have as supporters neither mermaids, lions, nor unicorns, but the somewhat plebeian animals of the country. Yet plebeian is a word not lightly to be used of things Basque, since the entire Basque race appears to be of noble birth. Your innkeeper may be a marquis; and your marquis no different from any other innkeeper.

The Loyólas would appear to have been above the common run of nobility. They had relations in the great world, and young Inigo was educated in the house of a kinsman, the Duke of Najera. At thirty he had seen war, the court, and the world. He was imaginative. How indeed can a man make a new thing under the sun who is not? He knew and loved his *Amadis of Gaul*, and modelled his conduct on that of the heroes of chivalry. He was, if his biographers are to be trusted, "a very perfect gentle knight," possessed of all martial and courtly accomplishments, proud, dignified, and quick to resent an insult to himself or to his lady, to whom he was devoted in chivalrous wise. This lady was of birth "higher than noble," and is thought to have been King Ferdinand's niece, Juana of Naples. To her he wrote sonnets and

canzones, but even these were often of a religious cast, and he wrote a longer poem in honor of St. Peter. He is said to have been handsome, though not tall. The Basques are seldom tall, and in both his portraits Inigo Loyóla's is the Basque rather than the Spanish type. The round Basque head and face, short chin, and somewhat thick fleshy neck and figure are more marked in the early soldier portrait than in the later one of the Saint. The countenance, even in youth, somewhat traverses the laudations of biographers. The mouth bespeaks a man to get his own way at any cost; the eyes suggest that he would get it, if necessary, by any means. The portrait of him in old age is wholly unpleasing, perhaps by the artist's fault.

The change in his life came when he was thirty years of age. After a brave defence of Pamplona against the French, he returned severely wounded to the Tower where he had been born. Lying long weeks in a gloomy mediæval chamber, a victim to the barbarous surgery of the day, he began to see visions and dream dreams. Yet at first he regarded an apparition of St. Peter, promising him recovery, as a mere casual favor from Heaven. But further tortures followed; long months of suffering and tedium. Vainly the poor young soldier absorbed himself for hours together in the contemplation of the charms of his absent lady, inventing new ways of exhibiting his prowess and devotion to her, new gallantries, new *motes*, or little hidden language by means of which they two might hold private converse, even in a crowd. Human nature was too much for chivalry and he was still bored. He begged for some book of romance wherewith to beguile the time; but books were scarce in the house of his good brother Martín, who was, since their parents' death, master of the Tower of Loyóla. They could only supply him with a "Life of

our Saviour," by the monk Ludolphus, and "The Lives of the Saints." Books read under such circumstances, the world shut out, the flesh at its feeblest, were likely to make a deep impression on a mind naturally devout. Portents followed. A mysterious earthquake, unfelt elsewhere, shook the castle and broke the windows of his room. The Virgin and Child appeared to him. The idea of adopting the religious life and going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem took more and more hold on him. Being expert with pen and pencil he "wrote," or rather illuminated in divers colors, a book of the life and sayings of Christ and the Saints; and this is a relic of St. Ignatius of Loyola which we should any of us be glad to possess. For though of the writers of books there is to-day no end, there are in England perhaps not more than two or three persons who could write such a book as this, with the making of which the soldier and courtier of Charles V. beguiled the tedious hours in the Tower of Loyola.

Before his imprisonment within its walls was over, the soldier and courtier in Inigo—henceforth to be known as Ignatius—Loyola, were doomed to death; at least in their external aspects. The fakir was for a while to be dominant in his personality; that too in a measure to pass away. It was a year after his arrival at Loyola—that he bade farewell—with little show of love or gratitude—to his brother Martin, who appears to have been to him as a kind father, and to his sister-in-law Magdalena. This Magdalena was a pious and lovely person, and Ignatius retained for her so great an affection and respect, that many years afterwards he pasted a bit of paper over the pictured face of a Madonna, because it reminded him of this altogether pure and delightful human affection.

So he rode away once more from the home of his fathers, mounted on a good

mule—which is as handsome a horse as any in Spain—gallantly attired in the crimson velvet and miniver fur of a courtly noble, and armed with a sword and dagger such as the armories of Spain could then produce. And as he rode towards the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat, there joined him one of the Moriscos, or conforming Moors, who were still at that time permitted to remain in Spain. And the Morisco, foolishly enough, fell to discussing the Blessed Virgin with the crimson-clad young cavalier. Now although in what he said he very carefully—the fear of the Inquisition before his eyes—kept on the safe side of Orthodoxy, it was not of a nature to satisfy a young man who believed himself to have been recently visited by the Queen of Heaven, and had transferred to her his chivalrous devotion to his lady.

The Morisco, perceiving himself to have caught an odd sort of fish, possibly a Tartar, clapped spurs to his mule and rode away hastily, without leave-taking. For what could a poor Morisco do against an enraged nobleman, armed with a blade from Bilbao or the finest Toledo steel? So Loyola rode on alone. But the more he reflected on the Morisco's words the more convinced he became that he had offended against the first laws of chivalry in not despatching with his poniard the infidel who had fallen short of respect to his liege lady. He set spurs to his steed and sprang forward to repair his error. Fortunately, some doubt as to the propriety of stabbing the Morisco crossed his mind before he came to a place where the road forked; so like a good knight-errant, he laid the reins on the neck of his steed, determined to leave the decision to him. And the wise mule chose the other road from that which the Morisco had taken; who, poor wretch, was by this time no doubt breathing his mule and padding quietly on his way, little guessing how near

was death at his heels, in the shape of that same ruffling cavalier in the crimson velvet and miniver fur.

Thirteen years later, the cavalier returned to the valley of Iraurgui, not yet indeed a priest, but a preacher and having already the renown of a saint. The nucleus of the Company of Jesus had been formed when in secrecy, in the crypt of the church of Montmartre, six disciples had with Ignatius himself pronounced religious vows, administered by the only ordained priest among them. He was now on his way to Italy and Rome, where five years later—in 1540—the Pope sanctioned the formal foundation of the Order.

We may believe that not only consideration for his health but some unacknowledged tenderness towards his old home and its inhabitants brought him back to the mountain valley. But although he had by this time abandoned the external habits of the fakir, he retained the fakir's contempt for the affections. "Never but once did he consent to enter the house of his fathers, and then only in compliance with the entreaties of his brother's wife, who on her knees implored him by the passion of our Lord to visit Loyóla, at least for a few hours. But he yielded rather, we are told, that he might impress upon her the reverence with which he regarded that holy mystery, than out of any weak relenting of his heart towards his own kindred."¹

His health, which had been shattered by years of asceticism, study, and struggles with powerful opponents, was quickly restored by his native air. He preached out of doors to enormous audiences. He founded at Azpéitia the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament, which became the model for that of the *Poveri Vergognosi*, so well known in Italy: an association for the assistance of the deserving poor whose modesty

or dignity prevents them from publicly asking relief. Traditions of the saint linger in the valley. Forty years ago a farmhouse was pointed out to which he would often walk, and a piece of the rope which he wore round his waist was shown. It is not related that this performed any of the abundant miracles of the biographies, although we are informed that the saint's dirty linen effected a marvellous cure on his washwoman.

The room in the Tower of Loyóla, in which he had suffered so much and made resolves so momentous, became also "possessed of a wonderful virtue." It was eventually turned into a chapel, but the house of Loyóla was visited by such multitudes of pilgrims that they could not be contained in it, and Mass was often celebrated under the sky.

In 1683 the Holy House, with the surrounding land, was bought by Marianne, the widow of Philip IV., and presented to the Jesuits for the purpose of founding a college at Loyóla. Marianne's Austrian lip and joyless young face may be seen on more than one canvas at Madrid, and seem less distressing when swathed in the ceremonies of a widow than when surrounded by courtly fripperies. Her half-idiotic son, Charles II., became patron of the College which she founded, and slowly the pile of buildings arose. They would deserve no more than a passing architectural comment were they but the shrine of Loyóla as he was formed and manifested in this spot. For they would commemorate little more than the flitting across the fresh beauty of the mountain scene of a spiritual bat, born to hang in the dim caverns of superstition, and uttering here with a thin scream his protest against God's sunshine. Elsewhere than in the valley of Iraurgui, in court and in camp, was fostered and ripened the extraordinary sagacity, was supplanted the moral fibre of this son of the ancient mysteri-

¹ "Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits." By Stewart Rose.

ous race. But the stately, and in some aspects forbidding, pile of architecture, that seems to have been caught up by some djinn from Madrid, and dropped in this remote valley, is the shrine, and in a sense the capital, of a more than national power, of a power of more weight in the world than many ancient kingdoms. Here, at Loyola, the Congregation meets. Here, behind those walls, are chosen from various nations, and tempered according to the Institutes of Loyola, instruments and ultimately wielders of that power. These who, on certain days, come in twos and threes across the gray bridge, slim young figures, black against the fresh green of spring, holding their robes about them in the wind like the skirts of a girl, and looking round with girlish faces on a world just a little wider than the courts of the seminary—these are the future men with whom, in their terrible corporate capacity, more

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than one Government will one day be grappling in mortal struggle; beneath whose power succumbed some State may lie dying or dead, as long dead Spain. An Englishman can afford to look on the spiritual sons of Loyola with impartial eyes, appreciative of their merits as educationalists and as missionaries; for he knows that their system could never take root among us. It is worthy of remark that the Jesuits, so intelligent, so tactful in their dealings with other races, in dealing with the English have shown a singular stupidity. Time and experience teach them nothing. They made a big blunder in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and they repeated the blunder, on a small scale, in the last days of Queen Victoria. To other countries they are a problem: to the British Empire they are nothing more dangerous than external and declared foes.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Joseph Conrad's new romance "Nostromo," now appearing as a serial in England, has its scene laid in South America.

Mrs. Sarah Grand has been seriously ill, but has so far recovered that she is at present engaged upon a short novel and a play.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a new romance, "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "A Prince of Sinners."

Miss Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby," which has been running as a serial in Harper's Bazar, will soon be published in book form.

Dean Kitchin's collection of papers written during the last five years is about to be published under the title "Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies."

The sale of the original manuscript of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" ended in the "lot" being bought in for \$25,000. The highest bid was \$23,750.

Miss Emily Lawless's volume on Maria Edgeworth for the "English Men of Letters" series, has been delayed owing to the ill-health of the writer; but Miss Lawless's familiarity with Irish literature and history is sufficient assurance that the book will be worth while.

Miss Hannah Lynch, author of "French Life in Town and Country" and the "Autobiography of a Child," and an incisive writer for Blackwood's and other English magazines and reviews, recently died in Paris, where she had lived for some years.

Not only is the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Mortimer Durand, the author of several books in the fields of biography and fiction, but Lady Durand also has contributed to literature a volume of travel and, it is reported, is now engaged upon a novel.

A committee has been formed in Dublin to promote a public memorial in Ireland of the services rendered to letters and to history by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky. Professor Dowden, Professor Mahaffy and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland are members of the committee.

The extraordinary advertising campaign in the interest of the London Times' edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" resulted in the sale of about forty thousand copies of the work. Whatever may be thought of some of the methods employed, this at least is evidence that serious works appeal to a large constituency.

The completed work which Henry Seton Merriman left consists of a volume of stories and a new novel. The former will be published this spring under the title "Other Stories," and the novel, "The Last Hope," which is of the time of Napoleon III., will be published in the early autumn after it has run its serial course in the Illustrated London News.

Mrs. George Madden Martin, to whom the world is indebted for that charming creation "Emmy Lou," is now essaying fiction of quite a different order.

She has completed a novel, the action of which takes place on the border line some years after the civil war, and the characters in which illustrate both Northern and Southern types.

The Academy utters a lament which thousands of readers will echo over the prevailing fashion of magazines of altering their cover from month to month. The Academy finds very annoying the difficulty of picking out one's favorite magazine on the bookstall or the library table, and observes that old acquaintance are apt to be forgot when they are continually changing their appearance.

The Academy thinks that the literary history of 1903 was particularly distinguished for biographies. It mentions among them the biographies or autobiographies of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Lord Wolseley, Lord Gough, W. W. Story, Voltaire, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Galileo, Daniel O'Connell, J. C. Horsley, R.A., Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, Charles Reade, Thackeray, Fanny Burney, Crabbe, Queen Victoria, Robert Buchanan, and several others; large and small, a varied and a goodly list.

The three most read books in Germany during the past year were, according to the reports of the booksellers, three novels (and in the following order): Beyerlein, "Jena oder Sedan"; Heyking, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten"; and Frenssen, "Jörn Uhl." The authors, still novelists, who come next in popularity, are Clara Viebig, Thomas Mann and Georg von Ompteda. The German critics are rejoicing because for the first time for several years there are no foreigners among the most read novelists in Germany. In former years Zola, Tolstol, and Sienkiewicz have taken high places.